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Vice-President. Covers were laid

for the banquet hall was artistically

decorated with smilies, while

the decorations were in large

bouquets on the tables. Toasts

and speeches followed the feast. Messrs.

Russ and Combs were the principal

speakers of the evening. Previous to

the banquet thirty-one candidates

were initiated and the work exemplified

by the Santa Paula Parlor.

Miss Stella I. Langbein and Frank

L. Barnard were married at the home

of the bride in Los Angeles Wednesday

afternoon. Rev. W. A. Knighton

officiated. Mr. and Mrs. Barnard

returned to Ventura last night.

Miss Hortense Bernheim entertained

Friday afternoon in honor of the

Misses Meyer and Wineman. The

parlors were partially decorated with

snapdragons ferns and red crepe paper

ribbons. Progressive bundling and

nouveau were the order for the

amusement. Miss Rose Roth was

awarded a volume of Oliver Gold-

smith's works.

Mr. and Mrs. O. T. Fitzpatrick gave

a dancing party last Friday night in

honor of H. Lindsay Fitzpatrick, son

of Gen. and Mrs. Carver.

The tennis tournament at Nordhoff

during the past three days attracted

many society people in Santa Barbara

and Ventura counties. A large num-

ber of eastern tourists were in at-

tendance each day.

Miss Mabel Lewis and Jasper Barry

were married Tuesday by Rev. C. E.

Rogers.

J. E. Reynolds spent the past week

touring Southern California.

The Misses Pease of Los Angeles

are the guests of N. Blackstock and

son, Joseph, who is in the city.

Miss Grace D. Wilson of Santa Bar-

bara spent the past week in this city.

Mr. Joseph H. Hara entertained

Thursday afternoon.

Miss Rose Roth gave a euchre

party Thursday evening in honor of

Miss Meyer.

Floyd Mersel entertained his class-

mates at Hotel Rose Monday evening.

Mr. and Mrs. W. A. Hobson of Los

Angeles spent the week in this city.

San Paula.

M. R. AND MRS. EDWIN VIRDEN

entertained a party of fifty

with progressive euchre Wednes-

day evening. Prizes were awarded

to Mrs. W. H. Hara and D. W.

Mott and to Messrs. C. H. McKevitt

and H. H. Younger.

Miss May M. Higgins entertained

thirty of her friends Wednesday evening.

Tuesday noon Miss Ella Browne

and Mrs. M. R. Whittier were mar-

ried at the home of the bride's

parents. Rev. Lockhart officiated.

The wedding was decorated with ferns

and white roses. An elegant dinner

was served after the ceremony.

The bride departed on the morning

train for Whittier, where they will reside.

Miss Alice Sanchez of Pasadena,

Calif., is the guest of Mr. and Mrs. N.

R. Ramsey left yesterday for San

Francisco.

Mrs. A. Peder entertained at cards

Thursday afternoon.

Santa Barbara.

C. O. AND MRS. J. B. VAN NAME,

Mr. and Mrs. P. C. Southwick and

Miss Antoinette Morris of Binge-

hamton, N. Y., Mr. and Mrs. W. V.

Amesbury, Miss Edna Brooks and

Miss Helen Amory of Philadelphia and

Miss Florence Courtright of Aurora,

Ill., spent last week as guests at

the home of Mr. and Mrs. W. V. Ames-

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rooms of various guests and had them packed in his trunk and at the depot.

**Against Sign Ordinance.**  
Joe Mustgrove, a sign painter, was before Justice Austin yesterday for violating the ordinance against painting signs without having a license therefor. The fact was not denied, and the case was taken under advisement until next Wednesday.

**SHOT IN POKER GAME.**

Two Ballarat Miners Had a Dispute and One Shot the Other Through the Thigh.

A Los Angeles assayer has come to the back country near Ballarat with an account of a shooting scrape between two miners over a poker game.

The camp is sixty miles from a post office. About forty men are employed to cut the mine, and they have nothing to do but gamble when not at work. There is a game going constantly. Some of the men getting \$5.00 a day are in debt to him the time because of their losses.

Just before the assayer left the camp, a miner named Al Phelps was shot while playing a one-eyed game called "chicken" with a man named Jack. The man named Jack had a dispute. Suddenly McCauley came and whipped out a gun.

"I'll fix you," he said, and fired.

Phelps was shot in the thigh. He was taken to the post office named Doctor, and sent to the prison.

[illegible]

**American Patrol** (Macham) twopenny. "Across the Pacific" (Fulton).

**The Most Exact Man on Record.**

[Philadelphia Record.] A singular old man has died at Vienna in his seventy-third year. He died with the reputation of being the most exact man on record. From his twenty-seventh year he kept accurate accounts of all he bought and what he paid for it. In the twenty-seven years of his convivial life he consumed 23,798 glasses of beer. He gave up drinking in his forty-fourth year but continued to keep constantly, even during his last sickness, a running number of all his cigars to the amount of 23,713, or an average of 13,667 a year.

**Stunning Costumes.**  
J. M. Hale's will sell during their big Easter sale, some of the most exclusive and swell costumes in the city. The Hale prices will make a flutter throughout society. Today's full-page advertisement.

**Roostaks & Gilkey.**  
Ladies' fashions and dressmakers. Invites your inspection of an elegant and complete line of spring gowns in foreign novelties. 214 West Third street.

**F. M. Parker, Plumbing.**  
Repairs 512 S. Spring. Tel. red 2311.

**Los Angeles Eye and Ear Hospital,**  
No. 247 South Grand avenue.

**100 for 60 Cents.**  
Visiting cards by the typographer process. Engraving or engraving, no plate necessary. 100 for 60 cents. 100 for 60 cents. 100 for 60 cents.

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**Picture Framing**  
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count. Now is the time

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R, South Spring.

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hundreds who have tried Hot Springs and numerous specific remedies in vain, have been cured by me during the past year. Varicocele, stricture or hydrocele cured in one week. Recently contracted diseases cured in three days. If you cannot call, write me your symptoms fully. I charge nothing for consultation and advice, and I legally guarantee a perfect cure in every case undertaken. Address



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THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY.

H. G. OTIS, President and General Manager. HARRY CHANDLER, Vice-President and Assistant General Manager. MARIAN OTIS-CHANDLER, Secretary. ALBERT McFARLAND, Treasurer.

PUBLISHERS OF

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TERMS.—Daily and Sunday, including Magazine Section, 5 cents a month, or \$9.00 a year; Daily without Sunday, 4 cents a month, or \$7.00 a year; Magazine only, \$2.50 a year; Single copies, 10 cents.

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THE END IS NOT YET.

While it will not do to assume that the end of the trouble in the Philippines has been reached, nevertheless, the capture of the head insurgent will undoubtedly have a great effect in the country.

It is not surprising that the Tagalog leaders in urging the abandonment of further resistance to American authority. But such action would not be sufficient to suppress the roving bands of freebooters who have terrorized and preyed upon the peaceably disposed inhabitants of the islands for many months past.

Even if every vestige of organized rebellion in the Philippines were at an end, which it is not, there would still remain the task of educating the Filipinos in the theories and practice of self-government. This task will be no light one, and will be attended by many difficulties not at present foreseen.

Even the most intelligent Filipinos have only very crude and vague notions of what free self-government really signifies. Maj.-Gen. S. B. Young, who has just arrived in San Francisco from Manila, said:

"It will take at least two generations to get the Filipinos to understand the meaning of self-government as we understand it. The American idea is to have the country parceled out among the leaders, and they will rule the country and get all the benefits of it. We will have to look to the children of the babies over there now to get the matter on a correct basis."

Gen. Young may be a trifle too pessimistic. But it is evident to every person who has made a careful study of the situation, that we have before us a long and difficult task. While the most disagreeable part of this task is apparently over, it by no means follows that the most difficult part of it has been accomplished.

Which remains to be performed will require infinite tact, infinite patience, and the highest wisdom of statesmanship. We are to accomplish success in the work which we have undertaken.

Undoubtedly, the great majority of the Filipinos are peaceably inclined. No doubt they have been so from the beginning of the American occupation. There would never have been an insurrection against American authority if it had not been for the "pernicious agitators" of a few ambitious leaders.

Agutinaldo among the number—able, abetted and encouraged by treasonable demagogues in the United States. The importance of the insurrection has been steadily, persistently and outrageously magnified. The danger to the comparatively small number of persons in actual rebellion have been heralded to the world, while but little has been said of the hundreds of thousands of peaceful and law-abiding Filipinos. The Tagalog insurgents no more truly represent the inhabitants of the Philippines than the loud-mouthed "anti-imperialists" represent the people of the United States.

The greatest obstacles which we are likely to encounter in the Philippines, hereafter, are those of ignorance of the underlying principles of self-government, inability to comprehend the true significance of those principles, and incapacity to bear the burdens and discharge the obligations which free citizenship implies. To overcome these obstacles will perhaps be, as Gen. Young has said, the work of not less than two generations. But whether the task be difficult or otherwise, we have accepted it, and we go to it with faith. Our national duty is plain, and it will not be shirked.

T. question, "What ought to be done with Agutinaldo?" is here considered argumentatively; but in tomorrow's issue will be presented at length some facts from official sources, proving beyond dispute that his capacity as head of the Philippine insurgent government, be issued orders and authorized acts of armed hostility by his followers, clearly in violation of the laws and usages of civilized warfare, thereby placing himself beyond the pale of an honorable antagonist, and bringing upon his head the consequent punishment, if the United States government shall choose, to indict it. Clearly, the captive Filipino leader is to be treated as a guilty insurgent, not as a belligerent prisoner, entitled to belligerent rights, if this government chooses to go to the length of treating him as such.

Tomorrow Atty.-Gen. Griggs will be a private citizen again. He has made a good record at the head of the Department of Justice, and retires with abundant justification. The duty of a most responsible one, and one which demands a high order of legal and executive talent. He has met this demand with signal ability and has abundantly justified the President's judgment in selecting him.

The snow which has fallen in the mountains of Southern California during the last few days will add materially to the supply of water for irrigation. For such a benefit we can afford to suffer the slight discomfort of a little chilly and uncomfortable weather.

Gov. Odell of New York used to be an ice man and delivered ice from his father's wagon. Senator Platt, when the Governor is even more of an ice man now than he was then.

A HOT-AIR LINE.

A hot air line, a project which has been referred to the latest San Diego railway project, for the construction of a transcontinental line from the port of San Diego Bay to Brunswick in Georgia, via Yuma, Brummingham and other way stations. Because nothing has been heard about this enterprise for several months, Col. Machen says, supposed that it has been abandoned. The San Diego Union of Sunday last devoted a page to an article on the "Brunswick and San Diego Railroad."

Col. Machen, president of the Brunswick and Brummingham Railroad, who is said to be devoting most of his time to this project.

The address delivered by Col. Machen to a railroad convention at Brunswick is reproduced. In this address the speaker pointed out that the distance from San Diego to Brunswick is 3,400 miles from New York to San Francisco. This would certainly be a great saving of time and expense—providing that anything should be said to travel from San Diego to Brunswick by way of Brummingham.

Col. Machen points the possibilities of this line in glowing language. He says he has a company of men who have offered freight carloads per week from the cypress swamps of Mississippi and Arkansas. This would certainly be a good starter. If they were to be trusted with it, he says, they might, we presume, use poles for railroad ties or telegraph poles, or to cook "wittles" for the section hands. As to the undeveloped lands of the section, Col. Machen says it would tap Magdalena, N. M., which, although only eighteen years old, has more than 500 people. The possibilities of this line are, he says, "simply inconceivable."

Col. Machen says that this line of road from Brunswick to San Diego "would tap the very heart of it." Let us hope that Magdalena, N. M., will be a good starter. If they were to be trusted with it, he says, they might, we presume, use poles for railroad ties or telegraph poles, or to cook "wittles" for the section hands. As to the undeveloped lands of the section, Col. Machen says it would tap Magdalena, N. M., which, although only eighteen years old, has more than 500 people. The possibilities of this line are, he says, "simply inconceivable."

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1901  
SUNDAY, MARCH 31.  
NEW.

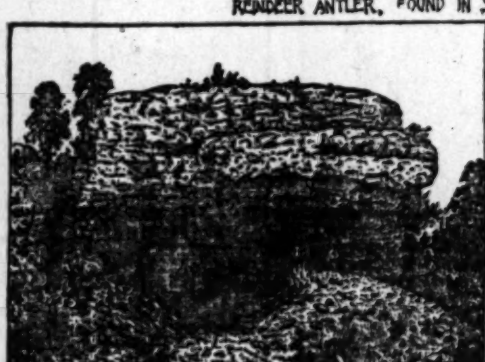
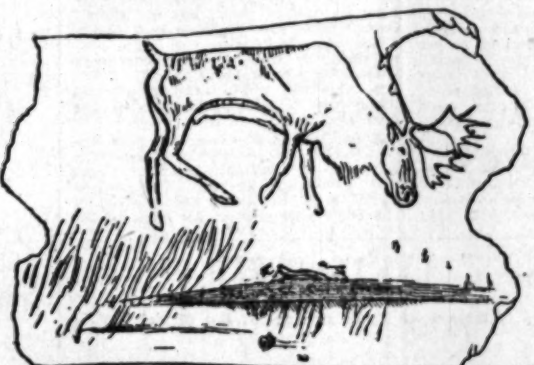
PICTORIAL SHEET.  
Timely Illustrations.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

SUNDAY MORNING, MARCH 31, 1901.

IN FOUR PARTS.  
Part Four—8 Pages.  
PRICE 5 CENTS

## How the World's Very First Artist Worked and What This Prehistoric Man Did.



ENGRAVING ON A BONE  
OF THE PREHISTORIC HORSE.  
FOUND IN SWITZERLAND.

SET IN ITS INFANCY.

For more than ten years a unique  
man has been going on quietly  
throughout Europe and America.  
The quarry was the prehistoric man  
of the paleolithic period, the world  
of the very beginning of the  
human race. A man who first  
emerged from the condition of animal  
to a condition that was the origin  
of civilization.

The hunt has been made system-  
atic with all the resources that  
science could supply. And now that  
archaeologists, paleontologists, geol-  
ogists and anthropologists, have com-  
pared their results and summed them  
up, the personality of paleolithic man  
is a mystery no more.

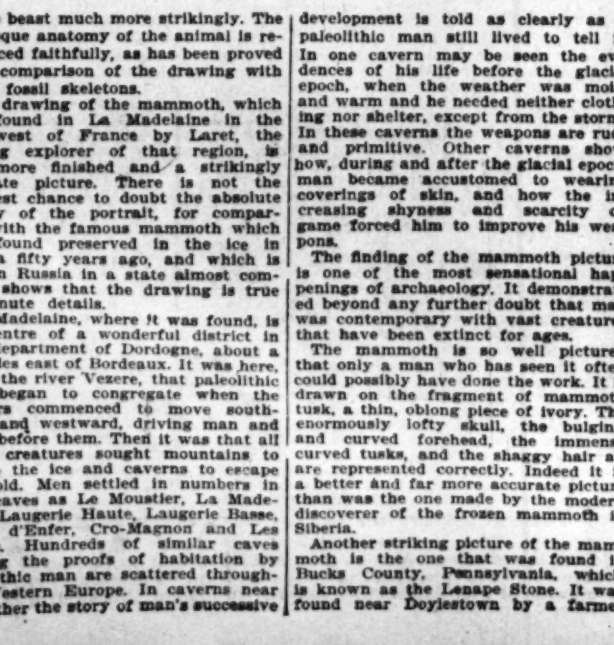
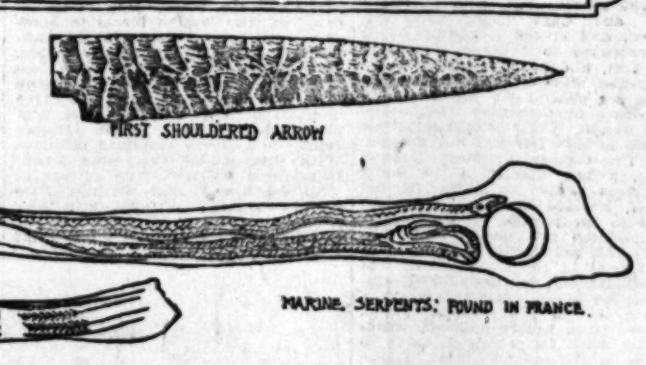
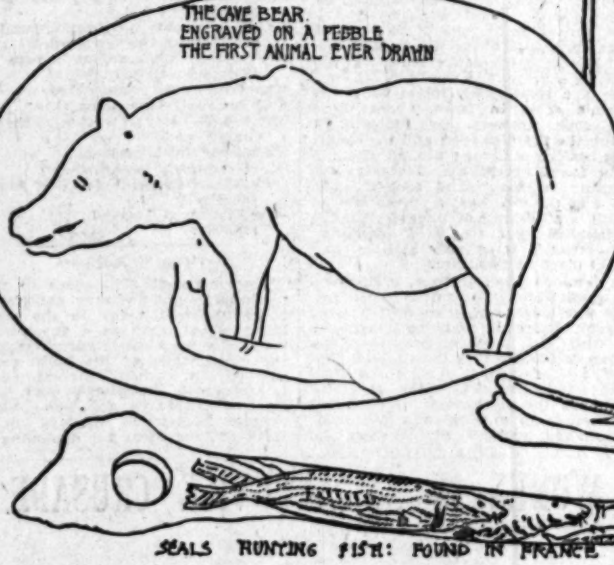
How he lived has been learned. We  
now know how he killed his game. We  
now know how he prepared his food. We  
now know that paleolithic man fought his  
enemies. We know that he was a  
hunter, and a savage lower in the scale  
of achievement, though higher in point  
of initiative intelligence, than the sav-  
age of the present. He was lower  
than they in that he had no God, no  
moral organization, no houses, no laws,  
no kind except those of nature, no  
thought of a beyond, no veneration,  
no even a language. He was  
lower in that he was an independent  
actor and originator, and that he had  
no help from the great mental and moral  
power which led him from stage to  
stage of improving development.

We can even tell measurably what  
his appearance was of this wild, un-  
civilized creature.

So know all this, not through the  
remains of flint weapons which he  
left behind, his utensils or the re-  
mains of his food and his work in the  
cave, but through the art of the  
cave, the art of the prehistoric man.  
We know it at last because once  
a time in that far and dim age,  
among the huddling, ferocious  
people—an artist who may be  
called the first publisher of the first natural  
history of the world.

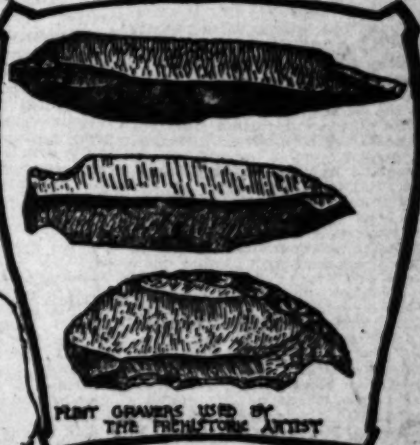
What a wonderful and great  
man he must have been, this prehis-  
toric man, who lived with  
us, and whose name we know. Where are  
the bones and the greatness of Michel An-  
gel and Rubens are the bones of the  
cave, the bones of the prehistoric man.  
We know him as we know compared with  
him. He was the creator of art—they  
the followers. He had no canvas, no  
brush, no implements. Never a line  
was scratched with such a pur-  
pose as to leave a record for the  
future. And when he scratched this  
line, this forgotten man—who may  
have been covered with hair like an  
ape, for all we can tell—he was  
touching the world. When his rude  
finger first touched the piece of stone  
he had picked up in the river  
because it was flat on one side  
smooth enough for his new-born  
purpose, the purpose of the  
cave, the purpose of the prehistoric man.  
With instinctive love for the  
cave, the prehistoric man seized on  
stone, bone and antlers, and when  
he used them for personal  
ornaments it was only another step  
toward the further use of them for  
personal, and then to use them for  
art.

Natural History of the Paleol-  
ithic Age which he and his successors  
passed on to us, that man  
of Europe, simultaneously with the  
mammoth, the cave bear, the hairy  
man, the mighty Irish elk, the  
mammoth, the horse, with a rail, the  
mammoth, the rhinoceros. What is  
from its surroundings and  
evidence convincing to science,  
the very first picture ever made  
of the great cave bear. It is en-  
graved on a flat pebble about six inches  
long and was found in the famous  
cave of Masat, a few miles south of  
the cave bear, occupied the  
western part of Europe in the quaternary  
geological period, and it be-  
lieves that long before history began,  
no man observer who drew  
the picture of the present day could  
portray the leading characteristics



*His Productions Show  
Man as a Killer from  
the Beginning*

*He Portrayed  
no Woman but  
drew pictures  
solely glorifying  
the chase*



horn, and is placed with a large hole  
at one end. It is covered with engrav-  
ings which show the certainty of the  
artist's mind and the sentiments of the  
form which he depicts. The work is so  
fine that it requires the magnifying  
glass to bring out all its beauties. One  
face represents two seals, such as in-  
habited the seas of the coast of France  
then. One of them is seen in its en-  
tirety with four members. The hinder  
members, so singularly carried by these  
animals, are exactly rendered, each  
foot having five toes. The size and ex-  
tent of the tail is plainly to be seen.  
The head is delicately executed. The  
muscle, with its moustache, the eyes,  
the hole for the ear, all indicate a de-  
gree of artistic ability.

Our paleolithic artist nearly was  
censured unjustly by the explorers who  
first discovered his pictures of horses.  
In all the engravings the heads are  
large beyond the proportions of the  
horse that is known to us; the manes  
are hog manes, rough and bristling  
and the tails are small and thin. But  
when a skeleton of one of these ex-  
tinct horses was reconstructed, it was  
found that the peculiarities—large  
head carried low, big moustache, straight  
back and rat tail—all belonged to the  
animal. So we may accept the picture  
which is printed here, and which is  
the reproduction of a paleolithic en-  
graving found in Switzerland, as being  
an accurate portrait of the horse of  
that dim time.

It was in the River Vézère district  
that the first known artificial habita-  
tion of man was found. It was dis-  
covered at Laugerie Basse and evi-  
dently had been occupied by many  
human beings. An overhanging rock,  
projecting about 45 feet, formed the  
roof and many objects of art and in-  
dustry were found in it. Among other  
valuable finds was a profile view of a  
human head, showing the queer face

of a paleolithic person, which is re-  
produced here.

With exception of this and a few  
broken fragments that seem to have  
been of attempted reproductions of  
the human form on it, the art work  
found thus far is confined purely to the  
representations of animals and hunt-  
ing scenes. Love did not interest the  
paleolithic man at all. He was a killer,  
and it was the delight of killing and  
the glory of the chase that formed his  
themselves. As he is in the twentieth, we  
he was once again—lust for blood,  
proud of the death that he had caused,  
long before he began to make orna-  
ments for his women to wear, he orna-  
mented his weapons. Long after he had  
reached a high proficiency in art, long  
after he had begun to wear clothing,  
he still never thought of portraying a  
woman on his weapons or utensils.  
Beautiful as his possessions had be-  
come, showing the work of months and  
even years, he had not risen to the  
stage where he considered his wo-  
men as worthy representation in his  
art. Hunting and killing, slaying and  
maiming, so he passed from age to  
age, leaving the record of his bloody  
deeds scattered through the world.  
And so man passed on still.

[Ohio State Journal.] (Polonous)  
Attachments are quickly formed in  
our profession.  
(Hamaker.) Alas, 'tis true!  
(Polonous.) Why that note of melan-  
choly in thy tone?  
(Hamaker.) I was thinking of my  
wardrobe, which my landlord has this  
day attached.

[Brooklyn Life.] (Mrs. Folkadot)  
She is a fine nurse, isn't she?  
(Mrs. Paddock.) Ideal! Why, I can  
go for days without even seeing the  
children.



A BRIGHT IDEA.  
"Why do you always recite with that large book in your hand?"  
(Professor.) It affords such a good egg-protector.

k suits.  
for our black  
We are sure that  
the qualities and  
We want you to  
a line of black  
by wholesale or  
made under the  
system and are  
best cutters in  
every detail; 3  
back, military  
cutaway  
Prince Alberts.  
we guarantee

aster shirts.  
complets, so varied and so different  
give any description which will convey  
the stock.  
style will be found. Our boys in the  
of every new thing that comes out  
in that fashion center of America  
from 50c to \$3.00.  
shirts, assorted patterns.  
shirts, golf shirts.  
chambray golf shirts.  
with plaited bosoms.  
golf shirts.  
hemp shirts.  
negligee shirts.  
in the new blues and stone.  
in new stripes and figures.  
of pongee silk, for summer.

er suits.  
of Easter suits you  
by wholesale tail-  
ers' clothing. Styles  
in any other store.  
in designs and of the  
single one is a  
boys of 3 to 9 years.  
suits and trunks;  
suits.  
\$5.00  
5-piece suits for boys of 8 to 12 of  
all-wool Washington chevrons,  
dark maroon in line, black,  
blue, olive green, tan and  
gray; \$6, \$7, \$8 and \$9.  
Boys' full dress suits, tan and  
gray, \$10, \$12, \$14 and \$16.  
Tuxedo coats, high cut vests and  
trunks, made of dark blue, navy  
blue and black silk lined, sub-  
stant coats to be had, \$12.

hardware  
until it is the most conven-  
ient. This means that in one  
everything usually kept in a  
cooper's shop. Everything  
paring-knives to garden  
knives, everything that makes work  
in the house, in the garden,  
any special bargains in various  
lines.

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that we can sell them

notes 69c  
student is familiar with the  
International Sunday School  
books which we will sell at  
past, 9 months' study  
our immense book depart-  
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can possibly be ac-  
complished by the  
difference between  
behind it or one which  
know nothing about  
it, for their com-  
fort and shape for every  
all at the one price.







[SPECIALLY CONTRIBUTED TO THE TIMES.]



the other told him the name.  
"Ah!" exclaimed the doctor, "the  
best specimen of a cold in the head I  
ever heard."

**POSTLETT'S**  
CELEBRATED

Pure Blood  
Makes Health  
Impure - sick-  
ness and dis-  
ease. The Bit-  
ters make rich,  
red blood, by  
purifying the di-  
gestion and  
urine.  
Dyspepsia,  
Constipation  
and Biliousness.

eleven thousand dealers.  
Any dealer will get them for  
you if you ask him.  
If he will not, you can  
send direct to the

**R & G CORSET CO.,**  
New York.

THE NEW YORK CORSET CO. HAS  
THE LARGEST STOCK OF  
CORSETS IN THE WORLD.  
THEY ARE MADE OF THE  
FINEST MATERIALS AND  
ARE THE MOST COMFORTABLE  
AND DURABLE IN THE  
MARKET.

**Tent - Awning**

LOS ANGELES



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OUT OF A BALLOON.

Man Who Jumped Was Believed Insane When He Told His Story, and Driven to a Nearby Asylum.

[Washington Post:] "I went up in a balloon once, and I never want to make such a trip again," said Col. A. N. Greene, chief of staff to Gen. Greene, the grand marshal of the inaugural parade, the day following that great event, as he sat in his office talking with some of the young men of military fame and social prominence who were among the grand marshal's aids. Col. Blakeman has traveled the world over, first as a paymaster in the navy, during which time he instituted the first Masonic lodge that China ever knew. This was in Hongkong, and Col. Blakeman's picture still adorns the lodge chambers. In recent years he has been abroad many times on private business.

"My experience as an aeronaut was in London," he continued, "and it would never have occurred but for a friend I happened to meet there. He was going to make an ascent, and he persuaded me to accompany him."

The balloon was a feature of some big exhibition, and every day it was inflated and made an ascent, with four or five passengers in charge of an experienced aeronaut. There were about five in the party the day I took the trip. We got into the basket, which was boxed in quite high, then let the rope go, and we shot up about 2000 feet. It was interesting to look down at the world and hear the noises of London streets coming from so far below. The balloon sailed along smoothly, and we drifted for about eight miles.

"It was when we tried to descend that the trouble began. The method was to throw out anchors as the balloon settled toward the earth. The aeronaut said that when one of these anchors caught firmly in the ground, the balloon would drop to the tree in which the anchor was expected to become fastened. This could be done by winding in the rope on a winch in the car. We would be expected to climb out of the balloon into the tree, he said, and he would then take hold of the valve rope and, standing a safe distance away, open the valve, let the gas escape and the big affair would collapse and sink. He informed us that we must get clear of the sinking folds, as they would come down fast, and if they caught and covered us we would be in an atmosphere of most poisonous gas."

"All this was very interesting, but we did not seem to be making much progress toward the point where we would have to look out for the descending folds of the collapsing balloon. The anchors caught in a whole lot of trees, but we did not look. One would get tangled in a tree, and then the balloon would swing far over, tilting the basket in which we were until it seemed that we would be spilled out. Then the anchor would break loose and we would shoot up again.

"I became very tired of this and told the aeronaut that I thought it was time to bring the voyage to a conclusion. He told me if I ordered a parachute, I could jump out. At first I thought he was simply reciting to my remark, but he said he meant what he said.

"When the car tilted over again, you climb out on the edge," he said, "and let go. It will probably be a plover and land underneath us and you won't get hurt."

"Well, I did as he suggested. When the car tilted over I climbed out and hung to the edge of the car. When I saw that the car was as low as it was going to get, I let go. I dropped about twelve feet, and, as he expected, a plover field was below us.

"As soon as I dropped out, the balloon, relieved of my weight, came up and the air again and soared off. I walked to the nearest road and continued along it until I came to a cabin.

"I asked the landlord how far it was to London, and he told me it was eight miles. I ordered a carriage to take me there, and while I was waiting the landlord asked me where I had come from.

"I took him to the door of the inn and pointing to the balloon, which was then sailing along about a quarter of a mile above the ground, I said: 'I jumped out of that.'

"The man looked at me in an alarmed fashion, and after I had returned to the sitting room I noticed that several people peered through the window at me.

"Finally, my four-wheeler was ready and I set off for London. After we had driven along for half an hour or so the coachman suddenly turned the horses in through a gate, and we drove into a big courtyard. I yelled to him and he came to a halt. He said that I was wanted to go straight to London, and he wanted no attention and slowly circled the courtyard. When we stopped on the other side a man wearing glasses and a head in the carriage, scrutinized me closely, pulled back, said something to the coachman, and we drove on to London.

"Finally we reached my lodgings, and when we did so the coachman jumped out of the box, ran up the steps, and as soon as his knock was answered, asked Mr. Blakeman to come in. The man was just answering that I did when I reached the top of the steps and asked him the fellow.

"What was that place you drove me into on your way to London?" I asked him.

"It was a hirsute asylum," he replied. "When you said you had jumped out of that balloon we thought you were crazy, and since you were a escaped patient from the asylum."

A Clever Belgian Stamp Fraud. [New York Journal.] A curious fraud has just been discovered by the postal authorities in Brussels. They noticed from time to time during the past few months that the number of letters mailed in various places throughout the country was much greater than the number of stamps that had been used, and they felt convinced that a fraud of some kind was being perpetrated. They, therefore, set detectives to work, and at last they have solved the mystery.

The plan adopted by the tricksters was very simple. When one of them desired to mail a letter he stamped it as usual, but over the stamp he placed a very thin, transparent piece of paper, the result being that the post-office mark appeared only on the paper, and did not deface the stamp underneath. The trick was so easy that any one could do it, and it was necessary being so that the transparent paper was gummed evenly over the stamp. After it had passed through the mails it was easy to remove the paper by holding it for a minute or two over steam.

Thousands of letters, stamped in this manner, have recently, it is said, passed through the mails in Belgium, and as they apparently differed in no respect from other letters it was not until a thorough investigation had been made that the authorities learned how they had been tricked.

The conspirators, as a rule, played their trick only with stamps of the higher denominations, and hence the fraud was detected more easily than it would otherwise have been.

Postoffice Department, second main aisle, general postoffice business transacted.

We are better equipped for handling mail-order business than any house in Southern California. Send for samples or estimates on any class of merchandise; we will execute your orders carefully, conscientiously, intelligently.

# The Broadway Department Store

## Our Easter Offerings.

Six more days—then Easter, the day of all the year when lovely woman looks her loveliest. Are you ready for it? We are. In every section Easter showings brighten our Busy Store. Easter prices were never more alluring. This Easter-time we have striven for the greatest and most ambitious Spring display we have ever put forth. This Easter-time we have striven for the results—Complete and comprehensive variety, and lowest possible prices. Our buyers have scoured the Easter markets. All that is new and desirable is now here. No charge for style. Every article priced in strict accordance with its merit. A practical, economical exhibit awaits your inspection.

### From the Silk Section.

No department in our store, emphasizes the economy of trading at the Broadway, more clearly than our Silk Department. Quality, richness of design, beauty of color, are all here, at prices no other house but the Broadway would attempt. Note these few:

#### 24-Inch Silk Foulards 59c.

Rich colorings of porcelain blue, reseda, rose, gray, violet and black in beautiful Persian designs. A good value at 75c; Broadway Easter Offering per yard, 59c.

#### Twilled Silk Foulards 79c.

24 inches wide, of pure silk, warranted not to slip on warp, in dainty scrolls and figures on grounds of new blue, rose, gray, reseda, lavender, and navy, worth \$1 per yard; our Easter Offering per yard, 79c.

#### 24-Inch Satin Foulard 89c.

Of good stocky weave, handsomely twilled; in leaf effects and Persian designs on grounds of gray, reseda, china blue, navy, castor and violet; worth \$1.25 per yard; our Easter Offering, per yard 89c.

#### 27-Inch China Silks 49c.

50 different shades, in street and opera colors, also black; worth 50c; Special Easter Offering at 49c.

### Men's Haberdashery.

Our men's section is one of the popular corners of the store, situated right on the street, as it were, favored with plenty of daylight. It is indeed a pleasant place to trade, and our mode of pricing this merchandise adds profit to the pleasure.

#### Easter Neckwear 25c.

New silk bat-wing ties of 80c silk, new spring colorings of the most desirable patterns, handsome stylish creations, equal in value to any 80c tie in town—a special Easter Offering at 25c.

#### New Butterfly Bows 25c.

Shield bows, made especially for high band collars, with patent fasteners, colors and patterns are the most recent, silks best. Special Easter Offering—each 25c.

#### Derby Four-in-Hands 49c.

The new reversible four-in-hand of narrow width, so much affected by swell dressers as the present time, made of Barbatine silk in solid colors, red, blue and black with white or black stripes, each piece was designed to be a special Easter Offering at 49c.

#### Up-to-the-Minute Neckwear 49c.

Of the popular imperial shape, also the ever reliable knot, handsomely finished ties of the latest and most approved silks in new colors and patterns especially selected for Easter selling, values that are usually priced at 75c—a special Easter Offering at 49c.

### Domestics and Linings.

We have many sturdy bargains in these departments.

#### Huck Towels 10c.

Size 17x24, plain white with colored borders; a heavy quality, never sold at less than 12 1/2c. Special Easter offering, each 10c.

#### Red Table Damask 17c.

In checks and floral patterns; quality that is usually sold at 25c. Special Easter offering, per yard, 17c.

#### 36-inch Percale 10c.

Light and dark colors; stripes and figures; 12 1/2c is a bargain price. Special for Easter offering, per yard, 10c.

#### Corded Gingham 10c.

In stripes and checks, light and dark colors, new spring patterns. Special price for Easter offering, yard, 10c.

#### Cotton Moire 29c.

In black, cerise, blue, lavender and brown, very desirable for skirts, worth 50c; special Easter offering at, yard 29c.

#### Satin Brilliant 15c.

88 inches wide, of Mercerized finish in black and all staple and pastel shades; an unusual value. Special Easter offering, per yard, 15c.

#### Mercerized Satine 19c.

88 inches wide, in black, gray, rose, green, blue, lavender, cerise, red, pink and cream, worth 25c; special Easter offering, per yard 19c.

### Easter Footwear for Women.

Smart, shapely footwear for women at maker's cost. The prices make easy selling, our effort is in the buying, you profit from the result.

#### Women's Oxfords \$1.50.

Of vicid kid with hand turned soles, medium round or coin toes, kid tip, pretty opera heels, inside cloth or kid top, color eyelets, perfect fitting, easy on the foot, will not slip at the heel. Equal to the average \$2.50 Oxford; special Easter offering, per pair, \$1.50.

#### Women's Slippers 90c.

Glaze kid stock, hand turned soles, a variety of toes from the broad common sense to the narrow coin toe, opera or common sense heels, finished with instep straps or plain sandal effect, one of our greatest values; a special Easter offering at, per pair, 90c.

#### Women's Kid Shoes \$1.75.

Spring ideas, comfort, shapeliness and durability combined. Coin toes, military or concave heels, flexible McKay welt soles, beveled on the edge, silk stitched throughout, lace, with fast color eyelets; every pair carefully and correctly fitted; worth at least one-third more; special Easter offering at, per pair, \$1.75.

#### Women's Dress Shoes \$2.95.

In all the popular lasts and leathers, all shaped toes, patent or kid tips, hand turned or hand welt soles, military, concave or Louis XV. heels, kid mat cloth or kid top, all lengths and widths; equal in every respect to the average run of shoes at double the price; a special Easter offering at, per pair, \$2.95.

#### Young Women's School Shoes \$1.75.

A most perfect shoe, durability being the important feature. Neat coin toes, spring heels, lace, extension soles, soft vicid kid uppers, well lasted, will retain their shape until worn out, a splendid value at \$2.50; special Easter offering at, per pair, \$1.75.

#### Minor's Easy Shoes \$2.50.

A boon to women with tender feet. We are sole agents for these shoes and consider them one of the best shoes made. Fine French kid uppers, very flexible hand-turned soles; you don't have to "break them in." If you have a pair of Minor's easy shoes you will know what it is to have one pair of shoes as comfortable as a stocking; price, per pr, \$2.50.



### Modelish Millinery.

We feel that we have reached the perfection point in combining elegance, fashion and economy in the make-up of our Easter Millinery. Large numbers of hats were sold last week to some of Los Angeles' most fashionable women, and hundreds remain for this week's selling. It's a revelation to people accustomed to paying "opening" and "Easter" prices for millinery. Every hat is honestly priced in strict keeping with the materials and amount of labor consumed in making. Come this week and let us demonstrate to you that we can cut your Easter Millinery bill in half if you will permit us.

#### Trimmed Hats \$3.48.

A new creation of mousseline de sole and braid with good flowers—in flat crown effects; just such a hat as has been priced at the Millinery Openings at \$5; a special Easter Offering at \$3.48.

#### Pattern Hats \$4.95.

One of the stylish flat shapes of silk mill, interwoven with gold, trimmed with handsome roses and linen foliage, a bandeau of velvet ribbon, a very smart appearing hat. One of the best values we have ever shown; in black and white only; a Special Easter Offering at \$4.95.

#### Children's Mill Hats 63c.

Tam crowns, fluted brims, with large bow, some trimmed with embroidery, too many styles to describe; priced as an Easter offering, at 63c upward.

#### Tinsel Net, 15c.

A novelty of recent introduction for hat trimming; two yards is sufficient for a hat. We have it in navy, white, black, red and pink, with enough good tinsel woven in to tell the desired effect. It is 30 inches wide and will be especially priced as an Easter Offering at, per yard, 15c.

#### 39-inch Black Pierola 73c.

In neat designs, an excellent wearing fabric, shakes dust easily, worth 98c; special Easter offering at, per yard, 73c.

#### 42-inch Black Pierola 98c.

Mohair brocades in neat figures and leaf effects, worth \$1.25, special Easter offering, per yard, 98c.

#### 40-inch Black Pierola \$1.48.

Silk brocades in stripes, dots and leaf patterns, worth \$2, Easter offering price per yard, \$1.48.

## Easter Costumes—Suits, Wraps

We have prepared a handsome showing of costumes—tailored suits, jackets, wraps, silk skirts, silk and wash waists, petticoats, etc. Every garment is of the most desirable style. Many radical changes have been made in outer garments. We have taken care to have every garment in our possession in absolutely correct in regards style. We are showing many new ideas that are exclusive with us. When we say exclusive we mean all that the term implies. Our values are a revelation. We indulge in no fancy prices for Easter display, but price every garment in a manner that is consistent with the cost of production. In fact, we are showing one costume at \$85, whose exact counterpart was shown at one of the New York openings at \$125. In no section of this busy store is extreme style and practical economy more closely blended than here.



### Easter Costumes

Rich costumes, made after the most recent French designs in Eton, Bolero and Position effects, military, collars, Belle or Bishop sleeves, jackets elaborately trimmed with silk braids and Persian effects, gilt buttons and all the little embellishments that Dame Fashion has decreed. Skirts with circular flounce, flare bottoms or the new Princess effect—a large variety of strictly proper garments at absolutely correct prices, ranging from \$25.00 to \$85.00.

### Easter Capes.

For evening wear, a triple chiffon ruffled affair, with lace and velvet trim, with train of chiffon and silk ribbon. Some have tulle open work and ruffles of Libertybelle—one of the latest. French creations, specially priced for Easter Offering at \$6.98.

### Black Silk Dress Skirts.

Allover instant effects, with circular flounce, some have double flounce with drop skirt, others of silk brocade not trimmed with Libertybelle ribbon; others of silk brocade not trimmed with Libertybelle ribbon; others of silk brocade not trimmed with Libertybelle ribbon. Prices range from \$15.00 to \$25.00.

### New Silk Petticoats.

Of Glenlivet's best satins in all the new shades as well as black; long narrow, double breasted, extra sweep; made especially for the new flared dress skirts—this is a sample line and are priced as Easter Offerings at exact wholesale prices. Prices range from \$4.50 to \$15.00 and up to \$18.00.

### Fetching Parasols.

Delicate, dainty creations, decreed by Dame Fashion. The assortment is too varied, the styles too numerous to attempt descriptions. The prices are very much lower than you will find elsewhere. That's one of our happy facilities—giving our customers plenty of style at the tiny Broadway prices.

#### Ruffled Gloria Parasols 98c.

Of black gloria, with one ruffle on paragon frame and black polished handle—a smart, serviceable parasol, worth \$1.25; a special Easter offering at 98c.

#### White India Silk Parasol \$1.25.

Of fine India silk with paragon frame, congo handle, worth \$1.48; special Easter offering at \$1.25.

#### Better grades parasols, ranging in price up to \$4.95.

Mind you, these are Broadway prices. That means a saving of a quarter to a half on each parasol, with nothing slighted as to quality and style.

### Easter Gloves.

A complete and comprehensive assortment of gloves is here awaiting your inspection. We are very particular about our gloves. There's no line of merchandise that we handle that we give more careful study than gloves. Manufacturers call us snickety, but we don't mind, the glove trade that we enjoy amply pays for our trouble and our pains. Once you buy a pair of our gloves we feel almost sure you will come to the Broadway for your next pair.

#### The Marilla, \$1.25.

A superior glove in point of wear and fit, made of prime lambskin, Paris point stitching, two clasps, stylish and durable, superior to the average \$1.50 glove; Broadway price, \$1.25.

#### The Aline \$2.

This is our leader—made of the finest imported French kid, pigee sewn, gusseted, Paris point stitching—we have it in all the new spring shades; Broadway price \$2.

Use the utmost care in fitting our gloves. If you have had trouble with your gloves, let us show you how nicely we can fit you. Get your next pair at the Broadway and let us show you how nicely we can fit you.

#### Hair Combs, 9c.

Pompadour side or comb combs, in a variety of styles, well finished, good heavy backs, Special Easter Offering at 9c.

#### Side Combs, 25c.

Of shell or amber, with heavy backs, correct shape, plain or white rhinestone settings, Special Easter Offering at 25c.

#### Pompadour Combs, 25c.

In shell or amber, well polished, strong heavy backs, correct shape; Special Easter Offering at 25c.

#### Hair Retainers, 25c.

Of good clear quality pearl, these are the latest, have patent spring clasp; Special Easter Offering at 25c.

Standard patterns are shown April. The designer shows new thoughts for Easter.

Don't let distance hinder your taste. You are one of our regulars. You are one of our regulars. You are one of our regulars. You can sit right in your own home with us. Most your orders.

### Dainty Wash Fabrics.

Wash goods were never prettier than now. Our and counters are fairly groaning beneath their these delicate materials. No other house on the coast can show you so much style, such a profusion of colors and weaves at such economical prices.

#### Mercerized Striped Lawn, 33c.

30 inches wide, of soft, sheer quality, white, that sells elsewhere at 50c; a special Easter offering at 33c.

#### 30-inch Cotton Pongee, 39c.

In greys, blue and red, a good value at 50c; a special Easter offering, 39c.

#### 30-inch Alberta Satins, 39c.

Dots and Persian figures in rose, gray, reseda, blue and red, worth 50c; an Easter Offering at, per yard, 39c.

#### 32-inch Batiste, 15c.

A fine sheer quality in stripes, dots and leaf effects, splendid assortment of colors, also black; quality sold at 20c; special offering, per yard, 15c.

### Drapery Section Offerings.

Rich Portieres that add an indescribable charm to the home. Our buyer was particularly fortunate in his purchases this season, so much so that we have artistic portieres priced at figures that barely cover the cost of manufacture. Note these prices:

#### Tapestry Portieres \$1.98.

36 inches wide, 3 yards long, well fringed, good grade tapestry, rich patterns in red, green, brown, tan, and blue; values almost double. Special Easter offering, per pair, \$1.98.

#### Tapestry Portieres \$2.98.

36 inches wide, 3 yards long, handsomely fringed, splendid assortment of patterns in all desirable colors, reversible, a special value. Special Easter offering, per pair, \$2.98.

#### Tapestry Portieres \$3.50.

36 inches wide, three yards long, heavily fringed, a good grade tapestry in Roman stripes, also plain red broad cloth, with fringes. Special Easter offering, per pair, \$3.50.

Better grades tapestry portieres in rich Oriental and Turkish effects, special price for Easter offering, per pair, \$4.00 to \$5.00.

### House Furnishing Offerings.

Everything needed to make housework easier is here. Just now we wish to call your attention to dinner ware. Here's an opportunity to save a quarter to a half on the price of reliable, washable dinner ware.

#### 100-piece Dinner Set \$8.50.

Of best English semi-porcelain; dishes are of approved shape. \$10.50 is the regular price of this set, priced specially for Easter offering at, per set, \$8.50.

#### 100-piece Dinner Set \$10.50.

Of very thin semi-porcelain; three different styles of plates to choose from—pink, blue or brown; a pleasing unusual merit and worth at least one-half the special Easter offering at, per set 100 pieces, \$10.50.

#### 51-piece Cottage Set \$5.50.

Of best semi-porcelain; decorations are violet and handles are of gilt; the set is large enough for persons; one of our greatest offerings; special for full set 51 pieces, \$5.50.

#### China Salad Bowl 22c.

Handsomely decorated salad bowl of good china, 4 1/2 and 6 1/2 inches; special Easter offering, each 22c. Special prices this week on all classes of goods. Department rear of second main aisle, Postoffice.

### Boys' Easter Clothing.

Everything needed to make housework easier is here. Just now we wish to call your attention to dinner ware. Here's an opportunity to save a quarter to a half on the price of reliable, washable dinner ware.

#### Boys' Black Suits \$1.98.

Good grade chevion double breasted sack coats, large lapel collars, have tape loop waistbands and suspender buttons, fastidiously tailored, appearing suits, possessing tone and wearing qualities. Ages 8 to 14; special Easter offering at \$1.98 the suit.

#### Blue Serge Suits \$3.50.

A true fast blue serge made with full roll lapel collar, well lined, lined, excellently cut and tailored, seams won't rip, buttons won't pull, durable; a good \$3.50 value; special Easter offering at \$3.50.

#### Boys' Clay Worsted Suits, \$4.95.

In black or blue, Washington Mills clay worsted, fast color, double breasted suit, silk stitched throughout, Italian cloth lining, trousers double stitched, taped seams, making a substantial, stylish suit—a good \$4.95 value; special price for Easter offering at \$4.95 the suit.

#### Boys' Wash Suits \$1.23.

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WEEKLY ILLUSTRATED MAGAZINE.

# Los Angeles Sunday Times

MARCH 31, 1901.

PRICE PER YEAR.....\$4.00  
SINGLE COPY.....5 CENTS

WILL UNCLE SAM SUBMIT TO THIS? WE GUESS NIT!



(The Trusts, to Uncle Sam:) "You hee'dn't go ahead. We've decided that the canal shan't be built."  
(Uncle Sam:) "Well now, son, you just hang around here for a little while and see me lift those things out of the way with this gun of powder."



# OUR SUNDAY MAGAZINE.

## SCOPE AND CHARACTER.

THE ILLUSTRATED SUNDAY MAGAZINE, complete in itself, is served to the public separate from the news sheets, when required, and is also sent to all regular subscribers of the Los Angeles Sunday Times.

The weekly issues may be saved up by subscribers to be bound into quarterly volumes of thirteen numbers each. Each number has from 28 to 32 large pages, and the matter therein is equivalent to 120 Magazine pages of the average size. They will be bound at this office for a moderate price.

For sale by all newsdealers; price 5 cents a copy, \$2.50 a year.

THE TIMES-MIRROR COMPANY, Publishers,  
Times Building, Los Angeles, Cal.



ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY MAGAZINE.

ESTABLISHED DECEMBER 4, 1897.

## SOME FEATURES OF CALIFORNIA.

THE great world is with us at this season, and hotels, big and little, are everywhere filled by the strangers within our gates. This is not only a portion of the vast and boundless West, but in one sense it is the East, since so large a share of the wealth, the culture and the restless activity and energy of that section is in our midst.

It is only within a few years that California has been fully discovered. For long, long years the world has known of its existence, but it is not so long since it began to intelligently appreciate the greatness of its possibilities and the grandeur of the plan upon which the State is built. The vastness of its extent appeals to the home-seeker hardly less than the charms of its climate—a climate which lets one alone from January to December. Residents here do not have to battle with the elements. Life is not a constant warfare with nature, for the extremes of heat and cold are not found here, but that happy medium between the two exists which conduces to perfect comfort.

But to the cultured and the person of refined sensibility, nowhere in the wide world does nature more eloquently appeal than in this great State. The majesty of mountains, the illimitable vastness of plains, the wild grandeur of rock-walled cañons, the beauty of eternal vegetation and continuous growth, hold one like some new enchantment that is past all resistance. It is all unlike the familiar world on the Atlantic borders. Nowhere there do the mountains tower so high, or the valleys stretch out so far and wide. Nowhere on those borders can be found such a variety of fruits, such harvests of grain or such glory of blossoming as here. The palm and pine smile side by side in the sunshine. The apple, the orange and the fig drink in ripeness from the same golden sunbeams. The fruits of the tropics and those of the temperate zones lock each other in the face. The rioting vineyards grow purple in the light, the banana ripens in its beams, and in sheltered spots the pineapple comes to richest fruitage. In our high Sierras we hear the thunder of gigantic waterfalls, which leap from the rocky lips of the mountains hundreds of feet into the valleys below, girdled with rainbows and shod with white foam.

The big trees of California—those giants of the centuries—they, too, are among the marvels of this State. They have a history almost as old as the race, yet they are still green, and their massive trunks are strong as the unyielding rocks. Decay seems to have no power over them, and they are one of the enduring features of this great State. There is nothing else in the forest realm that so impresses the beholder, for they are voiceful of majesty and strength. Nature has done nothing by halves in this region. She has never slighted, and never made a mistake. She is always changing, yet ever the same. Royal in her wealth of beauty, grandeur and magnificence, she bears everywhere the impress of infinite skill, of infinite design. We do not find chance written anywhere upon her pages.

Volumes have been written in regard to the climate of California. Volumes more will yet be written, but they can take the reader scarcely beyond the alphabet of its many charms. Probably no country has more to offer to the home-seeker than this section of the Golden State, and thousands are coming here every year to find release from the extremes of the climate in the more eastern sections of the country, and as the attractions and possibilities of this vast commonwealth are more fully realized, the exodus from the East will rapidly increase. There can be no doubt but that in the not distant future California, which is on the broad commercial highway to the Orient, will, with all her wealth of resources, and her unrivaled climatic charms, become one of the richest and most populous States of this great Union.

## LENT IN LOS ANGELES.

TOURISTS in this city who are accustomed to passing the Lenten season in colder latitudes, have reason to contrast the climate with less favored regions. The winter rains and abundant sunshine have filled the gardens with bloom. The native flora has adorned the roadsides with bright halos of color, the fields are green, the grass ripples in the breeze like the waves of the sea. The cattle stand knee-deep in the fields. The honey-seekers are abroad among the blossoming orchards. Clouds of roseate and white blooms are wind-chased and adrift on the greensward, and song fills the hedgerows. Certainly, the walk to the church along the sunny avenues of this city could not be enumerated among the acts of self-denial. The person who is able to command such gracious influences on his days would be doing himself an injustice of overestimate if he considered his devotional exercise one which made him more an example of the virtues than many who are forced to grinding duties, and are striving to follow laws of kindness, humility, and truth without such aid as comes from devotional exercises in public places.

There are many reasons why the Lenten season has a special significance. The city at this season is peculiarly the home of strangers who have come for the benefit of climate or recuperation of spirit, and the doors of the churches are the reminders of the Father's house.

One has only to walk through Central Park to see illustrated the utilitarian and spiritual sentiment of a Lenten day in this city. Groups of various voices under the trees speak of commercial life, markets of iron and steel, prospects in oil, cotton and wool, exports of fruit, wheat and corn, transportation competition, railroad earnings, financial gains and bank clearings.

Among the number sitting in the sun are pale-faced tourists with eyes turned to the mountains. The snows of winter still linger around their northern homes, while here the sun shines with a blaze of splendor, and the mountain summits of the morning stand in a glory of radiant flame. Far above, the clouds have those wonderful tints which have been the dream of poet and painter.

Like an echo from the eternal music sounds from the choral of the church: "I will lift up mine eyes unto the hills from whence cometh my strength," or "Out of the deep have I called to thee!" The music of the De Profundis speaks of accountability to God, a thought which Webster said he considered the greatest one given to the human mind. There follows the sense of obligation and the listener thinks over new problems of the moral nature and the mystery of free personality which is inherent in the religious life.

The conversation around him reminds anew that while "the still small voice" leads some hearts to faith in things unseen, the spirit of the age has illustrated the growth of faith after a profound study of philosophy. The ideas of Descarte, Spinoza, Locke, Kant, Fichte and Hegel have in themselves been arguments for the superiority of the mind and the natural desire of the soul to find out God. They stand like half-way houses in the long distances the world must travel for the full measure of its spiritual inheritance.

The speech of men of science is burdened with the thought that much of the phenomena of matter is expressed in the terms of the spirit. While they are striving to make new formulae they have been like the workers of Al Mamoun, who determined to know the mystery of the pyramid. After long excavation through the rock and in despair at the unavailing labor they would have turned away, but far within they heard the sound of a falling stone. This incited them to dig on until they reached the great chamber. The research of the scientist has the discouragement of the stone wall, but he hears beyond the colossal barrier the sound that beckons him, and his research may be as devout a form of worship as that of song or incense. One has only to read pages of Hugh Miller to find the inspiration of such rare souls, who, whether studying the ephemeral life of the amber records of the Tertiary Age, or reading the fossil story on the stone pages of classic history, teach the adoring faith, Domini est terra. The pages of Winchell, Guyot, Humboldt, Leconte and many others are forms of aspiration to Him of whom Lacordaire said after all these centuries "his grave is not merely glorious, but beloved."

The sojourner in this city should be often reminded of the interest which attaches to the flowers and trees that were associated with the life and passion of our Lord, from the green slopes of Nazareth to sad Gethsemane.

The palms, the olives, the cedars, the pomegranates, the figs, the acacias, the lilies, anemones, and roses are counterparts of those that were friends of the Man of Sorrows. The olives cast their shadows around Him in the garden of Gethsemane, where, although people were near him, he knew the loneliness of a stranger far from home. "When they had sung a hymn, they went to the Mount of Olives and to a place called Gethsemane." The remembrance of that hymn which Jesus sang, although His soul was "exceedingly sorrowful," should forever consecrate music to beautiful ideals.

Around those scenes have clustered the hopes and expectations of the Christian world for many centuries. The events that inspired them are of such transcendent magnitude that all others are comparatively unimportant.

L. F. H.

[Chicago Post:] Two Colorado physicians quarreled over a point in medical ethics and one slew the other. One yelled "quack" and the other failed to duck in time.

## THE SECRET OF YOUTH.

FIRST PRINCIPLES AS TAUGHT BY A FOREIGNER.

By a Special Contributor.

"Let me tell you the secret of youth," said the German dermatologist. "Keep your complexion the grain fine and the color high, and wrinkles come, and your hair turns white, your figure loses all symmetry and slenderness, you pass among your friends and before your eyes wonderfully enviable, youthful-looking women, what I keep telling my patrons," smiled the person, whose own cheeks were as delicate and true in color as the petals of a wild rose. "Of them believe me when I ask them to give me. They always give me ten years less than I am in the old church in Germany, and that is due to my complexion."

"How do I manage to keep it? Well, I have the best care of it since I was a bit of a girl. I was a sort of a complexion specialist in my own am trying to educate the American ladies in a measure her teaching. Of course, by the modern scientific discoveries I have improved my methods, but the principle on which she was the same, and all I preach and teach is cleanliness and protection from overexposure."

"Yes, indeed, my dear, cleanliness is the most important step in the preservation of a complexion, the precaution most often neglected. I was shocked you when I say that only one woman in a clean face. That is the truth, however, for a dirty face does not lie and many a woman's pretty countenance out of which, in a single day, have washed as much as a half a thimbleful of injurious, irritating, sticky dirt."

"Of course those patients have always clean faces, as often at least as twice a day. They use a clean cloth they use, they tell me, more, they always assure me that in their hands had pretty, fine skins, with a sweet color to them. When they tell me that I beg to have a look at the arms and shoulders. If my microscope shows a surface soft and close-pored and then that the patient has simply been washing her face and I put a stop at once to the morning non facial bath. My cure course is simple. I afflicted one lies back in a chair under a lamp and I go over the cheeks and chin and forehead with the finest, softest, whitest sponge I can buy, and delicately apply a milk-warm cream. I let it stay for a while, and then, with a soft brush, I wash the face with a fine, soft, lukewarm water that grows gradually to a temperature of 104, and then with an equal lowering of temperature down to 53 deg."

When this hydraulic process is complete, I take of old, soft, and very pure linen and tenders of an infant's face, let the linen absorb the moisture from the surface. Finally, when the face is dry, I make the patient recline, her eyes closed, every muscle of her countenance relaxed for fifteen minutes, or until the natural evaporation further dried the skin. Finally I go over the face of those nice soft little rubber facial brushes, using ever so delicately. This I do to bring circulation, but never do I handle the skin with a familiar touch, for the face is harmed not by other friction than a slow and very gentle one with the soft palm of my hand. If I find a pore shows the whole system to be lacking in circulation, I apply the current, not directly to the face, but through the conductor in my left hand while smoothing the forehead, cheeks and chin with my right hand.

"When the face bath and the light massage is completed, I make the patient slip over her face before going out into the open air. This is a dotted tissue she wears ordinarily, protecting her thoroughly cleansed skin from the flying dust, and dust I insist upon her avoiding until I have washed all the dirt from the cuticle, brought the skin to a normal movement in the cheeks and forehead, tended pores to close and form a smooth surface that will not accept the flying particles."

"Give me any woman whose health is normal, diet is reasonable and, who will come to me a week for treatment, and who will daily wash as I direct, and I'll almost guarantee to restore the color and color of her complexion. It will be equal that she had before carelessness and neglect made it grow so tough and weather-beaten, stretched the pores and spread a sort of unhealthy flesh beneath."

"Sometimes, when I get a very bad case, when a skin shows like old leather through use, a preparation of lime juice to take out the stains; and some faces I have put in soak, saturated with warm water, in which a certain amount of sea salt has been dissolved. But I never use treatments, I don't stretch, pull, overheat the skin, and I don't pretend to help any woman's wrinkles. They are like an increasing number of birthdays. There is no real eradication of wrinkles, beside any woman should be content to keep her face and never be afraid to submit her complexion to broad light of day, for then she keeps her face alive in her face, her eyes remain bright, her skin seems only coquettish and the pink in her face will, like the rose a-bloom in January, be only and always of springtime and youth."

FANNY

## ELYSIAN PARK.

Fair lies thy lovely face beneath the  
Kissed by the golden sunbeams and the  
And by the breezes as they wander by,  
Light-footed all thy winding pathways

Thy hills rise upward, emerald-clad and  
Green forests drop cool shadows on the  
Bright blossoms toss their fragrance  
And rippling bird song on each rapturous

The gracious Day looks smiling from the  
Noon decks herself with brightness  
And Eve comes softly with the starry  
As in thy tree girt chambers to find me

ELYSIAN



# Egypt and the Egyptians. By R. J. Burdette.

## The Pilot.

If you mention his name in the loneliest camp—  
(Montana—Nevada—or Idaho)—  
A light on the miner's face will beam  
More bright than the rays of the pine-knots' gleam,  
And his lips will open—"I used to know"—  
And he tells a tale of a "prospect" tramp.

Speak it where 'Frisco sits and looks  
Out through the beautiful Golden Gate,  
And a ripple of memories breaks in glee,  
Like the silvery waves of a moonlit sea;  
And some one says, "It was somewhere late  
In the 'fifties"—but that's all in the books.

May it where shines with its tropical ray  
The star on the flag we have made our own—  
And the island glows with a radiant smile—  
"He was one of us for a happy while,  
And the winds in our treetops still intone  
The laughter he left when he went away."

Whisper it low in the African land,  
Its white breast torn by the fangs of war—  
A laugh will divide a moan and a wail,  
As the pale lips say, "I was here in jail  
When he made that speech—I can tell no  
more—  
It hurts me to laugh—but you understand."

North—west—south—yonder—east—and there—  
His name is a thought that wreathes a smile;  
Big trees—the pyramids; Tahoe—Galilee;  
Mount Blanc and Shasta; Salt Lake—Dead Sea—  
His own Mississippi and Pharaoh's Nile—  
Everyone knows him everywhere.

He has girdled the world with a balm for pain,  
Twined the equator with garlands of mirth.  
While the pilot steadies the swinging keel,  
His eye on the star, his hand on the wheel,  
His thought on the fog-encircled earth—  
Clear comes the leadman's cry—"MARK TWAIN."

## Everybody's "Mark."

I believe—and I can prove it—that Samuel L. Clemens is the best-known man on earth. Of course a great many people have heard, in a way, of George Washington and Christopher Columbus; a few people are beginning to learn who is the King of England; Napoleon Bonaparte is well known in places; the Czar of Russia is an impersonality; a few travelers are vaguely known in the countries through which they have journeyed and about which they have written. But Mark Twain is known, intimately and affectionately, in every land that he ever visited. Known and adored. You meet his friends everywhere. Guides, dragomen, interpreters, officials, in Germany, Italy, Egypt, Palestine—everywhere—are proud to stand for certain definite shams whom Mr. Clemens mercilessly ridiculed for their shallow pretensions and hopeless ignorance. A guide will straighten himself up three inches as he pats himself on the breast and proudly assures you "Me Ferguson!" And when you tell him that you had the genuine old original Ferguson yesterday, the new candidate fiercely denounces him as a fraud and a pretender. There isn't an Arab between Cairo and Assouan who does not remember him, and only one or two who did not personally serve him. The body servants of George Washington bring down a verbal history of the United States from colonial times to the present day. The guides of Mark Twain will continue that history throughout all generations, so that whatever may happen to printed documents and corner-stones, so long as the human race has the power of speech our history is secure. We occasionally try Bayard Taylor, Amelia Edwards, Wilkinson, and even Mariette Bey on the Arabs. But they are cloudily dubious concerning these people, and are openly suspicious that we are chaffing them. But when we try them on "Mark Twain" the horizon broadens, the skies are clear, and they are ready with floods of personal reminiscences. "Blessings on that frosty pow!" He has made the equator a streak of sunshine, and the atlas of the world is "Mark Twain's Scrap Book."

## Spelling the Egyptians.

Our first week in Cairo was one of climatic surprises. I always thought this was a winter resort. So it is. So is the North Pole—for white bears and unrescued arctic-circle excursionists. I never wore so many clothes at one time in Minnesota as I wore in Cairo for a few shivering days. The only warm place I found was a tomb. And it was hot—hot as a silver mine. They told me that the tomb had not been occupied for over three hundred years, the tenant having been "lifted" by a scientific grave robber. Fair Science has not only legalized body-snatching, but has even made it the sacred duty of the scholar. It has not yet been able to give jooting in China the same beautiful sanctity of scientific investigation, but we must not demand too much this early in the century. It has 100 years in which to elevate ordinary burglary to the dignity of corpse stealing. Besides, a profound Egyptologist explained to me, these mummies are very old. That makes a difference. I suppose it is wrong—at least, it is in very bad taste, which is much worse—to dynamite a new tomb of glittering white marble. But an old granite sarcophagus, dating from before the flood, is fair prey for the scientific spoiler. And how often is Fair Science bitterly disappointed, when it dynamites the front end of a sarcophagus

and hauls out the corpse by the ears, to discover that 2490 years ago the Romans had caved in the rear end with sledges and battering rams and gathered to themselves all the massy chains of gold, the priceless gems that glittered like stars of fire in the darkness of the grave, the pearls and the jeweled ornaments. Those old pagans were utter barbarians. They had no respect for the grave, no reverence for death, no regard for the interests of science of the twentieth century. Some of them, indeed, were little better than mugwumps. They smashed and burned and stole things as remorselessly as though they were Christian nations avenging the murder of their missionaries. The cheek of the beggars, when they were not Christians at all, and had no right whatever to claim the privileges of enlightened nations! It's so hard to teach a heathen a just and righteous respect, not to say reverence, for the rights and exclusive privilege of the favored nations, and just about the time you get him taught, the wound is likely to gangrene and kill him. That's really the great objection to dumdum bullets.

## The Egyptians Spoiling Us.

But I was speaking about the superior comfort of an Egyptian tomb to a Cairo hotel as a winter residence. It is really so much warmer. And so much quieter. There are just about as many people asking you for backshish—every tomb is sculptured and painted on every inch of the walls and ceilings with figures of ancient Egyptians, slaves, citizens—which was the same thing—kings, queens, gods and goddesses, every last beggar of them hold out both hands for backshish. But they can't speak, and you don't have to give it. All the same it becomes unspeakably irritating to see them standing there asking for it. The Egyptians are the patientest beggars on this dependent old earth. Some of these sculptured figures have been standing in that beseeching, expectant attitude for nearly four thousand, or 400,000—the Egyptologists vary about that much on all their figures—years, without getting a solitary plaster. Are they discouraged? On your dear life, they are not. They will maintain that position so long as the granite endures. And the Egyptian of today, if he should live that long, would do precisely the same thing. Every time we go out for a drive about the city or a stroll through the bazaars, at the close of the expedition, a man not of the retinue holds out his hand and demands "they never 'ask'—his backshish. "For what?" And he explains that he has followed you around ever since you left your hotel. Of course, you don't give him a cent—unless you are softer than mush, in which case you have no earthly right to travel in the East—and he pours out a ripple of Arab curses on your stony head, which as you don't understand a word of them, do you no harm. It is a land of beggars. If a man works for the government and carries dirt and stones all day long—ten hours—in a basket, on some temple excavation, he is paid about a plaster a day. But if he follows you around the block to see you mount a donkey or get into a carriage he wants from three to five, and feels hurt if he doesn't get it. If in some moment of foolish weakness—we all have these times of breaking down—you give some pitiful and eloquent beggar a coin, he slips it into his mouth, and, with a pathetic wail, squats down and begins to grope for the hidden money in the dust, pretending that he dropped it, and as it cannot be found he hopes that you will be soft hearted and headed enough to give him another. If you give the donkey boy at Assouan a shilling (5 plaster pieces)—he hides it before your eyes, produces a plaster with the deftness of a magician, and wants to know if that is all you are going to give him. All the donkey boys at Assouan are liars and most of them thieves. The rest of the fraternity as you go down the river are like unto them.

Gratitude in an Egyptian beggar is an unknown feeling. In a month's experience with them I have never heard "thank you" from the lips of any man lower in degree than a dragoman. That is an English phrase they do not trouble themselves to learn. And as for the amount of backshish that a man claims in addition to his regular pay, it can only be measured by a straight line forever extended indefinitely through infinite space. If you give him a plaster, he yells for more. If you make it a shilling, he calls on the prophet to witness that he is a ruined and defrauded man. If you make it a pound, he howls for pity on a starving man. And not until you show him your link and emptied pocketbook is he satisfied—no, he is never satisfied—but not until then does he cease his howling to laugh over the way he has "done you," to despise you for an infidel dog and rejoice that you are doomed to roast in hell fire while he sings in paradise. And if he sings there as he does here, you may even rejoice if things are as he thinks they will be. I do not like the Egyptian in his present, unregenerate state. The hand of England, strong and wise, is upon this country and is going to stay upon it, and mold it into better shape, and eventually make a nation of it. Though, of course, one need never hope that the "tipping" evil will ever be reformed under English rule. It is a part of the British constitution, of which you may have heard.

## A Bas the Tip.

And the evil is growing worse in the United States. And it's all wrong as wrong can be. It so shamefully belittles a man; it makes a beggar of an honest man. I wish the trades unions would fight it. I'd join the strikers and the boycotters every time. It is utterly un-American. Every man who eats his bread in the sweat of his face should have honest, living wages, and the scorn of all men every time he held out his working-hand in a beggar's plea. I never give alms to a sleeping-car porter without feeling my very soul burn with con-

tempt for the corporation, rich, greedy and selfish, that taught and forced that man to beg for his living. It could have done him no greater wrong if it had established a Fagin school for him and taught him to steal. It debased his manhood, lowered his self-respect, set him outside the pale of honorable "workingmen," and what greater wrong could it do to a man than that? I don't believe a man ever has a pleasanter glow all through his life—heart, hand and brain—than when he pays a workman his wage. But if there is anything I hate worse than a beggar, it's the system that makes men beggars. Let's organize an anti-tipping society before the next Presidential election. Let us be able to say to the world, "Here is the one country on earth where you don't have to 'guess' at a beggar's extortion; a land where every man knows what his service is worth as well as the government knows the value of a gold dollar; where he wants that, every penny of it, as his own, and where he will refuse to accept a beggar's dole for honest work." But I don't believe you'll do it.

## Josh Billings' Spelling.

One touch of freedom there is in Egypt that I think can be found nowhere outside this dark continent. That is the next thing to our own much-vaunted American liberty of speech—which privilege of citizenship I have duly, and, I trust, modestly and with reverent limitation used in this epistle. It is freedom of spelling. Now in some countries the traveler is occasionally at a loss when he would spell the name of city or river. Not so in free Egypt. There is no standard for spelling Egyptian names, unless it be the hieroglyphic spelling on the tombs and temples. So when you write a name you write it as it sounds to you, and that will be correct. Indeed, some man who took it down, letter by letter, from the lips of the interpreter, glancing over his shoulder, will see that you have spelled it with eleven letters, in three words and two capitals, whereas he used seventeen letters, four words and three capitals. But he will erase his own dictated spelling and substitute yours. Thereby you begin to be an authority. The trouble is that if you catch a glimpse of his way you will try to substitute it for your own. You will both make mistakes, as the substitution in each case will be done hastily and rather stealthily. Then afterward you will come together and compare your still different versions, and you will try to remember each his own original way, and will finally compromise on a "blend" that by its very monstrous and unpronounceable composition will force itself upon the delighted attention of the Egyptologists and glue itself to the pages of the new geographical pronouncing lexicon. This land should be the paradise of typewriters and dialect novelists; any old spelling goes.

By the way, I had a scheme with a man named Reed of Philadelphia for heating the hotels of Cairo in the winter by running a pipe line from the tombs, which are warm as "love in August," all the year round. But it raised a great protest among the natives. They said it would not heat the hotels, which is true—but it would effectually cool off the tombs to the shivering point of the hotels. Which is also true. So it was abandoned.

## Timely Reading.

One other experience of "exceptional weather" we have enjoyed in Egypt. When Charles Dudley Warner was up at Luxor, twenty-five years ago, he thought it rained—"I could not swear," he writes, "that a drop or two did not fall into the river. And yet it could not be, for it had not rained there in 4000 years." Well, it rained at Luxor for us on the 25th of January and the day following—thirty-six hours of hard, driving, deluging, steady downpour that kept us shut up on the boat. Nobody wanted the rain; nobody needed it, especially the railway embankments, which it washed into the Nile; nobody in Egypt is ever prepared for rain; it caused a great deal of suffering among the people, whose mud huts were pulped by the deluge. But it rained just the same. And while it dashed against the cabin windows and drummed and rattled on the steamboat roof I read over and over with ever-increasing delight as the storm became more tempestuous the following paragraph from a guide book:

"Above all, the uniform temperature of this part of Egypt and the perfect dryness of the atmosphere calls with the voice of hope to the weary health seeker. Rain is unknown."

You can get a hundredfold more enjoyment out of a book than ever the author put into it by reading it at the right time.

Cairo, Egypt, February, 1901.

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## DAN BEARD'S BRIDAL COACH.

[New York Evening Sun:] Dan Beard, the artist, was married a short time ago. Among those invited to the wedding were Charles Dana Gibson and a number of other artists. While the wedding ceremony was going on, these fellow-craftsmen went out and decorated the bridal coach with pictures of lovelorn swains and chubby cupids.

When the newly-wedded pair entered the coach they did not notice its decorations. Beard, however, wondered at the size of the crowd and the heartiness with which it greeted them. As they drove up the avenue he noticed how the people stopped and stared after them, and when the finally drew up before the Holland House he was amazed to see what appeared to be the entire staff rush out to receive them.

Then a great light dawned upon him. "My dear," he said, as he assisted his wife to alight, "we may as well walk around the carriage. It would be a shame not to look at it after our friends have taken so much trouble in our behalf."

And with his wife on his arm and the hotel attendants at his heels, Beard walked around the carriage, and then solemnly led the little procession up the steps and into the hotel.



# The Mutton Metropolis. By Frank G. Carpenter.

## THE FACTORIES OF NEW ZEALAND.

HOW SHEEP ARE FROZEN BY THE MILLION BELOW THE EQUATOR FOR MARKETS OF LONDON.

From Our Own Correspondent.

NEW ZEALAND is the chief meat-freezing country of the world, and Christchurch is its mutton metropolis. It is a city of more than 50,000 people, situated near the sea on the Canterbury Plains, where they raise more sheep to the acre than anywhere else. This country leads all others in its product of mutton. Millions of sheep are frozen here every year for the tables of England, and a great fleet of steamers is always moving back and forth across the equator over the oceans, carrying this product to London. The distance via the Strait of Magellan is more than twelve thousand miles. It is even farther by the Cape of Good Hope or the Isthmus of Suez, but nevertheless the freights are such that the mutton can be sold at a lower price than that raised in England itself.

What do you think it costs to raise sheep away down here below the equator and deliver them to the English butchers, so that all parties can make a fair profit? Just 7 cents a pound! The New Zealand farmer makes money by selling his sheep at the factory at 4 cents a pound, and the extra 3 cents suffices to pay for the killing, the dressing and freezing, and all the freight charges and handling between here and London. I doubt whether mutton can be produced at this cost in either the United States or Great Britain.

### The Sheep Farms of New Zealand.

But first let me give you some idea of New Zealand's sheep industry. It is the one out of which the country makes the most money. New Zealand now has about 20,000,000 sheep, or enough to give every man, woman and child a flock of twenty-five and have thousands to spare. It has almost half as many as we have in the United States, and its product of wool is proportionately much greater than ours. It gets an annual income of \$23,000,000 out of its exports of wool, and in addition receives more than \$8,000,000 for frozen mutton, \$1,500,000 for its tallow, and more than that amount for sheep skins and rabbit skins.

There are sheep farms to be seen everywhere. I have visited many of them during my tour through the islands. They are much better kept than similar properties in the United States, being divided up into large fields fenced with wire and often carefully cultivated.

Many of the holdings are large. The average flock at present contains about 1000 sheep. There are 2700 men who have each between 500 and 1000, and there are 2000 farmers who each own from 1000 to 5000 sheep. There are more than 200 who have from 5000 to 10,000, and 140 who each own flocks of 20,000 or upward. The tendency just now is toward small flocks. The farmers have found it pays to raise sheep for mutton, and the day will soon come when every farmer will have his own flock of sheep.

### Mutton vs. Wool.

In Australia the sheep are reared chiefly for their wool. Here they are reared both for wool and mutton. The weather is such that they can feed out of doors all the year round, thus saving the expense of barns or stables. On the larger estates the total expenses are not more than \$1 per sheep, and the annual increase of the flock is from 80 to 100 per cent. of the number of ewes.

Sheep farming in New Zealand is managed upon scientific principles. The people have studied the breeds and have selected those which will produce the most wool and the best mutton. The chief breeds are the Lincolns, the Merinos, the Leicesters, the Shropshires, the Southdowns and the Romney Marsh. Each of these breeds has special localities. The Merinos thrive best on the wild lands and hills, the Lincolns and Romney Marsh on the moist soil, and the Leicesters on the dry plains. The best mutton sheep are cross breeds; they are known as freezers.

### How to Get Blood Out of a Turnip.

It is an old expression that it is hard to get blood out of a turnip. The New Zealanders have discovered how to do it. They use their sheep to grind up turnips, and the result is the blood which makes meat which sells for millions of dollars. In fact, every good chop you eat here is half turnips. The people tell me that turnip-fed sheep produce the best mutton. In buying a sheep farm the first question asked is whether the land will raise turnips, and if so the price is much higher than otherwise. New Zealand has more than 400,000 acres of turnips. Turnip fields are to be seen on every landscape, and they often form a striking feature. The crop grows luxuriantly, and before the sheep are let in it forms a bed of bright green. Later on, when the sheep have had their first chance at it, the green has all disappeared, and in its place there is an expanse of black soil covered with white balls set out in rows. The field looks as though it had been plowed and sown with billiard balls.

You see the sheep biting the balls. They eat them out of the ground, digging away until every root has disappeared. In some cases the turnips are dug up by the farmer and fed in the pasture to the sheep.

### The Question of Wages.

Labor is high in New Zealand, and everything is done to cut down expenses. On the large estates the sheep are kept in enormous fields, so that a few hands suffice to care for a large flock. The shepherds put in about ten hours, except at harvest time, when they work from daylight to dark. Their wages are higher than those

of the United States. In the busiest parts of the year they receive from 18 to 25 cents an hour, and in many cases their employers add to this a present at the close of the season. I met one man who told me he gave each of his hands \$50 when the hardest of the work was done.

The shearing usually begins in September and lasts until January. It is done by the piece, being performed by professional shearers, who get from 4 to 4½ cents a sheep. There are men who can shear more than a hundred sheep in a day, and not a few make their \$5 per diem. The wool clips vary greatly, according to the breeds. The Merinos range all the way from four to seven pounds each, while the Leicesters will average ten pounds and the Lincolns about eleven pounds. There are sheep which each produce from twenty to thirty pounds of wool at a clip, but these are exceptions.

### A Warning to Belgian-hare Raisers.

The craze which is running over the United States as to Belgian hares should be stopped, for they may become as great a pest as the rabbits are here. Rabbits were introduced into New Zealand as pets and with the idea that they might furnish meat. They increased so rapidly that they soon overran the whole country. They ate up the pastures, and millions of dollars have since been spent in killing them or in fencing them out of the sheep lands. Of late a large industry has grown up in trapping them for their skins and in freezing the carcasses for shipment to London. There are men here who make a business of rabbit trapping and rabbit buying. I see crates of rabbits at almost every railroad station, and I am told that about 11,000,000 pounds of frozen rabbits are annually shipped from New Zealand to London. In one year 17,000,000 rabbit skins were exported and such exports now bring in several hundred thousand dollars annually. Frozen rabbits are shipped with the fur on, and they are, I doubt not, often sold as fresh from the warrens of the English nobility.

### In a Big Freezing Factory.

But let us go to one of the factories and see just how they prepare this New Zealand mutton for the tables of London. New Zealand has twenty-one meat-freezing establishments, and the largest and oldest of all is here at Christchurch. It is known as the Belfast freezing works, having a capital of \$500,000, upon which it pays dividends of 8 per cent. It is a cooperative institution, the sheep owners being the principal stockholders. It gives them a market for their sheep, working entirely on commission. The sheep are driven or shipped to the factory. They are there killed, frozen, put upon ships, and delivered to the butchers of London at a fixed charge of a penny a pound, and all profits above this go back to the farmers. The factory kills about 5000 sheep every day, shipping on the average more than 500,000 carcasses a year.

We take a carriage and ride out to the works. They are within a few miles of Christchurch. The buildings consist of great sheds, surrounded by paddocks filled with sheep ready for killing, and the drying yards, which at first sight seem covered with snow, but which as we get closer we see are spotted with great piles of newly-washed wool. We are first taken to the sheep yards, and watch the men drive the animals up a passageway to the killing department on the second floor. This driving is done by means of decoys. There are several old sheep which are used day after day and year after year as the advance guard to lead their brothers to slaughter. They start the procession, and the thousands behind, sheep-like, follow them. Often 10,000 sheep pass up that roadway in one day.

### In the Killing-room.

We follow the sheep into the building. The killing-room is several hundred feet long. It is a great hall walled with pens, each holding twenty sheep. The pens face a central aisle, in which stand the butchers. The sheep are killed at the rate of ten every minute. The butchers are very expert. They drag out the animals, and with their knives kill them so quickly that they do not even kick. One man has been known to kill 230 sheep in a day, but the usual average per hour is nine sheep for each man.

After killing a sheep the butcher hangs it up on a hook behind him, strips off the skin, cuts off the head, dresses it, and washes it down with hot water. This is done so quickly that it takes only seven minutes from the time the live sheep is picked up until it is ready for freezing.

When a sheep is finished the butcher gives it a shove, and the pulley to which it is hooked, running by gravity on a little steel track, carries it off to the cooling-room. From now on it is not handled until it is ready for shipment. The work is done so rapidly that there is a long stream of carcasses steadily flowing out of the butcher shop into the cooling-room and later on from there down to the freezing chambers.

### In the Freezing Chambers.

After having been cooled forty-eight hours, that the animal heat may go out of them, the carcasses, being weighed as they go, take another trip on their pulleys into the freezing chambers. There are a dozen of these, each having a storage capacity of about 100,000 sheep. Each chamber covers one-fifth of an acre, and if you will imagine a good-sized city lot inclosed in walls of frozen brine, coated with snow and filled with carcasses of mutton hanging down from the ceiling so near one another that they almost touch, you may have some idea of a freezing chamber.

Suppose we enter. How cold it is! The temperature is 8 deg. above zero. The sheep put in three days ago are already as hard as stone. Tap one of the carcasses.

The sound is like a tap on a drum head. Take one and rest it on the floor, it is so stiff that it makes a noise like ice. My fingers freeze as I take one, and we are glad to get out.

### The By-Products.

After a look at the freezing machinery, the manager tells us is American, we go to the branches of the establishment to see the by-products. In one place they are canning sheep tongues, shipped all over the world. The output is about one tongue a day, and the tongues sell for 20 cents each in one-pound cans. The cooking is done in a room in which the water is kept hot by steam pipes. The tongues bob up and down in the boiling water. Bare-armed men take them out from time to time with pitchforks and put others in their places.

In another room we see them rendering the other they are taking care of the sheepskins. Others they are pulling wool from the skins and putting it out to dry. A curious department is the blood and bones are turned into fertilizer. Blood is roasted in a great cylinder, several hours long. On the floor of the factory is a pile of it as big as a small haystack. It smells like ammonia, and our eyes water as we look.

This blood is very valuable for manure. For time it went to waste in most of the factories of New Zealand, when a couple of Americans came and made a contract for the product. The New Zealanders soon saw that they were getting rich out of it, and the money, and they concluded to have the works themselves, so when the time came for the renewal of the contract they refused, and now this and the other products of the factory pay, I am told, about the expenses of its operation and management.

### Among the Factory Hands.

As we walk through the works I ask the manager to give me some idea of wages. He replies that the men get from \$1.50 a day upward, and that for a day's work they get 10 hours. The men come to the factory at 8 a.m. and leave at 5 p.m., taking an hour off for dinner. They have in addition to this what are called smokes, or recesses of ten minutes twice a day for all the men. The foreman fixes the time, which is usually at 10 in the morning and 3 in the afternoon. These recesses are common in all New Zealand factories.

As far as I can see the men seem content with their jobs. Many of them own little cottages, and the average workingman's house here costs about \$250. The manager tells us that if a man is industrially economical he can pay for his house in five years, and that most of the men accumulate money. He tells us that the factory insures the lives of its employes upon such terms that if they are killed while on duty their heirs will receive from \$1500 to \$2000 according to the amount of their policies.

### The Biggest Woolen Mill Below the Equator.

You people of the United States look upon New Zealand as a half-savage country. You think it has no good farms and sheep ranches, and that the only venture you have ever considered is a last of the factories. These people have woolen mills which are considered large in New England. They make fine cloths as the best mills of Great Britain, and their mills have to be protected by the tariff to live. At Kaipoi, near Christchurch, there is a factory employing 600 hands. It is the largest mill below the equator, and it makes every kind of goods, from knit underclothing to the finest of dress goods. The mill takes the wool in bales, weighing about 100 pounds each, just as it comes from the butchers. The sheep is it sorted according to fineness, for the wool varies as much as that on man, some as fine as the hair of a baby, and some as coarse as the wool of a negro.

Next it is washed and scoured by machinery, dried, and then dyed. It is next treated to a bath of olive oil to soften the fiber, and then carded and twisted into ropes and retwisted by the jenny until each rope becomes a thread so small it will go through the eye of a needle. It is now spun upon bobbins and then woven into cloth, just as the best woolen mills all the world over. The mill is the latest and the product of the first quality.

This mill employs many girls. They are healthy, checked, and well dressed; they are well bred and educated. Hundreds of them ride to and from work upon bicycles. They work eight hours a day, wages being about \$7.50 a week, more or less.

FRANK G. CARPENTER.

Christchurch, New Zealand.

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### THE CALIFORNIA POPPY.

Give me a flower,  
Oh, my Golden West.  
The Sun said: "Give me one  
That none may dare to fondle but the  
Thy lover. Moon nor star  
Must fling it chilly kisses from afar."

Laughing at that bold speech, she fashioned  
A litling blossom—flame from heart to heart.  
A bloom that moon and star forever miss—  
That opens only to her lover's kiss.

ANNA

[Chicago Tribune:] Mr. Wu says he has a year-old son who may some day be a reporter, as many questions as the old man, he will do the material for a newspaper story.



## OUR NEW STAR.

INTERESTING THEORY REGARDING IT  
BY A FAMOUS ASTRONOMER.

By a Special Contributor.

WASHINGTON (D. C.) March 25.—That the new star, Nova Persei, is a once dark sun suddenly inflamed by a violent collision in space, and that the light waves had been shooting through ether a century before reaching our eyes is the opinion expressed by Prof. T. J. J. See, Uncle Sam's noted astronomer, in the course of a most entertaining interview. Prof. See has been diligently studying this new star since it was first seen here. He has nightly fixed the powerful lenses of the Naval Observatory's 26-inch telescope upon it. When I visited the observatory and asked Superintendent Davis to direct me to someone who could reveal to me the secrets being learned from Nova Persei, he sent for Prof. See.

Doubtless you already know that Nova—for such is the new star dubbed, for short—was first discovered by Prof. Anderson of the University of Edinburgh, on February 11. Since then it has had the entire astronomic world by the ears—or, rather, by the eyes. If tonight is clear you can see it in the constellation of Perseus, now far against the northwest heavens. Prof. See told me that two nights before Nova's discovery a photograph of its region was made. This shows that within its immediate neighborhood there were then shining no stars brighter than the tenth magnitude. On the night of its discovery Nova shone as a star of two and seven-tenths magnitude. (Perhaps I should explain right here that the lower the magnitude of a star, the brighter it is.) Nova's brightness had therefore increased within two nights more than five hundredfold. Within two nights after it was discovered its brightness had increased until it was a star greater than the first magnitude by five tenths. Since then its brightness has been steadily on the decline.

## Due to Violent Collision.

The amazing rapidity with which the new star blazed forth strongly indicates to Prof. See that its pyrotechnics were due to some violent collision taking place in its region of the heavens. It is his theory that Nova had been what may be termed a dark sun, and that it plunged headforemost into a dark cloud-like or atmosphere-like mass floating in heavenly space. The friction of this nebulous mass against the hitherto darkened sun hurrying through it would probably have the same effect as the friction of our earth's atmosphere against a penetrating meteor. The result of such a collision between Nova and the cloud-like oasis in the vast desert of space would in Prof. See's opinion, produce a vast amount of light and some heat. As the cloud-like mass might be of wide extent, the giant star-meteor, as he called it, would, as a result, become enormously brilliant. As all of the stars in the sky have considerable motion, this colliding star might pass through the cloud-like envelope in a few weeks. Departing from it it might gradually cool down, because only the outside layers had become heated by the pelting of the cloud-like envelope upon its surface. Prof. See has discovered nothing else in this region of the sky to indicate how so brilliant a body as Nova could have come forth out of a background of sky strewn with stars all faint and no greater than the fourteenth magnitude.

I asked the astronomer if there are hiding about in the heavens other dead suns or stars, darkened as was Nova before it collided with this cloud-like mass and made such a splutter of fire in the black space above us. He said that the average mind conceives of the heavens as filled with brilliant bodies, but recent investigations by astronomers indicate that they abound with dark stars, invisible globes, often as large as and larger than our suns. Their existence has been determined by their pull upon the bright stars, causing the latter, when smaller, to deviate from their paths. He added that in 1840 the astronomer Bessel, taking this into consideration, predicted that the dog star Sirius, twice as great as our sun, would some day be found to have a dark companion star, wholly invisible. This companion star was discovered through the telescope by the astronomer Alvan Clark, in 1862, and it has since been thoroughly investigated by other astronomers. It is equal to our sun in size, and moves about on its orbit once in fifty years. Bessel had also predicted that the smaller dog star Procyon had an invisible companion star, and it was discovered by Prof. Schaeberle at the Lick Observatory in 1896. It revolves about Procyon in a period of forty years, and is just about equal to our sun in mass. Prof. See himself discovered, five years ago that the star known as "Seventy Ophiuchi" had not only one, but two, of these companions. He also suspected that the star Zeta Hercules was triple, and the English astronomer, Lewis of Greenwich, discovered the third companion, a dark star. The star XI Ursa Majoris was similarly suspected, and afterward proven to be triple, with two dark companions.

## More Dark Than Luminous Stars.

"It appears from these investigations that the heavens are literally filled with these dark bodies," said Prof. See, "and that there may be, and probably are, more dark than luminous ones. Kepler used to say that there are as many comets in the heaven as there are fish in the sea. You may say that there are probably more stars, luminous and non-luminous, than there are grains of sand on the sea shore. This new star is only one of those grains of sand in the immensity of the universe. Yet on account of the collision which it has suffered it has attracted, and will continue to attract, astronomers for time to come."

I asked the professor if, in his opinion, there are

also wandering about in the heavens many of these great, dark, cloud-like masses, such as Nova has collided with. He replied that in all probability the heavens are literally filled with them. They are usually invisible, but occasionally shine by a faint light. They appear in irregular forms; in whips, streams, comet-like shapes and forms, with branching wings. Others are more regular in shape, and appear as spheres, ellipsoids and rings. Some repulsive force, like electricity, may perhaps control their shapes. They are rarer than our air, are generally gaseous, but may also contain some solid matter. They are very cold, and cover almost the whole background of the sky, in an irregular, patchy manner, sometimes illuminated, sometimes unilluminated. In many regions whole constellations are covered by this hazy gauze. Sometimes it can be seen in large telescopes; sometimes upon lithographic plates. The background of the sky, therefore, appears to the trained eye of the astronomer as brownish and hazy, rather than perfectly black, as would be the case if heavenly space were perfectly empty. Even along the milky way is this thin fog to be seen.

According to Prof. See there is an interesting theory among some astronomers that this cloud-like matter, such as Nova has penetrated, forms the stars when condensed by the action of gravity. Others suppose that it is driven from the stars by electric forces, such as repel the tails of comets from the sun and produce the forms of corona about the sun during eclipses. Many of these nebulous masses are thousands of times larger than the whole solar system, yet sufficiently thin for the light of faint stars to penetrate them.

## As Large as Our Sun.

Prof. See told me that Nova is probably as large and is perhaps larger than our sun. It is immensely larger than our earth, in any case. Although he called it one of the fixed stars, he explained that it is so very far away that its lack of motion is only apparent. It is really moving at a rapid speed. Its place in the sky has been accurately determined, and inasmuch as its motion will not be perceptible, astronomers will know where to look for it for years to come. Prof. See said that although it may in a few years return to its old stage of obscurity, it will probably go down to a faint magnitude and remain faint. "But," he added, "on account of what we have just discovered to have befallen it, it has become distinguished above all of the so-called small stars of the heavens, and will never be lost sight of by astronomers."

When Prof. See first viewed Nova it was white and a trifle bluish; then it turned yellow, then orange, afterward reddish. Finally it appeared as a yellow central star, surrounded by a red ring. This means that what astronomers term its spectrum—you have seen the sun's spectrum cast in seven colors by a prism—is composed of very heavy lines or bands of yellow and red, with the remainder of the colors missing. This the professor regards as very remarkable, but somewhat similar to phenomena of new stars appearing in former times. Asked what these colors indicated with respect to the material composing Nova he said that there were aflame in it elements somewhat like hydrogen and sodium, but that it seemed to lack all the other elements present in usual types of stars.

## Collision Occurred a Century Ago.

Nova is probably trillions of miles from the earth. The professor would not estimate its distance any more definitely than this. The fact that it appears perfectly fixed in the heavens indicates, he said, that its distance is incredible. It probably takes a century, or perhaps more, for its light to travel through space before reaching our sphere.

Therefore the sudden illumination of Nova, which we earthly mortals began to see February 21, in all likelihood occurred when our forefathers were wearing queues and small clothes. Peering at Nova tonight, we are in reality looking backward upon an event of the days of our great-great-grandfathers. Were we possessed of a telescope of sufficient power to bring the new star within very close range of vision, we would perhaps witness in detail occurrences of the time of our Revolutionary War. Vice versa, if Nova is inhabited, and if its people are so adept in optics as to construct an instrument strong enough to observe our persons and environment, they doubtless see us lighting our fires with flint and steel; traveling long distances in cumbersome stage-coaches. Our cities do not glow with electric lamps, not even with gaslights. Our land is bare of railroads; our sea of steamboats. A century ago the conflagration which Nova experienced as a result of her collision probably died away, leaving her again a dark sun. Yet we see her tonight as a shining star.

To the best of man's knowledge and belief, no such phenomenon as this has ever occurred within our solar system, save perhaps our little meteoric showers. But when we compare the largest meteorite which we can carry about the earth with this star-meteor Nova, as great as our sun—which has 109½ times the earth's diameter—the contrast makes us dizzy.

Within the entire history of astronomy there have previously appeared only eleven of these temporary stars. Only two have attained the magnitude of Nova—one in 1572, the other in 1604. The first temporary star on record was seen 134 years before Christ, by the ancient astronomer Hipparchus. The second appeared 289 years after Christ. The third was the brightest. It was discovered by Tycho in November, 1572. It became as bright as Venus herself, and was even visible by daylight. It reached first magnitude, but in a week or two began to fade. It continued visible to the naked eye for fully sixteen months. There was a notion at the time that this star was identical with the Star of Bethlehem. The theory was that the latter would return every 314 years. It was, therefore, expected by the superstitious to return in 1886, but did not. The temporary star of 1604, though not so bright as that of 1572, lasted for two years. In the seventeenth century there were three such phenomena. There were none in

the eighteenth, but five in the nineteenth—in 1848, '60, '66, '76 and '85. That of '66 blazed out between the 10th and 12th of May as a star of the second magnitude, remained thus for three or four days, and in five or six weeks faded away to its original faintness. It is now, as it had been before, a 9½-magnitude star, with nothing noticeable to distinguish it from its neighbors. That of '76 rose to second magnitude in four hours, remained thus a day or two, and became invisible within a month. But it still exists as a very small star of the fifteenth magnitude, visible only through the telescope. That of '85 reached only 6½ magnitude, but excited wonder at the time because it appeared in the midst of one of the nebulous or cloud-like masses which Prof. See described to me.

JOHN ELFRETH WATKINS, JR.

## EASTER GAYETIES.

A BUTTERFLY PARTY ONE OF THE PRETTY NOVELTIES—CHILDREN'S PARTY.

By a Special Contributor.

To lovers of fancy-dress parties the Easter season offers especial opportunities, as it is an opportune time for a butterfly dance, a form of entertainment affording the best facilities for pleasing and artistic effects.

The costumes for a butterfly dance are inexpensive and easily made; for the girls' crisp muslins, either colored or white, with tissue-paper wings to match, and a black-velvet cap, above which wave long, graceful antennae, made of narrow, black velvet, or, better yet, black-silk chenille, wired to make them stand upright.

Slim youths, in black doublet and hose, with gauzy, brilliant-colored wings, represent dragon flies; while yellow and black doublet, black wings and hose, transform their stouter comrades into wasps and bumble bees. Caps, similar to those worn by the girls, complete these costumes.

In preparing for a butterfly dance the house is decorated profusely with flowers, trailing vines and potted plants, arranged to form secluded nooks and shaded cozy corners, giving a woody effect, a subdued light everywhere except in the ballroom, where all is glare and glitter, imitative of the sunlight in which butterflies delight to dance.

As the guests arrive, each receives a small branch bearing an imitation cocoon made of cotton, and when all have assembled the cocoons are opened. In each is found a souvenir in the form of a butterfly. The pairing of the butterflies follows, those having mates becoming partners for the cotillon.

These butterflies may be simply bright pieces of paper cut in the proper shape, a mourning pin doing duty for a body, and also serving to fasten the souvenir in place; or maybe tiny silver, gold or jeweled pins, according to the taste of the hostess.

All the favors used at the cotillon should in some way be suggestive of Easter—Cascarones, flowers, bells, candy eggs and egg-shaped sachet bags of colored silks are some of the most popular designs.

When the dance is not to be a cotillon and the butterflies found in the cocoons are of a durable nature, a great deal of amusement may be derived by making it obligatory for partners to exchange souvenirs after each dance throughout the evening, thus introducing a new consideration into the giving and accepting of invitations to dance.

For young people who do not care for dancing, an Easter tree is a very enjoyable entertainment for the Easter holidays.

The ideal tree for this purpose is a fruit tree in full bloom, but, when this is not obtainable, any small tree without leaves makes a good substitute when decorated with peach, almond or apple blossoms made of tissue paper.

On the branches of the tree are hung frail cascarones, egg-shaped bags of candy and egg-shaped boxes, each of which contains some appropriate gift.

The gift boxes are hung in the most inaccessible places, but in such a manner that once reached they can be hooked off without difficulty; the candy bags decorate the lower branches, and are also hung with the idea of being removed; but the cascarones are fastened securely and arranged to form a bodyguard around both gifts and candy. A long pole with a hook at the end is provided, and each guest in turn tries to secure a gift and bag of candy from the tree. The trials are limited to five minutes each, and whenever a cascarone is broken a forfeit is exacted, to be redeemed later in the evening. The contest continues until every guest has succeeded in capturing a prize, then the boxes are opened. Besides the gift, each box contains a slip of paper, on which is written an appropriate quotation, and each guest in turn reads his quotation and tells where it is found. Those who are unable to tell the author pay a forfeit.

When all the quotations have been read a judge is chosen, and the forfeits are redeemed.

For very little children a candy frolic has great possibilities in the way of an Easter entertainment.

The little ones, safely buttoned into long-sleeved aprons, gather around the dining-room table, over which a piece of enamel cloth has been spread, and each is given a portion of molasses candy, cooled to just the right temperature for little fingers to pull. While they pull and twist and braid and shape, each a beautiful bird's nest of their own designing, the hostess prepares the fondant or cream candy, coloring it yellow, green, pink and blue, and out of this the little ones fashion the eggs to fill their nests. Last of all comes the mother bird, made of the cream and dipped into melted chocolate by the hostess, who sticks half an English walnut meat on each side to represent the outspread wings.

What is left of the colored cream is formed by the little ones into fruit and flowers, and, if desired, a prize is given for the prettiest design.

GEORGINE T. BATES.



## LIGHT ON OLD EGYPT.

### DISCOVERIES IN THE TOMBS OF THE ANCIENT KINGS OF ABYDOS.

By a Special Contributor.

IF ANCIENT monarchs made history, modern explorers are creating it anew by their discoveries; and the most notable triumph in this direction is one just achieved by Prof. W. M. Flinders-Petrie, the explorer of the Egypt Exploration Fund at Abydos, in Egypt, famous in the inscriptions as one of the most ancient settlements in that land of remote dates. Abydos has been visited before, and so late as 1895, by M. E. Amelineau, a French explorer, who claimed to have swept the ground clean and found whatever was worth finding. Mr. Petrie was struck by the importance of the Frenchman's discoveries, but did not believe that the ground has been exhausted, and his work on the same site has established the value of this preconception. Amelineau did find the tombs, but he worked in so unscientific a way, that, although he astonished the learned world, he did not add as much positive knowledge regarding the ancient kings, whose tombs were

ber and variety. Between 10,000 and 20,000 pieces of vases were found, ranging in date from the earliest to the latest times. Some two hundred of these vases have been restored. Many of the vases and crystal cups bore inscriptions which made it possible to trace them to some of the royal owners. Ivory was found in considerable quantity, either in tablets or in small pieces used for inlaying, showing that this delicate art was practiced then. The ivory carvings of boats and the legs of animals are remarkable for their realism and faithfulness to nature. It was the custom to deposit jars containing food and drink in the tombs, and each jar was sealed with a clay stopper bearing the stamp of the king for whose tomb the jar was intended. An examination of these clay stoppers has helped greatly in the reading of the names of the monarchs. On the base of a dish of brown pottery is a fragment of accounts, the oldest known. It is evidently a scribe's tally of some sort of article. The number 20 occurs often, and 100 and 200 are several times repeated. On another series of scales, measures for water or wine and for corn or other dry produce are found, showing that so early a distinction was made between measures for liquids and dry measure. The remarkable ivory carvings of heads from an inlaid cabinet date from the earliest period, and are unique instances of the advance of art in that time. The ivory tablets are easy to account for, being made of tusks easily secured in Egypt or from surrounding countries, but the large amount of ebony used

the vessel with the hand, up to those found in the art of the potter's wheel, the earliest known by man. The art of the potter made rapid progress, was succeeded by that of the sculptor who carved vases and hard marble into artistic shapes, bowls and jars of almost classic shape, probably very early period, were found. One of the interesting facts in connection with the inscriptions at Abydos, dating from the first dynasty, is that as they do from the later script, the pronunciation of the characters seem to be already established. This is additional proof that the civilization even of the remote first dynasty, had yet reached the dawn of civilization, although it came nearer to it by a few thousand years.

That Mr. Petrie could come after the explorer and find so much of value, reading the inscriptions which baffled the earlier investigators, finding places for all the kings in lists which were known but never corroborated is a great feat of English scholarship. Instead of a number of unknown persons, we have now a new chapter in history extracted from the sands of ancient Egypt.

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## THE DINGO.

### NEW KIND OF DOG, DERIVED FROM THE WOLF, BEGINS TO INTEREST DOG FANCIERS.

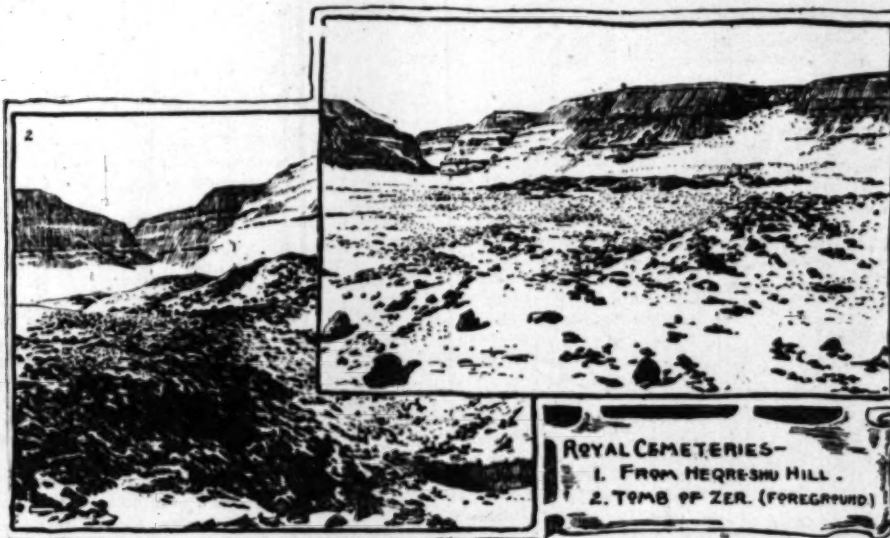
[Boston Globe:] Will the dingo dog become the question of a number of dog fanciers. The dingo dog in its makeup is something that all scientists it is claimed that the dingo dog is from the wolf. The "new dog" came originally from Australia, and it is claimed that the species became extinct.

The dingo dog rivals the cunning of a fox, has a reddish brown color, devoid of a pug-nosed snout, is easy to teach when shown kindness. Young was a dingo dog on exhibition, or what was to be one, at the zoological gardens in London, attracted the attention of all lovers of canine much talked about. At night it howled fearfully, making a noise similar to that of the wolf.

J. T. Benson, well known in Boston because of his love for animals, has several dingo puppies. He has at last discovered the dingo dog said to be dead to the world so many years. The puppies have the characteristics of the dingo dog, among the distinct barks, one resembling the noise of a wolf.

The "new dog" has interested the fanciers in the cities, who have recently heard of them, and some of them have come to this city and visited the kennel. The ears of the puppies droop, but Mr. Benson says he can get them to stand up straight like the ears of a dingo dog by crossing the puppies back to a dingo dog.

The mother of the puppies has all the traits of the original dingo and the wolf. She has long hair on her back, with buff-colored legs. She is safe to be at large and bites and snaps at everything that comes into sight. These dingo puppies are like the original dingo dog, but Mr. Benson says he can get them to stand up straight like the ears of a dingo dog by crossing the pups back to the original dingo dog. The mother is half collie and half timber wolf. Her father is a German boarhound. When full grown the puppies will be two-thirds the size of the mother.



ROYAL CEMETERIES—  
1. FROM MEQRESHU HILL.  
2. TOMB OF ZER. (FOREGROUND)

found, as has since been brought to light by the careful work of the greatest archaeologist now living.

The work which Mr. Petrie did at Abydos has been hinted at in the public organs from time to time since its announcement, but the first authoritative account of this work from him is just appearing in England. Not only does it fill in the spaces in the history of Egypt with names of authentic kings, but it tells the twentieth century how mankind lived one hundred centuries ago. Fortunately it was the custom of the ancient Egyptians to reproduce the life of the people in their tombs, burying with their kings many of the jewels and utensils by which they were surrounded in life. One of the most interesting and important of the tombs identified by Mr. Petrie is the tomb of Menes, the first king of united Egypt, who is now by this discovery reclaimed from the limbo of myths to which modern historians had consigned him. The date of his reign is not determinable, for Egyptologists differ widely in the chronology of the kings, but it is certain that he lived not later than 5000 B.C., and perhaps as early as 6000 B.C. At this remote period one might suppose that civilization was in its infancy, but the finds in this and other tombs give evidences of an art that must have taken many centuries for its development up to that point. Menes's tomb and those of his successors, constituting the eight kings of the first dynasty and two of the second, let in a flood of light upon the life of that very ancient day. Of course, the hieroglyphs of that period are very primitive, and may be read variously, but it will be generally taken for granted that Mr. Petrie is right in identifying Menes, Athothis, Kenkenes, Uenefas, Usafais, Miebis, Semenpes and Bienekehes of the list given by Manetho, the ancient Egyptian historian, with the persons buried at Abydos, the great royal cemetery. Manetho says of the place that the site selected for the royal tombs was on a low spur from the hills, slightly raised above the plain, with a deep ravine on the west of it, so that it could never be flooded. This accounts for the perfect preservation of the tombs with their priceless contents.

Each royal tomb is a large square pit, lined with brickwork. Close around it, on its own level or higher, are small chambers in rows, in which were buried the domestics of the kings. The tombs as they were left by the kings seem to have been slightly heaped up. The roofs of the great tombs were discovered about six or eight feet below the surface. The massive beams easily supported the weight of the drifted sand. On the flat or almost flat ground of the cemetery the graves were marked by stone steles set upright in the open air. Each royal grave seems to have had two great steles. Two of Mernett were found by Petrie. Amelineau found one stele in the tomb of Qa and Petrie found a second. The royal cemetery seems to have gradually fallen into decay; the steles were blown over, and the whole site was neglected in the later ages. It was not until the glories of the eighteenth dynasty (about 1400 B.C.) that interest was revived in this cemetery connected by tradition with the early kings. Offerings of pottery were made at the tombs until now the place is piled high with thousands of fragments, and is called by the natives, Om el Ghabu, Mother of Pots.

The articles found by Mr. Petrie are infinite in num-

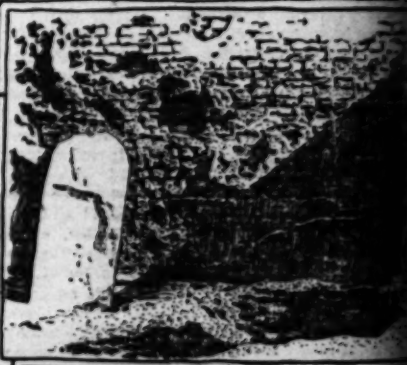
on other tablets points to a wide commerce, even at that date, for ebony did not grow anywhere in the neighborhood of Egypt, and must have been brought from distant parts of Asia.

The most perfect stele of a private person found was discovered near the tomb of King Qa, and belonged to Sabef. The block of stone was ground all over with rounded edges, and the inscription was sketched on it in red ink, and then drawn in black ink. This ground was roughly hammered out, but the final dressing and scraping of the stone was omitted. It is plain from the inscription that Sabef was keeper of the tombs, companion in the royal palace, and overseer of the Sed festival; titles which appear in the age when the pyra-



mids were built, proving the existence of a thorough political organization even in these early days.

Games were played by the royal hands, and probably by the people, for a reed used in a game of chance has been found in the tomb of Qa. Small objects in gold, bronze, copper, ivory and stone were found in great number. An ivory toilet dish, carved in two halves out of a single block of ivory, each in the form of a half a duck, must have stood upon the toilet table of the consort of one of these early monarchs, while her maidens decorated her face with the colors befitting her rank. This was found in one of the earliest tombs with pottery of the most primitive form. Another toilet institution which receives the stamp of ancient lineage from these discoveries, is the hair pin. One of these utensils of beautifully-carved ivory was found in the same tomb. A pair of copper pinchers is a remarkable tool for so early a time. The pottery ranges all the way from the coarse, ill-formed bowls and jugs, made simply by putting a lump of mud into a hole scooped out on the ground and trimming and wiping



TOMB OF MERNEPTAH  
1. UNDISTURBED CHAMBER  
2. LOOKING EAST—SHOWING BACK OF CHAMBER  
(MEASURED)

## A COSTLY ENTERTAINER.

[New York Journal:] It will cost you but a minute to entertain Jean de Resake, and yet to social distinction and your list of guests to meet his approval.

Society is discussing the topic with much interest. Resake did not sing at the Gould dinner on Tuesday night, although he had been announced by the society as one of the guests. Mr. Gould paid the price.

It is said, and asked what it would cost, the producer of the show.

When Mr. Gould approached the distinguished "Oh, \$10,000 will be sufficient."

"Of course, you have arranged it with Mr. Gould," said Resake. "I am under contract with him, and cannot sing for anyone without his permission."

Mr. Gould had not thought of that, so he had to see the impresario. Mr. Gould was willing to star should entertain Mr. Gould's friends for the moment, but what would the concession be worth?

"Oh, \$5000 will cover it," the producer of the show said to have declared. Mr. Gould, it is said, helped to his carriage.



## DRAWING-ROOM SPIES.

FOREIGN DIPLOMATS IN DISGUISE AT EVERY NATIONAL CAPITAL.

By a Special Contributor.

MOVING in the most brilliant and the most intellectual circles of society in every great capital of the world—in Washington as in St. Petersburg, Berlin or Vienna—there are a certain number of men and women, foreigners of distinction, plying a strange, unassuming, but very profitable trade. They are the secret, paid agents of their respective governments. Officially, they are not recognized as diplomats by the country they serve; much less by the country in which they live. Yet they are doing diplomats' work—often for more than diplomats' wages. They would indignantly reject the name "spy." Yet in return for their handsome salaries they keep their home government minutely posted on all the undercurrents of political movements occurring in the capitals in which they are established. They represent, in fact, each to his own fatherland, an unofficial highly remunerated diplomatic service, plus an elaborate agency of what might be called high-class espionage. They are backstairs ambassadors and drawing-room spies.

To make clear the nature of this peculiar profession, take the case of the original secret-service agent. For many years after the Crimean war, Nihilist refugees were received with open arms in London drawing-rooms: English poets, like Swinburn, who was then a passionate republican celebrated Nihilist "heroism" in ringing verse. This disposition raging all over England did not by any means suit the book of the Petersburg Cabinet. Heads were laid together in the Winter Palace to consider the situation, the old Czar himself taking part in the deliberations of the Council of the States. Soon after there arrived in London a Russian lady of great intellectual power and social charm, who brought letters from Grand Dukes and statesmen of Russia, opening to her the most exclusive doors in England. This was the famous Mme. Novikoff. She was charged with the task of revolutionizing English opinion toward Russia—and she did it. It is said that Mme. Novikoff has never received a cent for her political work. That may be so. But she it was that created the profession of unofficial diplomacy out of which hundreds of her successors have made fortunes.

### Have Social Credentials.

The system devised by the brilliant Russian rests upon three central facts, the persuasive power of the salon, the immense publicity and influence of the press, and the leverage which has the lecture platform as its fulcrum. The persons charged with secret service, such as Mme. Novikoff is still performing, all proceed by the same means. Their government procures them letters which insure their immediate acceptance by the very best circles of the capital in which they are to work. The letters of presentation, of course, make no mention of any political object in the newcomer's residence in the capital. They are simply ordinary social credentials.

Armed with these documents, our unofficial diplomatist lays siege to society. Well-dressed, witty, if a man distinguished-looking, if a woman beautiful; giving handsome entertainments, figuring at every society function, and paying up like a little man when there is a question of some public subscription, our friend gradually gains a sure footing in the social life of the capital. Presently our unofficial ambassador has come to be recognized as an authority upon the affairs of his country. People appeal to him for interesting new facts, for explanations of events taking place there, for personal impressions of public men, statesmen, or of the monarch of his country, whose acts are being perhaps unfavorably commented upon.

Let us suppose that our friend is charged with the social secret-service work of Austria. There is, perhaps, a story going the rounds which represents the old Emperor's personal character in an unpleasant light. Or, perhaps, the journals are blazoning "scare-heads" about the iniquitous treatment of Polish villages by the Central Austrian administration. The Austrian Ambassador can do little or nothing in such matters; people in society cannot with propriety even mention them in his presence. If he should say anything indirectly to defend his sovereign or his government, it is necessarily taken as a prejudiced statement. But our unofficial diplomat, at the head of his ultra-chic dinner table, in the salon after dinner and wherever he goes, unobtrusively takes or makes opportunity to explain matters, the subject being one on which naturally he is especially well informed. He will begin by telling amusing stories about the court balls at Vienna, then pour out gallons of lively gossip about the ways of the Emperor, showing, as if incidentally, the bluff old autocrat's fine nature, his good heart, his popularity with the people. Or, if some one has asked about the treatment of the Poles, he will perhaps deplore certain injustices that have been committed, but will go on to argue with ingenious appearance of candor and sympathy that the Poles are, after all, a menace to the unity and prosperity of the dual empire, that they are commercially rascals, and utterly undeserving of respect. All this talk, brightened with picturesque anecdote and made effective by a winning manner, will set up a current of sympathy for the Emperor, or for the imperial administration, among all who hear it. These will include members of the Cabinet, Senators, Congressmen, judges, political thinkers, writers of books and journalists. The leaven, cleverly introduced, works powerfully, particularly through the press.

### Influences the Newspapers.

Mme. Novikoff is one of the most skillful of manipulators of newspaper opinion. Journalists, of the serious order, the men who write the important political edi-

torials and pontificate in the monthly reviews, are unfailing at her receptions. They call to get from her what is called in Fleet street the "picturesque strokes" for their articles. And she supplies them so skillfully that often a violent anti-Russian comes away half convinced that the Czar is a democrat, that Siberia is a paradise and that the process of being "knouted" is little less uncomfortable than that of taking a Turkish bath. Besides influencing journalists, Mme. Novikoff writes herself. Nearly all the papers in England and not a few in America have had her signed articles whenever Russia has been on the tap's. "Impossible to refuse such lively, well-informed, novel matter," mutter the editors at their desks. And so they run it into their journals or magazines, labeling it, perhaps, "a point of view." But the "point of view" is taken as the whole truth by hundreds of readers; public opinion, again, is molded, as clay in the hands of the potter.

Then there is the lecture platform, a potent pulpit. China is getting some lecture work done in the United States just at this moment, when she badly needs it. Dr. Wu Ting Fang is not trotting about from Washington to New York and Chicago and everywhere else that an audience can be found without a strong dash of Celestial gulle. Perhaps if Dr. Wu had been multiplied all over Europe with his eloquent defense of Confucianism and of China's claim to respect, the United States would not have proved almost the only friend his country has had in this momentous epoch of her history. It is true that the Chinese spellbinder is the official diplomat of the Flowery Land, but if China is spared to go ahead in peace once more and to digest slowly a few European notions, no doubt the Dr. Wu of a future day will remain in peaceful dignity at Washington while an unrecognized subordinate does the lightning lecture tour business.

### The Wily Sultan of Turkey.

Turkey, the China of the near-East, has already got to that stage. Her official envoys to Europe and America remain sublimely unconscious when the streets of Constantinople or of Erzeroum are puddled with Armenian blood. But the Yildiz Kiosk has good Christians in its service who do all the explaining and palliation that is needed. The English, who, with the Germans, have been the only friends the Red Sultan has in Europe, are kept constantly up to the mark by Sir Ashmead Bartlett. His books, his lectures, his numerous articles in magazines and newspapers, his speeches in the English House of Commons are a mine of Philo-Turkism. The United States, by the way, swarms with Turkish secret-service agents of all social degrees. So many unfortunate subjects of the "Shadow of God" fly over the ocean to get, often by fraud, papers of American citizenship with which to return and live unmolested at home that the government of Turkey maintains in our big cities more spies and other agents than anywhere else on the globe. These dignitaries, often English-speaking Christians, receive handsome sums for denouncing all Armenian, Greek, Arab, Syrian and Persian subjects of Turkey who belong to revolutionary societies in the United States, or who are even readers of the little plain-spoken Syrian sheet published in the downtown oriental quarters of New York. Once denounced, these people may be fifty times subjects of the United States; they need never hope to live tranquilly in the East. After a week in Turkey they are thrown into prisons on some trumped-up charge, and they never breathe the free air again.

These denunciators are at the lowest rung of the ladder. But there are others doing similar work in a much higher grade. It is their business to influence public opinion among both Turkish subjects and pure-blooded Americans in favor of the Sublime Porte. A body of them runs a pro-Turkish journal, circulating among the orientals; others, established in business or enjoying an apparent leisure, are secretly working in social and political circles to the same end. Chicago still remembers the scandal that led to broken glass in a café in Dearborn street some few years ago, when a rich Syrian merchant was with difficulty prevented from sticking a knife into a compatriot whom, as he loudly proclaimed, he could prove to be receiving \$10,000 a year for superintending "the Sultan's dirty work for the Western States."

The fact is that, with a few exceptions in the very highest ranks of the "profession," the secret-service agents of every country on the European side of the Atlantic make spying an essential part of the day's work. People who were in Paris when the Dreyfus case was thickening say that, as complication followed on complication, and one country after another began to be drawn into the affair—Germany, Italy, Russia, England—there was scarcely a distinguished foreigner in the city who felt at ease. Every one was afraid that he would be denounced as having been in touch with the alleged traitor, so firm was the conviction of the wide scope of the international secret-service system.

To take a more recent example; as the Boers have had Dr. Leyds to represent them officially for years in Europe, so since the war broke out the English have had their unofficial agents striving to undermine the doctor's work. In Paris there is a well-known society woman who has long been discovered to be acting, and for money, as an English agent in the dissemination of the English view of the matter. And at the Exposition Peace Conference every speaker took it for granted that Yves Guyot, the editor of the Paris *Sicle*, was acting definitely under the instructions of Downing street in his articles and public speeches. His is absolutely the only definitely pro-English paper in Paris at this moment, and he the only public man that defends the English action. It would be interesting to know how many English half pence he receives in return for the numerous French kicks that are lavished on him.

### Are Well Paid.

Most of these unofficial diplomatists are exceedingly well paid. They have to be people of very marked ability, and they must maintain a considerable state, or their work would fall pitifully. Some five or six years ago a German Baroness died suddenly in Paris.

When her papers were ransacked by the Commissioner of Police it was discovered that she had been a secret-service agent for her country. From her diary and account books it appeared that she had received from her government \$600 a month, the rent of a superb apartment on the Avenue Friedland by the Arc de Triomphe, and the keep of her two-horse brougham with cocher and valet de pied, besides generous traveling expenses whenever she was requested to visit Berlin. In addition to this very sufficient wage there was noted also the receipt of sums varying from \$500 to \$800, entered as "special recompense"—presumably for some exceptionally-brilliant stroke of diplomacy or some more than usually valuable item of information. The disclosures attracted a great deal of attention at the time, and practically forced out of Paris society one of the old lady's nephews, who had married the daughter of an illustrious ducal house.

Thus the business has its drawbacks. It is one of the pleasantest of trades as long as things go well, but woe be to the unfortunate agent who gets found out. That means ruin and shame.

STEPHEN AUSTIN.

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## THE CARE OF WATCHES.

FACTS ABOUT THE DELICATE TIMEPIECES THAT MAY SAVE A VISIT TO THE WATCH DOCTOR.

[Kansas City Journal:] "Watches," said the jeweler, as he screwed a little glass into one eye and squinted into a case of wheels, "are like human beings, in many ways. They are delicate; they run well only when in perfect order, and they require attention once in so often, whether they stop or not. They become sick, in a way, as we do, and they get off their balance. But unlike us, when their mainspring breaks, they are not necessarily done for, unless in another world. They can have new mainsprings. We can't."

"Watches, all joking aside, are really almost human sometimes. They take cold readily. Never lay a watch on a cold marble table or near an open window, all night, after you have worn it next to your warm body all day; it will contract a sort of pneumonia, and ten to one it will stop before long if the practice be continued. The cold contracts the metal pivots, which, small as they are, must not be smaller, and they shrink. Thus the wheels cannot move."

"Watches are magnetized, too, by the persons who wear them. I have seen the statement that watches vary in timekeeping with the health of the wearer, and that if changed from one person to another they will that if changed from one person to another they will also show slight variations. All of that is true. The static electricity of a person may affect a watch. All of us throw this off; some more than others. Dark persons give off more than light ones do, and a dark woman, more than anyone else. Dark women should have rubber cases for their watches if they wish to have them keep perfect time."

"Never lay a watch flat, at night, after it has been worn in a vertical position all day. It throws it off its base, so to speak. If the pivots be worn, the wheels will not run level."

"A sudden jar will often stop a watch, which runs regularly at that; such a jar as getting on or off a car suddenly. The hairspring's catching does this. The jolt comes at the exact fraction of a second when the spring is in a position to catch. This occurs at infrequent intervals, as may be readily imagined. A watch should be fed or oiled every eighteen months, even if running in the best of time. The oil dries in that time, and the wheels are likely to wear one another."

"All jewelers examine watches in the same way; it seems to be a tradition of the craft. First, a man will look at the hands, as I have been doing. If they are not caught, they will take out the balance wheel, and examine the pin and the pivots, which you see here. Sometimes I do not find the trouble for days. The hardest thing to detect is a slight 'burr' on one of the wheels; this may throw the entire watch out of gear."

"Now, I will wind this watch of yours, and show you that all the trouble with it is that it is run down. Unusual? Oh, no; that frequently happens. Someone is in here every day with an unwound watch, thinking that it is out of kilter because it will not run. They forget to wind it, and are afraid to do it over again. Women are our best customers in that line. Of course, I could get \$1 for this, but the talk will answer."

"Now, when you go home, wind your watch in the morning. No, not at bedtime, but when you get up. That gives it the full spring to work on during the day, when the jars and jolts are more numerous. And hold your watch still when you wind it, and wind the key. That's all, try that."

And the jeweler handed back the watch, running beautifully.

### ESCHSCHOLTZIA. (California Poppy.)

O flower of the Summer-Sun-land!  
Thy dress of golden gorgeousness  
Defies the skill of brush or pen in  
Artist's hand.  
To fashion or express  
The silver sheen upon thy petals.  
In unfolding  
Does but cool the color richness of  
Thy heart  
To our beholding.  
Only to thy god, the sun, dost thou unfold  
The rich color of thy heart.  
The silver sheen of thine outer garb,  
In the early morn and twilight hours,  
Dost not impart  
To curious seeker.  
For naught can change thy true  
Devotion to thy god;  
Thou givest without measure thy  
Full bloom to him alone;  
But he, at hour of setting behind the mountain tops,  
To man reveals it.

LYDIA GARDNER WORTH.



# STORY OF THE BROOK.

HOW IT HAS MADE DESERT PLACES  
BLOSSOM AS THE ROSE.

By a Special Contributor.

SOME aeons ago a little brook was born, away up among the snows of the high Sierras. It leaped gayly over the stones in its path, tumbled, a cascade of foam, rainbow spanned, down a sheer precipice, lingered for a space in a shallow, rock basin, rimmed round by ferns and water grasses, and then hurried on to the summer vale below, where, swallowed up by the thirsty sands, it was seen no more.

Presently to this vale of summer came a pioneer band, men who bore the cross and banner of Christianity. For the cause of Christianity they had braved the vicissitudes of life in a strange country, among alien people; but not for the soul's good alone did they labor. The bodily welfare of those whom they led out of spiritual darkness was their first care. With this in view, they taught the art of husbandry, and many other arts of which the primitive folk who peopled California one hundred years ago were ignorant.

Knowing that water makes even the desert places to bloom as the rose, the wise padres caused reservoirs to be constructed. In these the waters of the mountain brooks, brought thither by means of the zanja, or cemented trench, were stored against time of need. When

the mesas lay brown and bare through all the rainless summer, when the springs in the valley dried up, and even the palms dropped forlornly, the orchards and vineyards that the padres planted and tended with such care still flourished apace. The art of irrigation as practiced by the padres has been improved upon, and today the husbandman easily regulates the growing periods of the farm products, whereas, if he had been dependent upon the season's irregular or inadequate rainfall, the crop would have failed altogether.

The tourist who is "doing" California for the first time will find much to interest him, should he elect to spend a day in the country with the ranchers. They have little ways of their own, have these California farmers, when it comes to the raising of corpulent cabbages and prize pumpkins, and the tourist himself may wish to try his hand at ranching some day. Here is an orange orchard—long aisles of trees, with green, glossy leaves, powdered over with tiny white flowers and hung with golden globes of sweetness. The pickers are at work, and the fruit is being carted to a long, shed-like building that does duty as a packing-house. Within the shed men, women and children are sorting and packing oranges with the celerity of long practice. At a bench on trestles, flanked by a tramway, stand the sorters, a box placed before each worker to receive the perfect fruit, while one beneath is reserved for the "culls." At the top of the tramway is a great hopper, into which the oranges are poured. The revolutions of a cylinder accelerate their downward pace, and an ever-widening slit in the incline disposes of the oranges in the most systematic manner, the small oranges falling through at one point, the big oranges at another. Carefully

wrapped in squares of tissue paper and placed in neat rows in neat pine boxes, the fruit is taken to the shed for the shipping-house.

"Orange farming is easy," decides the tourist, "just plant the trees and then sit down and let them account grow." But the bank account is not so assured. A frost, a windstorm, or an invasion of any or all of these things may happen to the grower's groves, as well as to the orchards of the growers who live on the wrong side of the mountain. Some years ago it was thought that the Australian ladybug, a voracious insect that attacks the fruit on white scale. The other insect pests have been successfully fought with washes, fumigation, etc.

Whatever his woes, the California fruit grower is a "water right" is certainly independent of the weather signs, day after day, week after week, when the rain comes not he puts a mortgage on his farm, and heartily wishes himself in the Klondike, so with the owner of California acres; he digs out the plug, and that same little mountain brook "does the rest."

And now we shall see how the brook, after having been tamed—or, to put it less poetically, dammed—into the thirsty lands below. A volume of water brought under control in an open ditch, or in conduits, such as large pipes of iron or wood, is carried to branch ditches, which in turn supply the ditches of individuals. Zanjeros are always at hand, and by an ingenious system of gates they regulate the flow of water as desired.

We will say that a vineyard is bordered by

"The Orange."



View From Redlands



One Mill At Capistrano.



"The Vine"

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ditch.  
point,  
water is  
between  
Come  
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roots u  
yard is  
sage  
shape  
unlike  
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as it  
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ing ditch a few inches in depth. The water, released from the reservoir, has risen high enough in the main ditch to flow through gates in the sides of the ditch. A stream trickles out of the main ditch, at this point, and into the shallow irrigating ditch; and the water is then turned into furrows that have been plowed between the rows of vines.

Come back in vintage time and you will see what magic has been wrought in the stumpy, leafless vines, that looked for all the world as if they grew with their roots up, as you remarked when you visited the vineyard in March. The grounds are swarming with vine-diggers, many of them Chinamen whose broad, basket-shaped hats, dotting the vine-covered slopes, are not unlike an array of toad-stools. As fast as the luscious bunches are severed from the stems, they are tossed into baskets borne upon sturdy backs, and then carried to the roadway to be dumped upon the ever-increasing heaps that await the carrier's cart. Following the cart as it makes the rounds, we finally bring up at the crushing-room, where wine-making is going on in its first stage. The press, which is operated by steam, receives the fruit as it is thrown from the cart down a sidewalk, and it is crushed upon a serrated cylinder; the juice, freed from stems and skins by a wire-screen, is then passed through a pipe to the fermenting vats below. The vineyardist, too, depends largely upon irrigation, and this is resorted to more frequently when the soil is light and sandy than when it is of "dobe," which holds water a long time.

Raisin-making is a simple process. When the grapes are perfectly ripe, they are picked and laid in shallow wooden trays between the rows of vines. Here they remain from two to three weeks, being turned occasionally so that the sun may dry every drop of moisture. They are then gathered up in sweat boxes, taken to the packing-house, sorted and dried.

Of all the planting done by the mission fathers, no tree of orchard or vineyard remains, save here and there a grove of gnarled old olive trees that no manner of neglect seems to destroy.

In some of the missions may be seen the olive mills in use at that time. In extracting the oil, the fruit was placed in sacks of Indian manufacture, woven in coarse mesh, and bruised until the pulp was seemingly dry and worthless. The drippings thus obtained were first in quality, and from the refuse, which was then boiled, an inferior grade of oil was obtained. Nothing went to waste, not even the scraps from the boiling, which were used for firing.

I have said that the sole remaining evidence of the padres' labors in the fields was the olive groves. There is a grapevine, a very wonderful grapevine, near Santa Barbara, said to have been planted by the founders of the monastery there. "La Vina Grande" grew and spread until it was a good-sized vineyard of itself. Just before it died, which event happened recently, it achieved the proud distinction of being the largest grapevine in the world. Its twisted trunk extended upward for a distance of eight feet, and its branches, supported upon a stout trellis, extended over an acre or more of ground. Its yearly yield of fruit was five tons.

To go back to our text, it is to the little brook that we are indebted for our beautiful groves, gardens and vineyards, the little brook, born among the snows of the high Sierras.

J. TORREY CONNOR.

## AN INSANE MAN'S PATIENCE.

TOOK HIM THREE YEARS TO MAKE A PASS KEY, BUT IT WORKED.

[Cincinnati Enquirer:] During the recent visit of the Legislative Inquiry Committee to the Eastern Indiana Hospital for the Insane, Superintendent Smith pointed out the only patient in the institution who is wearing a pair of leather gloves chained to a belt. Such is this man's ingenuity that if his hands were not fastened the institution would be in constant trouble because of his skill in picking locks. He came from Cleveland to this State, and was committed because of homicidal tendencies.

Three times he escaped, notwithstanding vigilance of the attendants, each time going direct to Fort Wayne, where he was captured. After his third recapture the "riot act" was read to the attendants, but a fourth time he got away, leaving no trace of mischief behind. Again he fled to Fort Wayne, and there the hospital authorities found him.

After his return the superintendent began quizzing him as to his manner of escape, and the patient laughingly asserted that it was by means of a pass-key. The patient was so elated over the discomfiture of the attendants that he was willing to describe the process.

Every attendant has a pass-key of peculiar make, and he flattered the attendant to believe that he could make a perfect picture of his key. The attendant humored him, and the patient made two sketches, one of which he concealed, while he surrendered the other.

Some time before he had found a piece of a case-knife in the yard attached to the hospital, and he stole a small piece of a three-cornered file in the engine-room.

It was part of his duty to assist in carrying food to the patients, and upon entering the kitchen he always complained of feeling cold, and while warming himself behind the range he placed the knife-blade on the heated surface. It took two years to heat it sufficiently to draw the temper out, and he spent another year filing the knife-blade so that it could be used as a key.

Meanwhile the attendants had become suspicious that he contemplated an escape, and nightly his clothing was taken away and placed in two different rooms. The guard passed his bed every half hour during the night, but he watched his opportunity, and finally got all his clothing in hand, and after the guard had made his final round he unlocked the doors and walked away, re-fastening them as he passed out.

That key is now preserved among the curios of the institution. A peculiar feature is that the patient was unaccustomed to the use of tools before admission to the hospital, and never displayed any mechanical ingenuity until he began conspiring for his own escape.

## MAHOMET'S PARADISE.

THE BEAUTIFUL REGION ALONG THE COURSE OF THE NICARAGUA CANAL.

By a Special Contributor.

IN THE pride of its bustling, hurrying progress this country has been wont to look upon Central America as a congeries of unimportant, insignificant Latin-American States, chiefly devoted to the cultivation of wars and revolutions, and scarcely worthy of a great nation's consideration. With the increasing probability of the great ship canal which is to connect Atlantic and Pacific, one of these hitherto insignificant States becomes of the greatest significance, and the eyes of America are turning to one of the most beautiful and caseful countries in the world; a region where life is so joyously worth living that its earliest civilized discoverers, finding a barbarism more soft and generous and appealing than their own civilization, called the Nicaragua of the habitants, "Mahomet's Paradise."

Nicaragua was the name of the great aboriginal city which occupied the site of the present city of Rivas, and is said to have contained 1,000,000 inhabitants. The city as such was wiped out of existence by the usual methods of the Spaniards in the New World, but the name was applied to the country about, and is retained by it at the present day. Nature in lavishing her favors on this land left little for the heart of man to desire. Though the country lies in the tropics, almost any climate desired may be found. It is simply a matter of climbing the mountains to the proper altitude above the sea level, to find either a perpetual summer, spring or autumn. There where nature forestalls every necessity, the primeval curse of labor is a barely-perceptible burden. Fruits grow in reckless profusion. Cattle breed and multiply upon the fertile plains, furnishing meat and the material for the clothing which becomes a mere matter of conventionality rather than of necessity.

One might search far and find no other country about which there is less reliable information than about Nicaragua. It is as large as New England, with a population less than that of Boston, which, being said, completes the sum of statistical knowledge. There are no reliable statistics. No trustworthy census has ever been taken, and none of any kind for many years. A decade ago the population was estimated at 500,000. Recently it has been put at half that number, a population of easy-going, careless humanity, regardless of today as of tomorrow, for they know that tomorrow will be as today and today is but a copy of yesterday.

The general configuration of the country has been



INDIAN HUT NEAR NICARAGUA.

compared to one's right hand opened, with the palm upward and the thumb close to the side. On the side of the thumb you will have the Atlantic; on the other the Pacific Ocean, while in the hollow of the hand you will hold the Great Lake. The irregular line at the junction of the wrist, called by the palmists the life line, will represent the San Juan River carrying off the water of the lake to the ocean. The area of the country is 58,500 square miles, sufficient to maintain a population of 1,000,000 people. The great lake is a remarkable sheet of water, 125 miles long and from 40 to 75 miles wide. From the middle of the lake the shore line on either side is invisible. There are a number of islands in the lake, including the two volcanoes, Omepec and Mederis, which rise to an altitude respectively of 5280 and 4200 feet. North of this great lake there is another but smaller lake connected with the former in times of flood.

There is a remarkable difference in the character of the country east and west of the lakes. The mountain sides and the plateaus of the eastern slope are covered with perennial green, while the country west of the lakes during the dry season, January to May, is sere and yellow. Yet it is the more thickly populated.

Journeing westward from the Atlantic Coast, the traveler crosses first the flat lands covered with great forests of tropical jungle. This land is characterized by the black alluvial soil which covers it at a great depth. Gradually the land rises, and rocks and gravel crop out of the loam. Settlements are rare and human habitations are far between, though the fertility of the land is so great when once cleared of its stupendous growth, that corn planted with a sharpened stick grows luxuriantly, and no cultivation with either plow or hoe

is required. This territory extending from the San Juan River to Cape Honduras on the north, has long been known as the Mosquito country or kingdom. Its sparse inhabitants constitute a tribe of queer brown Indians, who paint their faces red to scare the devil, and indulge in a number of other more or less curious customs and ceremonies. But they are a harmless people, under chiefs who make their own laws as occasion requires. When one of their number has transgressed, a council is held around their tribal fire, the gravity of the crime discussed, and the penalty which the guilty one must pay decided. Usually a fine is fixed. Being notified of the amount, the culprit without demur seeks passage to some port where, finding employment, he remains till he has accumulated sufficient to pay the fine, whereupon he returns to his people with joy, and thus rehabilitates himself. As the chief means of conveyance among these people is by their narrow dug-outs which they paddle up and down the numerous streams intersecting their interminable forests, they make admirable canoeemen, and are eagerly employed as such at Belize, British Honduras, by the mahogany cutters whose traffic is up the rapidly-flowing Belize River.

A few clumsy-looking "bungoes" cross the lake and one American-built steamer, the Victoria, which carries passengers to and from Granada. It is here that the aspect of the landscape changes, and the great chain of mountains forming the backbone of the two American continents finds its lowest depression. The great forests of the eastern coast have disappeared, and fertile table lands, luxuriant groves and grass-covered prairies or savannahs with rising mountain peaks, deep ravines and roaring torrents characterize the scenery as the traveler journeys onward. And it is here that the sparse population of the country is chiefly concentrated. They are broadly separated into two distinct classes, the Ladino and the Indian. Ladino is a general term meaning the upper or better class, and is applied alike to all white natives, creoles and mestizoes, whatever their origin. The pure-blood Indians form the most despised class. The dark-skinned Ladino will readily account for his dark complexion by claiming negro origin, while he will sturdily deny that Indian blood flows in his veins, so deep set is the stigma which was cast upon the aborigines by the early conquerors.

The Indians of the interior and west coast differ from those of the eastern slope in their attributes as greatly as do the varying aspects of the country. While the Mosquito and other tribes, all more or less related, are a dark-brown, bushy-haired people, who have made no progress in the arts of civilization, those of the table lands and the western slope are a yellow race, who at the time of the conquest possessed a civilization closely allied to that of the Aztecs. They are at the present day an amiable, polite, industrious and interesting people, though unprogressive. Their industry is of the most painstaking, and, in many instances, unthinking



ADOBE HOUSE IN NICARAGUA.

character. They do things because their forefathers did them, and consequently waste their time in slow and antiquated methods.

The construction of the canal will draw thousands of foreigners to Nicaragua, and the effects of this new and heterogeneous element upon its present population is hard to anticipate. There are vast fields awaiting owners to develop them, and indications of gold and silver mines to be discovered and exploited. The immense forests of the Mosquito country, with all their valuable timber and rubber, are as yet unexplored, and there are prairies capable of sustaining millions of cattle, while on the higher elevations the coffee tree grows in reckless profusion. In such a country, with its thousands of square miles of undeveloped, uninhabited territory, it is not hard to imagine when the difficulties of travel are once removed, the influx of a busy, striving population from the already-crowded centers of the Old World, which shall make of that region, so richly favored by nature, a land of blessing to its civilized inhabitants.

THOMAS R. DAWLEY, JR.

## A LITERAL IMPRESSION.

[Washington Star:] "Some of your punishments are very peculiar," said the stranger in Asia.

"Do you think so?" responded the Chinese statesman, distantly.

"Yes; take for instance all th's nonsense about yellow jackets and peacock feathers and self-inflicted death."

"Some of your modes of censure impress me as peculiar, too," was the grave reply; "for instance, that strange practice of humiliating an official who offends by taking him before a tribunal and whitewashing him."



## GOOD SHORT STORIES.

Compiled for The Times.

### Not Quite Sure of the Compliment.

A MEMBER of Congress, who shall be nameless, but who sat very close to Representative Loudenslager of New Jersey on the floor of the House during the late session, has an eight-year-old son. One day he told Mr. Loudenslager this story:

"Last night," he said, "about 9 o'clock I told my boy that it was time to go to bed. He wasn't a bit anxious to obey me, and I had to speak to him two or three times pretty sharply. Finally, I said to him that there was an old adage, which always came true and which he ought to learn and remember. Then I quoted to him the old lines:

"Early to bed and early to rise,

Makes a man healthy and wealthy and wise."

"My boy looked at me for a moment," continued the Congressman, "and then he said: 'Pop, you didn't go to bed early when you were a boy, did you?'"

"You certainly have a bright boy," observed Mr. Loudenslager, and the Congressman didn't know whether to take it as a compliment or not.—[Washington Post.

### His Name Never Changed.

IT WAS evident in his swagger that he was a scion of the British aristocracy, and the most casual observer could not have failed to note that he was a stranger to the city. He touched on the shoulder a well-dressed, auburn-haired young man who was loitering in front of a Broadway hotel.

"Pardon me, my dear man, but could I trouble you for a match?"

After lighting his cigar, he continued: "Bah! jove! this is a remarkable city. This is me first visit to New York, d'ye know? I'm a deuced stranger, but on the other side I'm a person of importance. I am Sir Francis Daffy, Knight of the Garter, Knight of the Bath, Knight of the Double Eagle, Knight of the Golden Fleece, Knight of the Iron Cross. D'ye mind telling me your name, me dear man?"

Replied he of the auburn hair, in a deep, rich brogue: "Me name is Michael Murphy, night before last, night before that, last night, tonight and every damn night—Michael Murphy."—[Chicago Inter Ocean.

### Sang About Nero in Church.

A TEACHER in a Ninety-third-street school relates this series of misunderstanding as an illustration of the necessity of distinctness of speech when addressing little children. Recently she had occasion to speak to her class about Nero. She gave a synopsis of the Emperor's interesting career, and asked the boys if they had ever heard of him before. All disclaimed previous knowledge of this sanguinary character except one youngster in the rear of the room, who raised his hand and said, timidly, "If you please, Miss L—, I've heard of him."

The teacher was glad to know that at least one of her brood had received preliminary home training on historical subjects, and she smiled benignly. "Indeed," she said; "and who told you about him?"

"We sing about him in our church," said the small boy.

The teacher was puzzled then. "Why, what do you sing about Nero in church?" she asked.

"We sing 'Nero, My God, to Thee,'" said the small boy, blithely.—[New York Press.

### Little Girl's Horrible Revenge.

ELSIE'S papa was a well-known clergyman. Elsie was given a handsomely-bound Bible as a Christmas present from her father, when she had hoped for a certain talking doll that she didn't get. Elsie bottled up her anger and waited quietly for her chance for revenge.

Elsie's papa had a birthday last week. That was Elsie's chance. The papa was shockingly bald. There was not a hair on the top of his head—he had, in truth, a "shining intellect."

The birthday presents were being handed around, but Elsie's eyes gleamed in anticipation of her revenge, as she waited till all the other gifts had been given to the papa who had given her the present she had no use for. Then her turn came. She handed out a small package, which was found to contain only a comb and hair brush. Elsie was demure, but her father understood.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.

### Beaten All Around.

"BY the living man!" said the ex-detective. "If I had become across that fellow within a month after it happened, I'd a shot him and reported that I did it because he resisted. Even yet I'd send him to the hospital if I had to use a club. I was dead sure of a name and promotion but for him."

"There had been a big haul of diamonds here in the city. A woman gave it up to me who planned the job and got most of the plunder, showed me a ring he had given her and told me where he was hiding, just out of a little town, about two hundred miles from Detroit. I wanted all the glory there was in the thing, so I got the right papers from the chief and started."

"That night while I was speeding toward my quarry, a spruce-looking chap stepped out of his Detroit hotel in the rain, just as a patrolman was passing, and whistled."

"What's up?" inquired the policeman.

"I want a boy. But, say, does your beat take you

past the telegraph office? The cuss knew it did. 'Would you hand this in for me? It's mighty important. I just enclosed a \$2 note and sealed her up, thinking I'd send a boy. Keep the change. Try this cigar when you have a chance; it's rather fine. Sorry to put you to any trouble, but it means money to me to get that through right away.'

"At Jackson I got this: 'Come back. Darby doubled on his trail, and we have him here.' I cursed all the way in, and went right to the chief, in whose name the wire had been sent. He knew nothing about it, and helped me rip and tear. Before I was back to Detroit the sharper who used the police department to make a fool of itself had reached Darby, the two had lopped and we never got track of them. What made the thing worse was that when I tried to tell that policeman what kind of a raw sucker he was, he gave me as fine a trimming up as a man ever got."—[Detroit Free Press.

### They Compromised.

A VERY, very fat man was he, and when he entered the Chestnut Hill accommodation, Sunday night, he looked around for a whole seat to himself. The car was nearly filled, and the best he could do was to share a seat with another passenger. A hasty inventory decided him in favor of a very thin young woman, and even then it was a rather tight squeeze. The young woman, in trying to make room for him, dropped her handkerchief, which landed on the floor directly between the man's feet.

He was a man of such Falstaffian girth as to be totally oblivious of anything beyond the range of his vision, and he could scarcely see over his own chin. The young woman was wedged in so tightly that she could hardly move.

"Pardon me," she said, "I have dropped my handkerchief."

"Where is it?" asked the fat man.

"On the floor, between your feet," answered the thin young woman.

The fat man made an effort to look in the direction indicated, but, although he grew very red in the face from the effort, he couldn't see beyond his waistcoat buttons. Finally, he said:

"I get off at Tioga. Do you go farther than that?"

"Yes; I go to Wayne Junction," she said. "I guess I can get along without it for a while."

"Thank you," said the fat man, greatly relieved.

The young woman recovered her property at Tioga, where the fat man extricated himself from the seat.

—[Philadelphia Record.

### Mr. Roosevelt's Significant Nod.

THE first motion which Mr. Roosevelt submitted to the Senate was offered by Senator Hoar, and proposed that the Senate should proceed to the consideration of executive business.

With a bow, Mr. Roosevelt turned toward the Republican side. "All who are in favor will say aye," he said. Then, with another bow, he leaned toward the Democratic side. "All who are opposed will say no," he remarked.

All the Democrats noticed the distinction. "Oh, Mr. President," said Senator Money to him afterward, "you mustn't think that the Democratic side votes in the negative all the time."—[Washington Post.

### Thought Platt Was Dangerous.

WHILE the Senate Committee on Finance was discussing the Revenue Reduction Bill, the question of abolishing the Stamp Bill, upon express money orders was brought to the attention of the committee by Senator Platt, who, as everyone knows, is the president of the United States Express Company. The Senators were not familiar with the money orders, and Senator Platt undertook to enlighten them.

Near the Capitol, in the neighborhood of the Baltimore and Ohio Depot, is an office of the express company. Thither, Senator Platt wended his way. When he entered the office, a young clerk was behind the counter.

"I want a money order," said the Senator, and the lad looked up the book of blanks.

"How much, sir?" he asked.

"Five cents," said the Senator. The boy paused, looked at the would-be purchaser, and repeated the sum.

"Yes," said Senator Platt, "I want a money order for 5 cents. I am the president of the company."

The latter remark settled it with the boy. He hurried into the private office of the agent. "Out here," he exclaimed, "there is an old gentleman who says he is the president of the company, and he wants a money order for 5 cents. I am afraid to give it to him for fear he will raise it."

The agent came out, recognized the Senator, and a few minutes later the distinguished Senators on the Finance Committee were examining a money order for 5 cents issued in the name of T. C. Platt.—[Washington Post.

### George Ade and the Footpads.

THERE have been many picturesque stories of hold-ups in Chicago, but none that shows quite so much presence of mind as the tale told by George Ade in his little book, "Doc' Horne." In the book it forms one of the hero's largest and least reliable romances, and it may not be generally known that it is derived, nevertheless, from a real experience.

Mr. Ade has walked the streets of Chicago at all hours of the day and night, and has become so familiar with many types of character that he is really equal to any emergency. But he never proved it so effectually as on this particular occasion. He was returning home through the deserted streets at an early hour of the morning, when he suddenly became conscious that he was being followed by two disreputable figures. He un-

derstood at once that his time had come, and in an unpleasant moment—one of those rare ones when the journalist was liberally supplied with work. He had an instant to set his wits to work. Things were half a block away, and he managed time to transfer his roll of bills to a stamp which he carried in his pocket. Then he took pencil to address the letter, but to his surprise found that he had none.

Turning sharply upon his pursuers, who were still fifty feet away, he disarmed them by a much courtesy, for a pencil. Somewhat disconcerted of the men fished one out of his pocket and handed it to Mr. Ade, who rapidly wrote his own address on the envelope as they stood under the lamp post. The letter, sealed and addressed, into the hands of the men. Then he looked his assailants in the eye and said what he had done. Sheepish as they were, the implied accusation and the helplessness of the situation were not without appreciation of his resourcefulness. "Say, but you're a good 'un!" was the tribute of the taller of the two—a tribute which he called for action on the part of Mr. Ade. The midnight-closing ordinance was not in violation at this remote and barbarous period.—[Chicago Star.

### One on Him.

THE laugh is on a well-known society belle. Her candid opinion is that he knows more than any man in the city. He was so "wise" at a moment's notice that everybody became disgusted.

A young woman asked him a question as he was about to leave.

"Oh, I won't tell everything I know," he said, first assuming a superior air.

"You have plenty of time," she rejoined; "I'm going for a whole minute."—[Louisville Courier.

### Mark's Profitable Discounts.

A PROPOS of the agreement entered into by the Publishers' Association to stop the practice of cutting the prices of books, the following humorous story is being passed around: The humorist visited a book store and asked the price of a book. The clerk furnished him the desired information, whereupon he inquired if there was any discount allowed to authors.

This cut the price down 50 per cent. Then he was asked if there was anything allowed of by the authors. The authors' discount was 50 per cent.

The humorist finally vouchsafed the information that he was a particular friend of the proprietor of the establishment, and this secured him a reduction of 10 per cent. Twain took the book, and asked for the damage was. "As near as I can calculate," said the clerk, "we owe you the book and about \$100. Call again."—[Kansas City Journal.

### Would Form No Bad Habits.

THEY were seated about the dinner table in a table West Side boarding-house yesterday, and the extra frills of the Sunday meal, which had to the inner consciousness of the entire household, made them satisfied with the landlady and the men folk told stories, and the women told stories and the mistress of the household.

"A very dignified young man took a seat in a car. Near him were three traveling salesmen, dressed, jolly fellows, one of whom suggested cards, and the others agreed. They appealed to the young man to take part and make up a game."

"Thank you; I never play cards," came the reply to the invitation.

"I am sorry for that. Will you have a cigar?" added the spokesman, producing his case.

"I am obliged to you, but I never smoke," replied the dignified young man.

"They thought they would jolly the young man of his dignity, so the leader produced a 'trump' and asked:

"As you do not play cards, or smoke, will you refuse to join us in a drink?"

"I thank you, gentlemen, but I never drink," replied the young man.

"With this a venerable man with mischievous eyes sitting in the seat behind the young man, leaned forward and tapped him on the shoulder."

The men folks about the table began to talk straight flush, and some of them arose from their seats.

But Mrs. B— continued her story:

"I have heard what you have said to the sedate old fellow, and I admire the stability of character which has enabled you to resist bad habits. I have a daughter in the parlor who should like to have you meet."

"I thank you, sir," replied the young man, about and facing the gentleman, "but the fact is, I intend to marry."—[Washington Star.

### Sunshine-Moonshine.

A NEAT little speech was gotten off at a banquet here recently. The banquet was not strictly a success, however, and there were several incidents which would have roused Mrs. Nation to righteous indignation. There were a number of young fellows present, unfortunately before the toasts were made some of them were not in a condition to behave decorously. Several speechmakers were interrupted by the inebriates, to the effect, "Let a little sunshine in."

At last one man responded to a toast, and said: "I would suggest to my young friends who are here of letting in a little sunshine not to let in a little moonshine at the same time."—[Louisville Courier.



## THE PRIZE CONTEST.

RECENT COMPETITION AMONG MEMBERS OF THE CAMERA CLUB.

By a Special Contributor.

HAVE you ever entered a photographic-print contest? If not you do not know what you have missed. If so, you probably know all too well just what you have missed. Therefore, in either event, you may rest content, for it is usually a case of missing it with the average amateur, no matter how carefully his snap-shot machine may be aimed at the target, be it landscape, genre or portrait.

What is that about looking through blue glasses instead of the clear lens? Perhaps I am viewing the world in general and this portion of Southern California in particular on the dark side this morning, getting a silhouette effect instead of the beautiful detail in the sunshine, but the failure to secure even an honorable mention after spending many weeks and silver pieces in the endeavor to gain a prize is conducive to indigo views of life and humanity. Blue prints will be in vogue for some time to come in Camera Club circles.

But to explain. The wise ones announced some time ago that the Rochester Optical Company had donated a handsome \$15 camera to the club, to be contested for by the aspiring photographic geniuses. Rules and regulations appeared in due course upon the bulletin board, and the work began.

To many of us it seemed a simple matter to start out some bright morning, select a pretty spot, set up camera, and, after a little preliminary adjusting and figuring on the lighting, time, etc., press the bulb, bring home the plate, develop it at leisure, and produce a print therefrom in due course of time which would bring the prize. Alas! Like most of the amateur's rosy dreams, this was fated to end in a nightmare. We loaded our cameras and sallied forth, but, though we came and saw, it was the other fellow who did the conquering.

The committee decided that the photograph must be in the landscape class, might be printed upon any kind of paper, and mounted as the contestant chose, the only restriction being the ruling that each print must be made from one negative only. This barred those who might wish to improve a landscape taken in this Land of Sunshine by printing in a few clouds from another negative, or performing other wonderful feats for which the photographer is famous, and compared to which the placing of a few clouds in our clear sky is a simple matter.

We tried to remember the various rules given us in

past lectures delivered before the club, in which we were told not to have too many straight lines pointing in the same direction, or objects distributed about in pairs, or the object on which the interest is centered away off at one side of the plate. We remembered that all lines should lead the eye at once to the chief object in the photograph, and that all others should be subordinated to that. We did not forget that the foreground of the picture must be in focus, or the middle distance at farthest, leaving the background to become gradually dim and indistinct, as it is in nature, and as one always finds it in a painting. We studied the points of all the best paintings to which we had access, the general composition, lighting and perspective, for there is no better school for the amateur photographer than an art gallery, and we thought we knew a great deal about the taking of pictures.

Some very enjoyable outings followed the careful preparation for the works of art that were to be joys forever, and some very ludicrous situations were also indulged in. That is, they appeared exceedingly funny to the on-lookers. The participants thought differently. On one occasion we were left by our special train at Baldwin's ranch, where we could secure pretty pictures about the lake, boathouse, and among the trees, and within easy walking distance of the stables where we hoped to get pictures of the race horses. This was all very pleasant, but when the sun had reached his midday post and smiled down upon the camerites with all the fervency he sometimes possesses in this southern land, thoughts of luncheon crowded out all others, artistic and otherwise, and, there being no conveyances at hand, we started out to walk to the hotel. The day was warm and the roads were dry and dusty. The hotel seemed to recede as we toiled painfully along bearing the camera-friend's burden upon our backs. An oasis was suddenly discovered in this desert waste, however, as we came upon a beautiful clump of trees, with the green hills in the background, and gathered together under the spreading branches was huddled a large drove of sheep, resting in the shade. Heat and fatigue were forgotten as cameras were quickly set up, and many snap-shots of the sheep taken.

Another outing, taken by a select few on a cloudy morning, was somewhat dampened by one of the heaviest rainstorms of the season, the enthusiasts returning that afternoon with dripping garments but undampened spirits, as was proven by their making straight for the clubrooms, where they developed their pictures in which the desired cloud effects were to be found, ere they returned home for a change of garments. Truly the ways of the camera devotee are peculiar.

The day of the decision was at last come. By 4 o'clock that afternoon all competing pictures had been turned in, and the custodian of the club was busy affixing numbers

to the various prints by which they might be impartially judged, the card of the artist having been placed in a similarly-numbered envelope. There were pictures large and pictures small, pictures wonderful and no pictures at all. However, in the minds of the proud makers they were every one prize winners. We wrapped them up tenderly, after one last admiring glance, and handed them over to the unsympathetic hands of the busy custodian, who numbered them as they came, and placed them away on the shelf, to be judged that evening. How the hours dragged from that time until evening.

The loitering sun at last reached the horizon and disappeared from view, the shadows fell quickly, and evening brooded peacefully over the many camerists who were doomed to do their brooding later on. A social evening at the clubrooms had been announced for that date, and the members began arriving early, but the end of their suspense was not yet, for the first part of the programme consisted of lantern slides and sociability, the judges being meantime in secret session, trying to decide upon the best picture of the puzzling collection before them—and an unenviable task was theirs. So many of the pictures possessed more than average merit that it was difficult to decide upon any one which could be said to rank sufficiently above its competitors to be judged the winner. After much discussion of the relative merits of this one and that, the decisions were made, and the assembly grew quiet as the gentleman in charge of the contest appeared with the photographs, and, opening the envelopes, read as the winner of the prize camera the name of E. J. Killian, whose picture is reproduced herewith. The subject, though simple, was treated in a thoroughly artistic manner, and the announcement was received with round after round of applause, and after the first anguish of disappointment had passed, his fellow-members pressed about him to offer hearty congratulations. Capt. J. S. France received first honorable mention, and M. W. Lowe received the second honorable mention, likewise much applause and handshaking from their associates.

Our other illustrations are also prize winners. "Driving Home the Sheep" is from a negative made by one of our most enthusiastic club members who has won many prizes from photographic journals in the East. "The Mogui Belles," by Oliver Lippincott, was awarded the gold medal at the Toronto Exhibition, and has also received other medals.

The last Camera Club print contest has been voted a grand success, both by victors and vanquished, and we are ready for another. Though all could not win the prize, all have won valuable experience in the photographic line and have enjoyed many delightful excursions throughout the neighboring country, gaining health and strength for the sterner contests of life through these brief holidays spent close to Mother Nature.

HELEN L. DAVIE.



Mogui Belles.  
Photo by  
Oliver Lippincott.



The River Road.

Landscape.  
Photo by E. J. Killian.



## Stories of the Firing Line \* \* Animal Stories.

### His Record as a Fighter.

THE genial and eloquent Hartford clergyman, familiarly known to those who love him as "Joe" Twitchell, served during the Civil War as a chaplain. Called on to speak one night at a gathering of veterans, he protested against being characterized as a non-combatant. "Is there any man of the Third Army Corps here?" he asked. Several arose. "Well," said the ex-chaplain, "you know that I fought the devil for three years in the old Third, and I don't see why I should be called a non-combatant."—[Army and Navy Journal.]

### He Returned It.

WHILE has often saved an offender from punishment in military as well as in civil life.

Not long since a non-commissioned officer entering a barrack gate in Dublin was mistaken by the "fresh one" on sentry, who immediately "came to the shoulder."

The noncom., unaware that his colonel was just behind, returned the salute—a thing not permissible in the circumstances. Arrived at his headquarters, he shortly received an order to attend before the colonel.

On presenting himself, he was asked how he came to return the salute, knowing full well he was not entitled to it.

Not in the least embarrassed, he promptly answered: "Sir, I always return everything I am not entitled to."

His ready wit pleased the colonel, who laughingly dismissed him.—[London Spare Moments.]

### Ordered to Eat Pie.

ON AUGUST 7, 1861, while still in Southeastern Missouri, Grant was made brigadier-general, to his own great surprise. Of his methods of discipline, Owen Wister tells a singular story. The command was marching, and food was scarce. A lieutenant, with an advance guard, reached a farmhouse, and upon informing its mistress that he was Gen. Grant, received a copious meal. Presently Grant himself rode to the same door and asked for food. "Gen. Grant has just left here," he was told, "and has eaten everything."

A pie did remain, and for this the general gave the woman 50 cents, requesting her to keep it until called for. Riding on to camp, he ordered grand parade at once, and to the astonished assembly, the acting assistant adjutant-general read the following order:

"Lieut. W—— of the Indiana Cavalry, having on this day eaten everything in Mrs. Selvidge's house, at the crossing of the Ironton and Pocahontas, and Black River and Cape Girardeau roads, except one pumpkin pie, Lieut. W—— is hereby ordered to return with an escort of 100 cavalry and eat that pie, also."—[Kansas City News.]

### Toothache Courage.

AT a social meeting of members of the Grand Army of the Republic, a veteran who had served from Bull Run to Appomattox, said: "I had a hard time in the early days of the war. I was captured, I was wounded and I experienced all the hardships that went with the peninsula campaign, but I remember nothing with more horror than a violent attack of the toothache. The surgeon had some forceps of the old-fashioned kind, and, after toothache drops, tobacco, whisky and all sorts of remedies were found to be no good, I was propped up against a tree trunk and the operation of taking out the offending molar was begun. Well, he tried several times before he broke the tooth off the first time, and then he pulled and yanked me around until finally something had to give way, and my jaw being pretty tough, the tooth, or what was left of it, came out. Thousands of men had similar experiences, and I'm sure that some of the fellows took extra risks because of toothache that made them feel as though they didn't care what happened."—[New York Tribune.]

### The Kaiser's Talisman.

IN THE personality of the Kaiser there is a strain of superstition. Military precision and disciplinarian as he is, he is at the same time a believer in omens and in certain talismanic virtues. On the middle finger of his left hand the German Emperor always wears a large ring—a square, dark-colored stone set in massive gold. The ring is an heirloom in the Hohenzollern family, dating from the time when the ancestors of the Kaiser—the Margraves of Nuremberg—followed their leaders to the capture of the holy city from the Moslems. The ring came into the Margrave Ulrich's possession after a hard-fought battle under the walls of Jerusalem. It belonged to one of Saladin's successors, and, in some unexplained way, came to be owned by the German knight. The ring is a prized possession of the Kaiser, who regards the relic with a greater interest than that which pertains to its mere monetary value.—[Philadelphia Telegraph.]

### A Hero of the Boer War to Marry.

A PRETTY romance of love and war has just culminated in the engagement of Col. Ricchiardi, an Italian, who offered his sword to Kruger and who led the Boer volunteers to several victories, and Miss Myra Guttman, sister of Mme. Eloff, wife of President Kruger's grandson and private secretary. On her mother's side, Miss Guttman is a Joubert and a niece of the famous general. She is only 19, and is striking in appearance, with large, dark eyes and soft brown hair.

Col. Ricchiardi is a handsome man, well known in Europe and America. During the World's Fair he was a member of the Siamese commission, having been previously charged by the King of Siam with the organization of the native Siamese army.

Ricchiardi began his military career as aid-de-camp to the King of Italy. When the ruler of Siam visited Italy he begged King Humbert to permit one of his aids to organize a native regiment. The King's choice fell upon Ricchiardi. So well did he fill his mission that he was named for the Siamese commission of the World's Fair.

When the Transvaal war broke out, Col. Ricchiardi was one of the first foreigners to leave for the front, and his daring exploits caused the English to place £2000 on his head.

It was in the Transvaal that Ricchiardi met Miss Guttman, who, with her sister, was devoting herself to hospital work. When Miss Guttman came to Europe with her sister, the colonel soon followed, charged with the mission of organizing Boer relief committees in Italy and to obtain arbitration by force of public opinion.

While organizing his committees, the colonel was the busiest man in Rome, but he is now enjoying a short vacation in Holland, where his fiancée is staying with her family. The date of the wedding has not yet been set, as President Kruger, who has been consulted in the matter, feels the young people should wait until the war is over.—[Paris Correspondence Chicago-Tribune.]

### An Affinity of Titles.

THE little son of an officer prominent in the navy circle in Washington has made frequent visits to the neighborhood of Sandy Hook, in summer. The other day, overhearing his parents discuss sundry naval matters, he picked up his ears at one remark of his father's, and asked to have it repeated.

"I was just telling your mother," said the officer, "how we organized the mosquito fleet during the war with Spain."

"The mosquito fleet!" echoed the boy. "Oh, yes; I suppose that must have the New Jersey for its flagship!"—[New York Post.]

## ANIMAL STORIES.

### A Wise Dachshund.

A LITTLE, long-bodied, short-legged dachshund, one of those dogs which Mark Twain says was born under a chest of drawers, was cut in the storm yesterday trying to make his way through the slush which came up half way over his body. He tried the sidewalk in front of the Colby & Abbot Building, but the tide was too much for him. He next made a series of leaps that carried him across to the opposite side, but it was no use. It was a case of wade with uncertain footing or stay where he was. He sprang on a doorstep, high and dry, and surveyed the situation for a moment. His eye caught the street-railway track. Then by a series of leaps he reached the middle of the street, took to the clean rail of the car track, made his way rapidly down to East Water street and north to a point on Market square, where he left the track for the comforts of home life behind the heater in his own home restaurant.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

### Dog That Uses a Decoy.

A MAN over on Junction avenue, near the German market, has a dog which he is anxious to give away, notwithstanding it is a pet among the "small fry" of his household. This canine is of the Scotch-terrier breed, and has a predilection for fighting. He resorts to stratagem to get up a row. His latest plan is to obtain a juicy bone from one of the butcher stalls over in the market. Then he takes his place upon the pavement, and watches. When he sees a country dog following a farmer's wagon, he sizes him up, and if the symptoms are favorable he picks up his bone, carries it into the street, places it in the line of travel, goes back to the sidewalk, places his head between his front paws, and waits developments.

If the strange dog tackles the bone, as it certainly will, the city dog springs out, grabs him by the back of the neck and nearly shakes the life out of him. Then when the farmer and the stall keepers have succeeded in separating the combatants, the Scotch terrier awaits until the excitement has passed away, and then sets his bone in position to catch the next unsuspecting canine that intrudes upon his preserves.

And yet they say that dogs do not think!—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

### Village Mourns a Cat.

THE entire village of Narberth, Pa., went to the funeral of "Old Mat," who was buried there last week.

"Old Mat" had certainly earned as much right to be called "a well-known and old-respected citizen," as many who walked on two legs less than he did.

He was only a cat, but by his conspicuous sagacity, his purring kindness and his undaunted courage he had gained the respect of every inhabitant of Narberth and the surrounding country. Perhaps stray dogs learned to respect him most of all.

George L. Brimley was the owner of "Old Mat," and he declared that the cat was invaluable as a "watch-

dog," having once tackled single-handed, and footed, a gang of burglars who forced an entrance into Brimley's store and effectually driven them from the loss of several clawful of hair and skin.

When the news of "Old Mat's" death became everybody in Narberth felt as if an old friend had died from among them, and it was determined to give such a funeral as never before fell to the lot of a cat. A small casket, lined with silk, was made up for the battle-scarred body of "Old Mat" was reverently placed in it.

The funeral ceremonies were held in the parlors of the Brimley household. Three hundred persons attended, filling the house and front and back yards. Harry Brimley delivered an exhaustive eulogy on the remains. Then all retired to the cemetery, where the back yard. In the center of the lawn a hole had been dug, and around this the mourners gathered themselves. The casket was lowered amid a wailing silence.

The following day a neat little stone was placed over "Old Mat's" grave.—[New York Journal.]

### A Panic Among Lions.

M. FOA, the French explorer, says that lions, whose wholesome fear of African wolves, which packs, and do not scruple to attack even the fiercest lions, are terrible battles in which the lion succumbs to the wolf, and dies fighting. In connection with the fear of wolves, M. Foa tells a story from his experience.

It was a very dark night, so dark that trees could be distinguished until the travelers were close to them. Lions prowled about the party, one of them roaring from a point so close as to have an effect on the nerves. The animal could not be seen, they could be heard on all sides.

Reaching a tree the men found one of their men with rifle cocked, peering into the darkness to discover the whereabouts of the animals, who were plainly heard walking among the leaves. The man was trying to relight a half-extinguished pipe. Still the lions could be heard coming and going in the darkness.

At this point the native servant whispered to the men to imitate the cry of wolves in the distance. At once began barking and crying "Hui! hui!" in undertone, as if the pack were still in the distance, while the man at the camp made the same wailing cry.

The effect was instantaneous. There was a stampede of a rapid stampede across the dry leaves. The lions decamped in a panic, driven off by the wailing cry of a pack of wolves. For the rest of the night the party was undisturbed.—[Detroit Free Press.]

### An English Fish Yarn.

A SECOND edition of the legend of Jonah and the whale is just now the subject of much talk among anglers, who naturally are always interested in anything connected with rod and line. According to the "Angler's News" a jack which was caught in a net at Ongar, in Essex, was subsequently discovered out what bait, and how much of it, had been taken before capture, and in its stomach was found a small fish which the glutton had swallowed whole-belly. The fact was noticed in the miniature Jonah's fish, and it was promptly transferred to a globe of water where next morning it was found swimming quite lively. The unfortunate prisoner must have been in the jack's interior for at least twelve hours, and the vitality of the tiny creature was therefore remarkable. During the incarceration the upper lip was considerably damaged, but by swimming round the globe with the wound pressed to the glass it succeeded in "rejuvenating" the wounded framework back into its natural condition. Seventeen days the rejuvenated Jonah lived in his globe of water after rescue from its watery confinement. It was then taken to the local angler for exhibition, and there the temperature of the globe apparently disagreed with it, for two or three days later it was found dead. But in its short life the experience was certainly a remarkable one.—[London Graph.]

### Discriminating Canine.

IN THE First Ward is a fox terrier that has won the name of the Gold Standard through many peculiarities. It seems that two or three years ago a member of the fire department captured and carried him into the engine-house, and set him free. Since then his terriosity makes it a point to bite every fireman that comes his way. He can pass him unmolested with their uniforms and gilt buttons, but let a fireman in uniform with silver buttons pass that way and the dog is at a point to tear a hole in his trousers, and a calf of his leg if possible.—[Milwaukee Sentinel.]

### HIS LATENESS.

[Philadelphia Press:] (Towne:) Magnificent! Who is she? (Brown:) That's the late Mr. Bibber's— (Towne:) A widow, eh? (Brown:) Yes, a grass widow. (Towne:) But I understand you to say the late Mr. Bibber. (Brown:) Yes, he was always late. That's why she left him.



March 31, 1901.]

## LAND OF THE CZAR.

## A RUSSIAN WRITES OF THE STUDENT UPRISINGS IN RUSSIA.

By a Special Contributor.

I AM not a revolutionist, nor even a Nihilist; but I need not be either to be deeply interested in the present student uprisings in Russia. Someone very dear to me has just been gathered in by the drag-net of Russian police for daring to think in opposition to rules laid down on the censor's statute books. What his fate will be I shudder to think, for with every new riot his chances of escape are growing slimmer, his prospects darker, for the notorious Third Section knows no mercy. It spares not the weak, it shields not the innocent. There was a time, not so very many years ago, when I, myself, a lad of 17, wore the uniform of a Russian student, and in the privacy of my room—which was not very private after all, since in Russia walls have ears and floors have eyes—dreamed, asleep and awake, of the great things the student body could accomplish if it "dared and did." I know better now. It may be a paradox, but it is a fact, nevertheless, that a Russian gets to know the true inwardness of affairs in his own country only after he shakes the dust of Russia and reaches a land where one may think, speak and write without fear of being muzzled. A decade of American air had wrought wonderful changes in my views upon men and things that make up this, our world. Incidentally I have had the good fortune to be an American student of an American college, and a rare opportunity to compare the life of the latter with that in the land of my birth. To the American reader, the life of the Russian student must be of special interest. For while it is the Russian soldier that forms the bulwark of his country's strength, that fights his battles and keeps other powers at a respectable distance, it is the student who, in after years, becomes the officer, the general, the minister, the financier, the engineer, that shapes the destinies of the empire. The only trouble with him is that he is so scarce, that he has such a bad road to travel, that his very advantage of civilization causes his undoing. In this respect, a few dry facts in lieu of a preface may not be amiss.

## A Religion of Darkness.

Russia has a population of 125,000,000. Of these hardly 5 per cent. can read or write. This is not because the people are by nature averse to light, or born blind, deaf or dumb. Experience shows that given an equal chance a Russian will seldom prove inferior to any other lad in matters educational. On the contrary, in no other land is the longing for education so intense, so persistent as in Russia. In no other country is this longing so suppressed as in Russia. If light is the motor that turns the great wheels of constitutional kingdoms like Germany and England and republics like France and our own, it is darkness that makes the despotism of Russia hold its own in the teeth of all opposition at this enlightened twentieth century—darkness on one hand, religion on the other; not religion that teaches you to love your Creator, to obey His commandments, but a religion that from the moment you see the light of day till the last shovelful of earth is settled upon the casket holding your remains tells you that the Czar is God's representative on earth, that to think of him with distrust, to worship him less than you would your Heavenly Father is a sin that the ever-ready police will take out of your body on earth, and the One above of your soul in the hereafter; a religion that forbids you to reason, lest you doubt, that tells you to be blind lest you see.

The state and the church are one. If it is the crown that bears all expenses in feeding every clergyman throughout the land, it is the clergyman that sows the seed of blind obedience, that surrounds the darkness with a halo of divine radiance. In short, darkness, illiteracy, is the great rock upon which the empire exists. But a machinery so complicated as the government of a mighty nation needs skilled hands to run it. For these and these alone schools are opened, universities are built. But lest the men given these glorious opportunities abuse their privileges, their number is restricted. There is danger in numbers. There are just nine universities all told in European Russia, and one for the whole of Siberia! But even those few—Fortune's favorites that pass the Rubicon and don the university uniform, are a dangerous element. In Russia every man is presumed guilty until he is proven innocent. The vast population from which these paltry thousands of lucky ones are drafted, is carefully sifted. No Jew, or Pole, if you please, can enter the awe-inspiring halls of learning. Too much light may not agree with their constitution. None but bona fide orthodox "sons of their fathers" may drink from the founts of wisdom.

## The Russian Boy.

From the moment the boy is accepted, usually at the tender age of 9 years, he ceases to be the mere ward of his parents. He becomes the property of the government, the object of its fatherly care. You American boy, with a yearning for baseball and an asking for hockey that only the stories of "Honest Injun" adventures can replace, hark to this tale. The lucky Russian boy at 9 gets himself a uniform, gray blouse with belt, soldier fashion, gray trousers and blue hat with white band. On Sundays a long blue coat, with nine silver buttons, takes the place of blouse. Blue trousers go with it. Woe to him if one of the buttons is off or in hiding! Together with his outfit he gets a booklet—a passport forsooth—which gives his name, and name of his father, his address, his school, his class, his age, his standing in school. This is followed by two pages of rules and regulations, telling what not to do. This passport must be with him like his nose on his face or his fear of God and the Czar in his breast. If he forgets one of the

400 odd "don'ts" inscribed within, the first policeman—and there's quite a few of them in a Russian town—will demand this passport, to turn it in next morning to the director of the gymnasium, who administers the punishment. Seventy-two hours in a dark room is a mild sample. There are others.

The school year begins the 7th of August and ends the next June, with short vacations for Christmas and Easter. The boy must be in school every morning at 8 o'clock. His books—and the older he gets, the more books he carries—can only be borne in a soldier's bag, strapped across the shoulders. Any violation means punishment. At 12 there is a recess of thirty minutes, but no student is allowed to leave the building. He brings his lunch with him. At 3 o'clock his studies end.

## A Few Don'ts.

Then a few of the "don'ts" come into effect. He must not, on the way home, join his comrades. He must not smoke. This is a grave sin, indeed. He must not be seen with ladies, except his mother, sister or aunt. Cousins are not always considered safe company, unless they are past the "demoralizing" age. He must not visit museums, shows, public buildings, saloons, auctions and a thousand other places. He must be home at 6 o'clock, in bed at 9 in winter and 10 in summer. There are spies without number to see that he leaves not the straight and narrow path. However, as long as the student is a boy, his troubles are few. His purely childish pranks are often overlooked. His real life and real danger begin at the age of 15-16. It is then that, having developed a taste for reading, he finds the books doled out to him by the school no longer satisfying. The germ of Nihilism is in the air. He may not exactly know what it means, but the great peril awaiting him, who deals in it has its charms. His heart is hungry for sensations, his mind for information. The book stores are forbidden to sell or loan him anything but text books. But this is a trivial matter. The greater the obstacle, the firmer his decision to get them. He has heard in a vague way of Pisarov, Chernishevski, Count Tolstoi, Herzen—a great army of writers whose works are forbidden. It is possible that had he been accorded a ready access to these works his curiosity would have in many instances given place to ennui. But his every move is watched. His effects both in and out of school are frequently overhauled. And with a boyish love for the mysterious and dangerous he meets his foes, and countermines. When your American lad is all wrapped up in inventing the most nerve-shaking, ear-splitting college yell, the Russian boy of his age feels as if the fate of the whole empire lay upon his shoulders. He takes himself too seriously. He gets old before he has a chance to be young. The espionage instituted by his superiors he counteracts with a system of his own. From the moment that the boy becomes conscious that he is feared, the struggle is on, growing fiercer, as one by one his comrades are caught in the whirl, removed from his sight, banished. He becomes embittered. This is when he is a thinking, feeling boy. There are others who have it in their blood to adapt themselves to everything as long as it serves their own narrow ends. But to the credit of the student body, it must be said that the latter are but a sad minority.

## After the Diploma.

At 18 or 19, after nine years of the hardest work and closest attention, not only to studies, but to all rules and regulations, the boy gets his diploma, which entitles him to nothing. If he is of the set that knuckle to authority, he will swell the ranks of the vast army of petty officers, known as Chinovniki—a class of government employees doing dry clerical work, miserably paid, depending upon bribes, for a livelihood. Or he may, if he has a "pull," join the army at the bottom of the ladder, provided his own means are large, for the pay is a farce. To become a physician, a lawyer, an engineer, to become eligible to any of the higher offices where a thorough education is essential, he must spend five more years in a university or military academy. If you will remember that there are several hundred gymnasiums and only nine universities, you will readily see how very few of the youths that spend nine years in a gymnasium are rewarded by admission into a larger institution. The reason is obvious, with but few exceptions, the young student of 19 has had the advantage of learning. His wits are sharpened by a constant tussle with the secret police. That he came out unhurt is not always a guarantee that he is innocent. It is rather proof positive that he has met the "tartar" and conquered him, that he knows how to cover his tracks. Under the circumstances, one cannot expect a government that exists on darkness to furnish its enemies with better weapons still, in the shape of education. The Jews and Poles, two nations not supposed to be overmuch in love with the régime, are almost entirely barred. Since only 5 per cent. are admitted, and the number of students entering rarely exceeds ninety or a hundred each year, only five of either nation can enter with them.

## A Dangerous Idle Class.

The greater army that does not pass the doors of an university remains idle—a dangerous idle class that knows too much to be content and does not know enough to remedy the existing evils. In former years these formed nihilistic clubs. In spite of all the vigilance of the gendarmes—and their number is legion—their established secret printing offices, whence incendiary pamphlets were sent out broadcast over the length and breadth of the country. Their self-sacrifice to the cause finds no parallel in modern history. Plain in their habits, with a contempt for dress and other conventionalities of life, they brought their young lives to the altar of freedom. The murder of one of their comrades was often but a signal for dozens of others to rush in and fill the gap. Women, aye, girls of 16 or 17, at an age, in other words, when their sisters of other lands think more of dresses and debut in society, marched hand in hand with their brothers, marched into factories where they worked side by side with horny-handed peasants to teach and

enlighten them, marched into jails, marched to the gallows!

## A New Era.

The death of Alexander the Second marked a culminating point in their feverish activity. Thousands of the best and noblest of Russian youths were led to slaughter. A reaction set in. It was decided to abandon the old theories. The old method of terrorism was carefully looked into and found wanting. A complete reorganization followed. Instead of trying to face the government with dynamite, they choose other channels. They discovered—rather late—that unless the masses—the dark, ignorant, self-contented masses—were with them, they could accomplish little. "To the peasant" became the slogan. Henceforth an active, quiet campaign began. Instead of invitations to revolt, alphabets were distributed to the workmen. Where a workman had previously regarded a student with suspicion, seeing only in him one of the preferred classes, he learned to respect and love him. The gendarmes can no longer pit the workmen against the students. Hand in hand they go, fight and fall. Socialism replaced terrorism. Therein lies Russia's greatest danger. So long as the masses remained dark, the few thousand students and their friends could be easily crushed. Once the germ becomes disseminated in the shops and factories, the beginning of the end will set in. I should like very much to hope that the present "riots" are "it," but knowing, as I do, the great power of the government, the great unfathomable darkness still reigning, I cannot but be sorry for, as I cannot but help admiring the impetuous youths that like moths circle around the flame, and like moths are bound to perish. The consolation that their agitation will not be fruitless falls to console. When you read the news in the daily papers, think of the homes that will wear mourning. Think of the mothers, whose only sons, perhaps, shall be snatched away in the dead of night, never to be returned to their loved ones again!

As Nekrassov sang (a free paraphrase):

"Can you show me a state or a town

(I have never yet come upon the spot),

Where the peasant upholding the crown,

Was not helplessly cursing his lot?

On the highways and byways you meet him—

A slave to his woe or his drink,

In the jails where no kind word will greet him

Till he cannot but perish and sink.

"Volga, Volga! When spring thy bosom swells,  
And sends thy billows rushing over meadow and turf,  
Thou hast never yet flooded the country  
As the tears and the blood of the serf."

NATHAN M. BABAD, M.D.

## THE WOMAN AND HER CLOTHES.

## IT IS ALMOST CRIMINAL TO MAKE DRESS ONE OF THE VITAL THINGS OF LIFE.

"When a woman devotes one-half of her life to thoughts of dress she absolutely takes the whole question out of its proper relation to her life, and belittles the talents which God gave her for far greater things," writes Edward Bok, in reply to a woman correspondent, in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "It is, indeed, a grave question whether she does not debase herself. Nor will she be 'well dressed'; the chances are far greater that she will be 'over dressed.' No woman who has any regard for what is worth while in this world, and for what will bring her the surest and fullest happiness in the long run, will so dissipate her energies and vitality. The right to dress prettily and becomingly belongs to every woman. It is her birthright, and her duty. A disregard of dress, or the affectation of queer or freakish dressing, does not belong to a normal woman. But to make dress one of the vital things of life is carrying it beyond the ridiculous point and close to the criminal. And it is just this rightful adjustment of the things in life which simplicity does for us. It gives a rightful place and a rightful value to each. It doesn't belittle the one nor distort the other."

## HOW TO KEEP YOUR FRIENDS.

## GIVE THEM YOUR CONFIDENCE AND LOYALTY, AND DO NOT EXPECT TOO MUCH IN RETURN.

"The less you exact of your friends the more they will give you," writes Helen Watterson Moody of "The First Tragedy in a Girl's Life," in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "For yourself give as richly and as nobly as you want to—of your love and your confidence and your loyalty. Live up to your highest ideal of what a friend should be (and the higher you make that ideal the finer woman you will be and the more friends will flock to you.) but never exact of your friends that they shall give you more than they choose easily to give. If some one you love disappoints you, and as many, many more will do in days to come, do not hold up your ideal of what they should be and do as a mirror in which to count their imperfections. Let it pass, if you can, with a little smile that may be sad, but need not be at all satirical. And never be jealous of a friend if you want to keep one. If anybody you are fond of forms other friendships, or seems to be engrossed with other friends, do not let it make you unhappy, and, above all, never offer comment upon her all-too-evident neglect of her old friends for her new ones."

[Ohio State Journal:] There is quite a difference between the use and the abuse of a thing, and the American soldier, like the average American citizen, is likely to do as he pleases when he discovers an attempt to prohibit him from doing it.

[Pittsburgh Dispatch:] As a result of the fire Pittsburgh may have no exposition this year. If so, it will make up for lost time by holding the best in its history the year after. Such an arrangement will be fairly satisfactory, as Pittsburgh can go to Buffalo this year to hear Victor Herbert's orchestra.



## TAMATE:

## THE QUEEN-FLOWER OF OUT-LAWRY.

BY ADACHI KINNOBUKE.

Author, "Iroka: Tales of Japan."

[CONTINUED.]

## CHAPTER XXXIII.

THE night's work over, Tadaharu was making ready for the day of rest—a couple of moons since he had come home from Shinagawa, from death and with victory.

"The august summons, Tadaharu-dono," announced one of the attendants of Tamate. "It is the pleasure of the chief that you should present yourself at once."

What could it possibly be? Tadaharu had, in truth, enough ground to wonder. But to wonder is to take some little time, and the summons of the chief generally saw no reason why there should be any space of time between the call and the answer.

"August pleasure, Princess?"

And Tamate looked down upon the prostrated Tadaharu for rather a long time.

"Yes," she said quietly in a voice that had somewhere in it the echo of the pious hours. "Are you at liberty to attend me in a little walk this morning?"

"The humble servant is overwhelmed with honor."

The May field stretched away toward the shrine of Meguro. The flowering rapae, languid, perfumed, in the sun as golden as their flowers, were taking Sultana's sleets to the low music of insect wings and of those of the summering skies. Through them Tamate and Tadaharu were threading their way.

To the eyes of the curious universe—what a happy Maying!

"Tadaharu."

"Hai!"

And Tadaharu, waiting patiently, without understanding, walked behind his chief. After a little while:

"Tadaharu," she would begin again the sentence that she seemed to have such a hard time to finish.

"Hai, Princess," but that is all Tadaharu could say.

When, however, she began her sentence for the third time....

At the thought all the cymbals and drums in his head thundered at once; his blood burnt and froze at the same time. Going a step ahead of the boldest of astronomers, Tadaharu saw, with his own eyes, the earth spin like a topsy top—can it be possible, can it....? Can it be possible that his chief was trying to make his heart understand—through the color, shade, and the feeling of her voice—something which is above the tongue and lips to paint?

Having thought all this, Tadaharu was not without preparation. Yet her words came upon him with the suddenness that flooded him with cold perspiration. She said:

"I had heard, a few months ago, before I sent you down to Shinagawa, I had heard you tell the moon your secret. That was indiscreet. It pained me. What you were dreaming must have been very pretty—as absurd, allow me to add, as it must have been pretty. I have a passion of my own which takes all my life to keep it bright—and you know well what that is—the death of the Shogun."

"Without sweeping me off my feet, all the same, your love irritated, annoyed, and distracted me. Being a woman of one aim, it was impossible for me to give my life to two; moreover, my oath to the gods and the unavenged death of my father would not allow me to do so."

"When I sent you to Shinagawa, to the blades of the Nagato samurai, I sent you, as I thought then, to death. Do you understand—to death?"

She stopped—kept on walking. As far as the eyes could sweep, all was yellow with the flowering rapae. She did not turn back to Tadaharu.

At the swish of silken sleeves behind her, however, she turned round in time to put her firm grasp upon the elbow of Tadaharu's right arm, whose hand was upon the handle of his sword.

"The life, Princess," said Tadaharu gravely, allowing death to paint his face already, "which is thrown away by the chief has but a poor corner in the realm of the living."

"I was going to say—deign to leave your sword in peace," she went on, with her usual pallor of face and the calmness of voice. "While you were away....and you are back with us now...."

"Well, in a word, I shall be very glad to die with you over the corpse of the Shogun. And then, too, think, if you will, of the Three, Seven, aye Nine, Cycles of Existences!"

Tadaharu sunk upon the clover of the field, upon his knees. The white fingers of her left hand were trembling toward him. He caught them, and in pressing them against his forehead, he also caught a glimpse of her pale face turning away, and also of the right hand mounting to her eyes.

## CHAPTER XXXIV.

Three years—that is to say since everything was in its place and the trim little world straight under the very palace of the Shogun, full of rocks and mystery, had begun to work like clockwork, like the will of one person and; that one person, Tamate—had now gone away crammed full of history.

But at last the day was approaching. Tamate was waiting for its coming with something more than a tremor and glow in her heart. She had planned for the particular day very thoroughly, taking time; looking, as if her eyes had suddenly turned into a pair of microscopes, into the most trivial details of her plan. No wonder. With that day, if success would but fall from the hands of the gods upon her efforts she meant to

close the book of her life—that was the day when she wanted to bring to fruit all the flowers which had been the dreams from her babyhood days up through the toils, heartaches, and the wanderings of many, many unceasing years. It was no small matter exactly, this coming true of her dreams—the death of the Shogun, I have already said, in those days, was not the modest gift for anyone to ask of the gods.

Yes, on that day, Tamate would avenge the death of her sainted father upon the life of the most powerful person under the heavens.

The day set was the twenty-fifth anniversary of the death of the Master-of-Pine-Dews.

Out of thirty-one sub-chiefs, she selected twenty. She had handed over all the affairs of the under world to the remaining eleven. Whatever happened she was never to see them again. If successful, why, then, she would die the death of a daughter of a samurai, on the very mat made red with the blood of her life foe. If she fell—death, of course, but she knew that it would be a very keen blade, and that, in a master hand, that would have the melancholy honor.

And this was her plan: She and her twenty would mount through the upward passages and reach the nearest veranda to the Shogun's bedchamber. They would break every blade that would oppose them, and after that, Tamate would honor herself with the pleasure of offering the Shogun the traditional nine-inches-and-a-half (the invariable length of the dagger with which the rite of kappuku used to be performed) upon a little white-wood stand, called sanbo. She knew, and also the twenty, very well that round the pillow upon which the Shogun, the greatest sovereign of so many things and men, acknowledged, with the smiling grace, let us most humbly hope, his submission to Sleep, one could find the most famous swords of the empire—the men who had absolutely cut their way up to the princely ranks, to fame, to the admiration of the people, to the favor of the Shogun, with the magic that was in their swords, and through nothing else.

All the same, the hands of the twenty, and as well, the white arms of Tamate, had all treasured the souvenir of the rigorous trainings under the eyes of Sakuma Sukenari. Moreover, daily, they had been called upon to put into practice all the sword secrets, so that it was really impossible for them to have forgotten a single one of them. Also, their swords had the temper all their own. And then, again, as I have said before, were not the gods on their side?

The sun and the moon—those high philosophers who are so far above the quarrels of the clouds, above the illusions and passions of men, altogether sublime in their indifference to things earthly—did not either hasten nor delay, even by the fraction of a brief second, the coming of the appointed day.

Upon the earth the laughter of the summer sun was turning into a purple twilight. The evening songs of the Y-do streets were full of unintentional melodies and careless humor. Under the face of the earth, in the cave beneath the palace of the Shogun, Tamate and her twenty were sitting down to their last feast—a very solemn one it was, and all were in the uniform of black. It was a farewell feast, just like the one to which the samurai would sit—the samurai who are going out to battle from which they never expect to return.

Midnight.... Yes, that is the tolling of the midnight bell. But how slow-footed Time is sometimes! And Tamate and her twenty counted their pulses—for they had to wait at least the length of one bell, as yet. At last, that, too, was over. The smile was upon Tamate—not exactly childlike that smile. It was one of those which some say you can see upon the lips of the martyr who seeks his path through flames up to his Father.

Without noise and with as much caution and timidity as if they were doing something wrong, the twenty and their chief lifted themselves above the opening of the hole.

Tamate was armed with naginata (a kind of spear with a frozen crescent for its head and which was used by the ladies of the brave days.) As for the twenty, they had in their grines, the swords which had the names of famous swordsmiths, the blades which had known so many exchanges of courtesies and which were sheathed for this special occasion in whitewood.

And now they had gained the veranda. With the first fall of their cat-like steps upon the polished floor, a faint noise came toward them. Some one moved in the guard-room. The next moment a vague silhouette stood upon the shoji. Of course Tamate and her twenty dropped back into the night under the veranda. The shoji of the room opened gently, and a little while later, it closed softly again.

In leaping back upon the veranda, the end of Tamate's naginata struck the edge of it. The steps which came toward them, this time, were much more rapid, decided, and did not seem to be afraid of disturbing the slumbers of the adjoining rooms. Tamate and her twenty did not see any farther necessity of concealing themselves. This time it was plain that the guards suspected something. And they would never rest till they made a thorough search for the cause of the noise.

Some one laid a hand upon the shoji. It opened. A head came out. In a flash across the opening of the shoji descended a silver lightning cutting the gloom. As for the head, it was not there. It was no human cunning that saved the head—perhaps it was an accident.

"Kuse-mono! Assassins!" was shouted from within the shoji. The guard flew away from another stroke, which fell very close to his nose. So quickly that you could hardly see his hand upon the handle of the sword, the guard drew his weapon. The first ring of that pulse-quickeness of swords went through the quiet of the sleeping palace. It brought without the slightest shout or noise, save of course that gentle swish of the ceremonial costumes, the bodyguards of the Shogun on duty that night.

At the sight of the gleaming front, they said nothing. They knew very well that their swords had something

to say; and what they said was so general that all the famous blades, of the temper better than one could hardly find throughout the entire of the empire, left their scabbards very willing to be happy also in the famous hands which held them.

And already three of the guards were staining the maculate white of the palace mats. Yet the rest of encounter had hardly been over. Always true. All the same, one does not expect to meet a veritable set of the masters of the sword as the unknowns before them. Being so great masters of themselves, however, the guards were not slow in the ability of their foe. They saw at once that the understanding of the sword, and perhaps the to them under a certain combination of circumstances for have they not proved themselves to be the first shock of their meeting?—and after that, the naturally did better.

There were many large rooms between the which they were fighting and the bedchamber of the Shogun. Tamate was impatient. She and her could make no headway—not a single step with the fury of their attacking strokes.

Just then, she thought that she saw her beckoning her on from behind the backs of the. She forgot all her prudence. With her naginata a silver halo into the eyes of her antagonists, she the hostile front. The amazing fury of the than the twirling head of the naginata damped on whom her strokes were directed. And then, the room was full of uncertain twilight. Behind the the guards were the white-lighted shoji. And another way of saying that Tamate and her men advantage. For behind the black-clad was a black background of night. And that was not the very presence of a woman on an occasion of and among the attacking party, was no little surprise for the guards. And surprise is always healthy for the steady action of the sword.

In a twinkling, the crescent head of her taught humility to a samurai who had never been it was before. That maddened her blood, and rush and her naginata, once more, sliced its head into the side of another guard. Just then, one of her twenty cut down beside her and fell.

She forgot that she, too, was after all a man. She forgot also that it was her skill with the which was the most kindly of her friends. The gods taking her as by the hand; she saw her sainted shadow right in front of her. One of the with a marvelous twist of his sword, received a ward sweep of her naginata, and dived, making course, the naginata into an upper air, where nothing vulnerable.

And Tamate's life was a dew upon the sword—another stroke and he could have shaken of it, off of the earth and into eternity. As it was too simple for thought, too rapid for the am of the opinion that he himself was not aware he was thinking of anything of the sort—the which was also the question of samurai honor, says that it is a stain of the sword to touch a with it, stopped the sword of the guard with his less hand. One of the twenty who was fighting her, caught the danger of his chief. He forgot the danger, he forgot his life. Instead of warding off stroke of his opponent, he made his quick, and descend upon the man who was under the long of Tamate. The man fell, of course. Tamate paid her position in an instant. And, of course, he paid his life for the price of his gallantry.

Tamate, more furious than ever, and like the statue of impatience, tried to rush ahead. Then guard in her way. Although he was engaged with Tamate's men, still he had something to say when tried to pass him by. The motions of his sword for the matter of that, the motions of his body—quick that they left a thin blur in the mortal stroke after stroke from her naginata and the swords of her two men fell upon the sword of the—his sword, which seemed to be pretty nearly as nipresent as a ghost. She could not tell how the men were fighting in that manner, but at last! One men finally disabled the guard. Tamate that Within less than ten paces she met two men and the help of the guards. One of them at once engaged and found, in the very first meeting of their swords that he had more than enough to keep him wide Suddenly the man fell to the mat in front of her when she struck with her naginata, it was as if that she touched. The man made a side leap, frog—all to dive under the long handle of her Tamate, however, was too wise for it.

Her men, I mean those of the twenty who were alive, outnumbered the guards. Inch by inch, they forced their way up to where Tamate was. It was then that Tamate and her men saw another of men coming upon them. They were the man the very first cry of steel had roused from his and who lost no time in coming to the help of guards on duty.

In the desperate mêlée which followed—for the Shogun's men vastly outnumbered Tamate's—some one cut off the head of Tamate's naginata. Instantly, she drew the little dagger of Masamune. A full blow descended upon her head just then. She coiled it upon the blade of her dagger—but she remembered nothing.

Tadaharu was one of the twenty men. That way of saying that his eyes never forgot the figure of his chief—not even while he was fully awake. He saw her fall. He cut his way to her lightning. He swooped upon her, tucked her left arm; fighting with his sword which looked like a stream of red and taking advantage of the fusion of things in general, he made his way to the veranda.

Not long after that the opening of the cave



The watchman at the opening of the hole, standing long after that, patiently, with the most fearful tension on his nerves for the return of more of the men who had gone forth. But he was disappointed.

And what of the rest of the twenty of Tamate's? These guards of the Shogun can tell you—those men who had everlastingly been with sheer weight and numbers, who had seen them fall upon the mats like so many statues of the ancient days turned into bleeding men, like those men of iron muscles and of dragon souls, who sometimes painted upon a vase. They were coming fighting those men of Tamate's—their eyes were closed with their own blood, their swords broken, cut, broken, crushed, and seeing all about and around them a crimson night falling—they simply died. And that was the way the end of the fighting came.

The following day broke and never a day of so much excitement was known to history even in those eventful days. The gossip of the day were naturally full of the swordsmanship of the palace-breakers was pretty nearly as wild as the wonder as to who the men could be. But what was more wonderful than anything else was, from what corner of this honest world of the gods had those men could have dropped right into the palace compound and so close to the pillow of the emperor. Some there were among the guards who swore that they saw a woman among the assassins. Moreover, as a matter of history, there was the head of a woman picked up off of the mat of the room where the encounter had taken place—and naginata was the weapon of women in those days. Still there was no sign of a woman in the bloody heap. And the guards who fought swore that none of the party escaped.

Within the cave....

An ancient proverb has it that the voice of a lover has the power, when nothing else has to recall the soul of the beloved from the Shadow World.

Tadamaru called, called, called in the unheeding ears of Tamate through the entire night—I mean the remainder of the night after the escape which, all the while, seemed as if it had been made out of the whole length of a man's life. He never lost his faith in the power. And at last....

Very slowly she came to herself. She recognized Tadamaru—and what a superb reward that was for Tadamaru, for all the work he had done. She frowned a little.

"And pray for what reason am I here at peace with Tadamaru and in a bed?"

And with perfect composure—perhaps with a slight shade of sadness coming over her—she heard from the lips of her savior the account of the defeat of her cause. And now, she remembered everything.

After that, all through many long days and nights, she remained in bed. Even when at last she left her bed she spoke very rarely. She seemed as one completely out of this world.

[To be Continued.]

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### LIVE FOR WHAT YOU BELIEVE.

WHAT THE WORLD MAY THINK OF YOU IS OF VERY LITTLE MOMENT.

"The woman who, feeling that her life is complicated with unprofitable things, will simplify that life, will find the moment she steps out of her bondage that she is not alone," writes Edward Bok in the April Ladies' Home Journal. "Far from it, indeed. She will find herself a sisterhood that numbers more votaries than she has ever dreamed of. A sisterhood she will know that until she become part of it. Like attracts like in this world. If we live false lives we attract those who live similar lives. If our lives ring true the chords we strike attract those who also live on equal heights. The lesson for us to learn is to live for the things we believe; not for what may be thought of those things by others. That is where our chief trouble lies; we are so much concerned by what the world may think of us. We are fearful lest some action of ours may be misunderstood. We are unwilling to stand by our convictions, to forget the thing itself. We forget that we are what we are by the things we do. It matters exceedingly little what the world thinks of us. But it does matter, and it matters much, to ourselves whether the lives we lead are true or false. An action born of a false motive never has the slightest influence. It dies at its birth. The men and women who, by their lives, have influenced the world have been those who have lived earnest and honest lives, and who never for one moment allowed to come into their thought's the notion of what the world would approve or disapprove. No life truly lived is lived apart and alone. It has the companionship of the best."

### YE LENTEN MAID.

I gazed in surprise as she passed me by,  
Her face so sober—her eyes so shy.  
I thought of my sins—and wondered why?  
As she went.

Her gown was demure and soft and gray,  
Though made in a most unobtrusive way—  
In its folds a subtle something lay  
Of intent.

Her hat was tipped o'er her dainty face—  
'Twas simple—though "chic"—and held its place  
At an angle demure, although with grace  
'Twas bent.

A bunch of violets lay on its rim—  
Its folds of gray were sedately trim,  
With the gray of the eyes beneath its brim  
It bent.

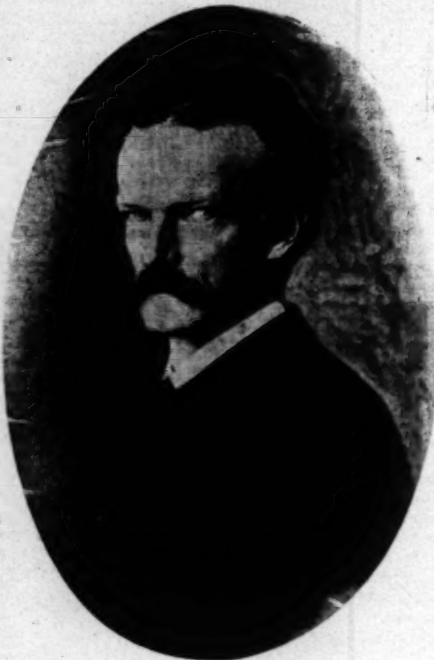
"And why, O maid of the tender eyes,  
This strange, unwonted and sober guise?"  
She smiled up at me as she answered this wise:  
"Ye Lent."

—Margaret Muller Byers in Millinery Trade Review.

## ROYAL PHILANTHROPY. A DUKE WHO PUTS ASIDE THE SCEPTER FOR THE SCALPEL.

By a Special Contributor.

FEW names are graven on the rolls of royalty whose bearers have elected a life-work other than that to which their lineage has made them heirs. The most conspicuous instance of this in modern history is Dr. Karl Theodor, as he chooses to be called, otherwise Duke Charles Theodor of Bavaria, head of the side line of the kingdom's royal house, who has abdicated in favor of his younger brother, in order that he may the more completely give himself up to scientific



DUKE OF BAVARIA.

pursuits. By rigid devotion to the study of medicine, and in particular the science of ophthalmology, he has attained such rank in his profession that his clinics are known to scientific men all over the world. These clinics are conducted irrespective of financial considerations, and any worthy man can have the benefit of the dual doctor's skill and knowledge without cost.

It was the Franco-Prussian war that first turned the Duke's mind to the profession of a physician. He took an active part in many of the battles, and became particularly interested in the hospital service, and at the close of the war he announced his intention of studying medicine. Naturally this resolve aroused much opposition in his family. The strongest pressure was brought to bear upon him, but he was steadfast. Will-



DUCHESS OF BAVARIA.

ingly foregoing his political rights, he entered the clinic of a distinguished Russian professor at Mentone, whither he had gone for his health. Thereafter he assisted at various clinics in Vienna, in all of which he was noted for his indefatigable industry and patience, and whole-souled devotion to his work. Eventually he became an independent operator in eye surgery, in which branch he soon gained a high reputation.

Having given his time, the Duke now set about giving

his money to his profession. On Lake Tegernsee, at the foot of the Bavarian Alps, he built and endowed a large hospital. In this building is maintained one of the Duke's famous ophthalmic clinics, to which the afflicted gather from far and near. At Munich, Merano, in Austria, and near Mentone, he established other clinics, spending part of the year at each. But it is the hospital on the Bavarian lake that he loves the best, and there most of his time is spent. While spending a few weeks on the shore of the lake opposite the village in which the hospital stands, I became acquainted with the Duke through an accident to my little brother, who injured his arm at play. Asking our hostess for the best physician in the vicinity, I received the reply:

"Oh, you must go right over to our Herzog; he is at the hospital as surely as the church clock strikes ten."

Accordingly, we rowed over to Tegernsee, and, upon stating the case to a Sister of Charity, we were taken into a room containing some simple pieces of furniture, a few books, and various surgical instruments in a glass case. After a short time a refined-looking and amiable old gentleman appeared, and asked in a most kindly way what had brought us to him. My brother showed him his arm, and the amiable old gentleman, after having duly examined it, pronounced the radius broken near the wrist, and prepared to bandage it, praising the little fellow much meanwhile for his manly endurance of pain, and asking whether all American boys were equally brave. After my brother had been made more comfortable, I expressed my great satisfaction at meeting a man whom I had for many years esteemed so highly, but expressed my astonishment at his attending to such unimportant cases as that of my brother. The amiable old gentleman looked up at me and said, with a somewhat puzzled air:

"Why, did you ever hear of me before coming to Germany?" "Most assuredly," said I. "Who has not heard of Herzog Karl Theodor, the altruist?"

"Oh," said the kind old doctor, "you are mistaken. I am not the Herzog. I am Hofrath Rosner, and have charge of the hospital when he is not here. But if you wish I will take you into his rooms; he will be pleased to see you."

Then I had my first sight of the Duke-doctor, and I was impressed by his gravity of manner and a certain air of thoughtfulness which seemed to pervade his presence. Dr. Karl Theodor is a spare, scholarly man. He is tall and decidedly lean, his step and athletic movement, however, betraying the influence of those manly exercises of horsemanship and hunting, to which he is devoted in his hours of leisure. His face is earnest but kindly, his eyes large and blue, with brows prominent and arched, above which rises a peculiarly broad, lofty forehead, which is, perhaps, his most distinctive feature. This notable forehead and the expression of concentrated attention with which he listens to what is said to him about a case, are the characteristics which strike the visitor most forcibly.

His altogether pleasing and unaffected manner immediately put us at ease, and inspired a confidence that made a beginning to our conversation both easy and pleasant. Afterward I was under his care for some little time for an affection of the eyes, and I thus had a chance to observe him in his professional character, and also to note his consideration and gentleness toward various other patients, many of them of the peasant class, some of whom had long needed aid but were too poor to employ a physician. Dr. Theodor neither receives himself nor permits his assistants in his various clinics to accept material payment of any kind from his patients, regardless of their position. Those who desire to do so, can deposit money in a box for that purpose which hangs in the clinic for the benefit of needy sufferers.

A helpmate of rare value is the devoted wife of Dr. Karl Theodor, who has so far mastered the details of the clinical practice as to be to him an invaluable assistant. She is accustomed to spend certain hours daily with her husband in his clinic, and by the peasantry is regarded as a ministering angel. Before her marriage she was the Duchess Maria Josefa of Braganza and Infanta of Portugal. She is a beautiful woman, and so singularly youthful in her appearance as almost to excite the envy of her own beautiful daughters. At the clinic she wears a black-worsted dress, which, though perfect in fit, is of the simplest make. She is an excellent shot, both she and her husband taking a keen interest in everything which tends to keep up and promote national life. The children of the dual house are often sent to take part in the village festivities and sports, and the Duke offers prizes, and even competes himself, occasionally.

The Duke's three daughters are noted for their beauty. The oldest, Princess Elizabeth, recently has been married to Prince Albert, son of the Count of Flanders, and heir to the throne of Belgium, and another daughter, Princess Marie Gabriele, is betrothed to Prince Ruprecht, son of the heir presumptive to the throne of Bavaria. She resembles her mother, whereas the eldest sister resembles the Duke. All of the girls have traveled much, and speak English fluently. There are two sons, both younger than the daughters, the older, Charles, bearing a marked resemblance to his father, and already evincing a studious and thoughtful bent of mind.

THEODOR EDWARDS.

[April Ladies' Home Journal:] After all we must come back to the old truism; that men and women are like water; they always find their true level. And where you live happiest, that is your level. There's polluted water, and there's clear water. But one law is inexorable; the closer you get to nature, the truest and simplest thing there is because it is closest to God, the clearer always will you find the water.

[Baltimore American:] New York is still shy on the number of millionaires who are willing to give sites for those sixty-five Carnegie libraries. The generous spirit which animates the Steel King is apparently not infectious.



# Picturesque Southern California Scenes.

At San Gabriel Mission.



Eucalyptus Drive Baldwin's Ranch



In Willow Glen Santa Catalina Is.



A Native Daughter



Oak Drive Modjeski



# Views Round About Los Angeles.



Southern California Flowers.



San Gabriel

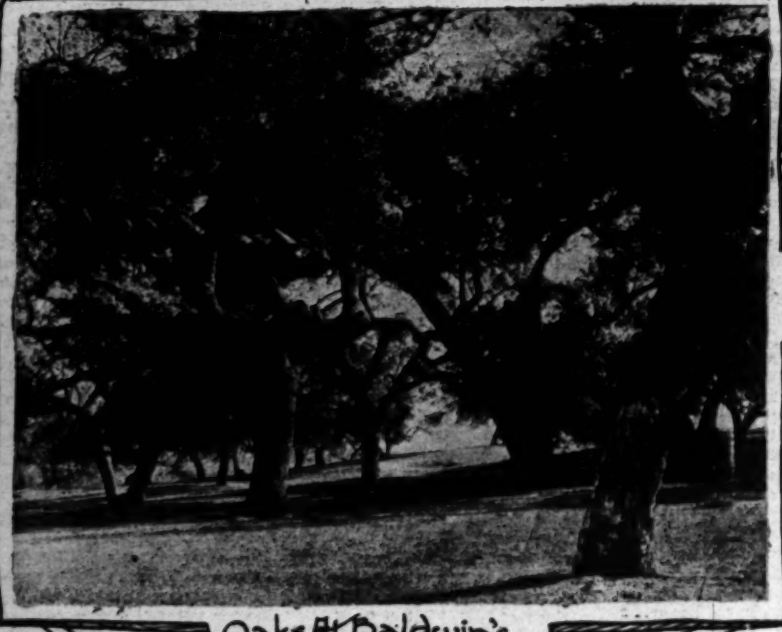
Drive At San Gabriel Winery.



Magnolia Drive Riverside.



Spring-Time Roses.



Oaks At Baldwin's Ranch.



California Poppies.



## A DESERT PARIAH.

By a Special Contributor.

WHEN Navajo Dick rode into Juniper Lodge, where the "double-arrow" outfit was camped for the spring round-up, there was an all-but-unanimous prediction on the part of the assembled cowpunchers that before he rode out again there would surely be troublesome times for someone. The only exception to this otherwise generality of opinion was entertained by myself, for I had a truer comprehension of the underlying character of the individual in question. I say "underlying character," for there was certainly nothing in the superficial make-up of Navajo Dick that would tend to indicate the presence of any other quality than the uncompromising depravity and lawlessness with which he was universally accredited.

But I had known Richard Winston under widely different circumstances from those which existed at the present period. The time had been when Stanford University bore upon its rolls no name of greater promise to its owner, or superior merit to the institution, than his. Gifted with a brilliant intellect, a powerful physique and proud family connections, his popularity alike with the faculty and his fellow-students, as well as in society, was but a natural sequence.

It has frequently been held by those who make a specialty of criminal analysis that vice is an innate proclivity which, at one time or another, is bound to manifest itself in the character. Be this as it may, to no such cause could the downfall of Richard Winston be ascribed. He was a victim of circumstances. Through an act of thoughtless indiscretion, trivial in its import, he was one day confronted by a felonious charge which smote his life with a blight, from the deadlines of which his sensitive nature never recovered. Hence it transpired that, although ultimately fully exonerated, the young fellow, burning with the fire of a spirit which had been crushed in the relentless crucible of injustice,

gave chase. He was superbly mounted, else he would never have overtaken my animal, which, as it was, led him a chase for over a mile before he gained sufficiently to warrant the cast of his rope, which resulted in ending the race.

Meanwhile, I had been joined by a dozen or more denizens of the burg, who, taking courage from the apparent cessation of hostilities, had ventured forth from their various retreats to speculate as to the probable extent of the damage sustained by the town. It was from members of this assemblage that I received my first inkling as to the personality of their boisterous visitor, namely, that he was a notoriously bad egg, commonly known by the picturesque title of Navajo Dick, and was in town on one of his periodical jamborees. My additional enlightenment emanated from the character himself, who presently cantered up, leading my captured mount, which he delivered over to me with the following laconical suggestion:

"Here's your mustang, stranger, and I reckon the liquor's on you for the crowd."

Just what old-time characteristic betrayed him to me I have never been quite certain, but as he sat there on his foaming horse, with his broad-brimmed sombrero blown back from his flushed brow, I recognized in his dissipated countenance the moral wreck of my old college classmate, Richard Winston. My identity flashed upon him in the same instant, but there was no welcome in the look he bent upon me, which, on the contrary, was as malignant as though I were an arch enemy, and I saw his right hand close about the ivory stock of one of his revolvers. However, I affected not to notice his perturbation, and without manifesting my recognition of him, carelessly affirmed his proposal relative to standing for the drinks all around.

It was not until after we had entered the adjacent saloon and lined up before the bar that I realized what a close call I had experienced. We were in the act of raising our glasses to our lips when Navajo Dick, who stood next to me, suddenly brought his tumbler down on the bar with a force that spilled two-thirds of its contents, and, stretching out his hand to me, exclaimed:

"Come, shake, old pard! You're on to me, I know; but after all it don't matter, and, besides, I reckon you'll keep mum about anything concerning me. I

at Juniper Lodge. A year had elapsed since our meeting at the settlement, and although I had not seen him, I had frequently heard of his exploits during the interval, the reports being in every instance consistent with his baser impulses. As he reined his horse on the outskirts of the circle of vaqueros, who were enjoying their evening smoke about the smudge camp-fire, I arose and went forward to greet him.

Twelve months had wrought but little change in appearance, but it struck me that the restless energy of his eyes, which I had previously noted, was augmented. In response to my invitation he dismounted from his horse, but although the latter displayed unmistakable evidences of hard riding, he omitted to move his saddle, merely loosening the cinch and slipping the bridle bit from the jaded animal's mouth. This for a moment impressed me as being somewhat strange, but, remembering the character of my guest, I offered no comment upon the circumstance. Having refreshed himself upon the meal I had the epoch made for him, Navajo Dick joined the group about the fire while he adapted himself to the sociability of the occasion with his wonted hilarity, his demeanor was far from the quarrelsome tendency popularly ascribed to him. It was not until the boys had one by one been drawn to the seclusion of their blankets that he seemed himself to be confidential with me, when, upon believing that we were alone, he suddenly manifested an air of seriousness, and, in a modulated tone of voice observed:

"Well, old pard, I reckon I've about played my last string in these parts. Fact is, I'm dusting now, and how I came to be here tonight. You see, it's all the outcome of that affair over in Yuma last fall, when I had to kill Keno Bates, who was trying to bluff me, believing a bob-tailed flush beat two pair, and took to make a gun play on me while he raked in the jackpot. Now, Keno had the drop on me dead to rights, and I reckon if I hadn't of remembered that 'god' I learned while on the Stanford team in the old days, I'd have cashed in then and there. But, as it was, before he knew what was coming, I lifted the table over his head with the toe of my boot, and while waiting for him to pull himself together again, I put my gun and finished him."

"Well, as everyone knows, Keno held a high position among the boys out there, and before I was off to range anyhow, they put their heads together to fix me up. Of course, I didn't hang around waiting for the coroner's verdict, for I knew how chances stood so that I'd never get a straight deal, so I lit out in the order for the Upper Gila country. But the word was of the business was that \$1000 reward they fixed on my head, for it's kept a class of hybrids on my trail, and I think nothing of perforating a fellow's back for a coin that's in it. It was a pair of these cheap shots that brought matters to a head over in Tombstone before last. It seems that they got wind somehow that I was there, and came all the way from Yuma to lay down that thousand. I was over at Jack Thompson's hurdy gurdy when they showed up, and not seeing an opening for any dirty work—there being too many of the boys on hand at the time—of them stepped in to me, and, with a patronizing smirk on his face, told me he was sorry, but he'd have to ask me to come along with him, as he had a warrant for my arrest, which he handed over for me to read. But I wasn't interested in that class of literature just then, for I was only in the little game, which was to get my eyes off them for a second, so they could cover me. So I demanded to see their badges, at which they pulled back their heads, showing two dirty little snips of white ribbon which 'Deputy Sheriff' printed on them, planned to their use. I knew then to a certainty they were specials, and for blood money, so I just gave them the laugh and told them to hunt me up some other time, as that was one of my busy nights. But at that they both reached for their guns—and now I've got the whole country up at my heels for being quicker than they were."

Navajo Dick paused for a moment at the close of this sanguinary narrative, while he pensively smoked his cigarette. Then he suddenly inquired:

"By the way, do you know the 'Kid' and his pals who have crossed the Mexican border into the Territory again?"

"The Apache Kid!" I exclaimed. "No, I've heard nothing of it. When and where was he last seen?"

"Less than a week ago, in the Chiricahua foothills," replied Dick, "and it's rumored he's working his way north."

Now, this information was far from reassuring, for the Chiricahua Hills lay but 200 miles to the southeast and the section of country in which we were then working had been the very hotbed of the Kid's depredations two years before. In fact, the identical spot in which we were encamped had been the principal rendezvous for the renegade chief and his followers, who certainly exhibited excellent judgment in its selection for Juniper Lodge was unequaled in the natural advantages it possessed as a stronghold. Situated at the head of a deep, wedge-shaped gorge, which blanketed a range of foothills abruptly rising from the plain, it commanded a view of the country for miles around, dense growth of dwarf junipers about the lower environs of the retreat protected the principal of the approaches, the other consisting of a narrow, rocky file, leading down from among the rugged hills in the background. I had selected the location for our camp principally because of the convenience afforded by the gulch, which, by running a pole fence across the entrance, formed an excellent corral for our stock.

There were upward of 2000 yearling calves at present confined within the inclosure, and another day's feeding of a district some ten miles distant would complete the round-up. My force of vaqueros was small in proportion to the volume of work to be accomplished, and it would require the entire outfit in order to finish on the following day. Accordingly, the next morning's hands prepared for an early start. As we were about to leave, I was approached by Navajo Dick, who



"IN THE SAME INSTANT MY IDENTITY FLASHED UPON HIM."

dropped out of his former life as completely as if the earth had absorbed him.

Five years went by, and one afternoon I found myself in a little frontier town in Southeastern Arizona, to which section I had recently come for the purpose of assuming the foremanship of a somewhat extensive cattle ranch. On this particular afternoon I was standing under the broad veranda fronting the one general store supported by the community, and in connection with which was one of the seven saloons the settlement afforded. I had just lighted a cigar, and was in the act of tightening my saddle cinch, preparatory to setting out on my return to the ranch, when several pistol shots in rapid succession, accompanied by a series of barbaric whoops, suggesting nothing less vivid than the approach of a score of renegade Apaches on the rampage, caused me to glance up the street. What I saw in reality was a single horseman tearing wildly down the thoroughfare with a revolver in each hand, firing at anything and everything which pleased his seemingly indifferent fancy. Under ordinary circumstances I should doubtless have followed the initiative of the several loiterers in my immediate vicinity and sought the comparative safety of the nearest doorway within reach. But at this critical moment my horse, a rather spirited animal, alarmed at the commotion that had so abruptly ruptured the quiet of the sleepy village, jumped back with such suddenness and force as to snap his hackamore rope, and a moment later was dashing down the street in advance of the demonstrative newcomer. The result was that, in my efforts to grasp the remnant of hair rope dangling from the neck of the frightened animal, I found myself in the middle of the street and almost under the hoofs of the bronco mounted by the reckless rider, who, taking note of the runaway, speedily returned his revolvers to their holsters. Then, by way of varying his amusement, he loosened his riata from its throng, and with a yell that might easily have been mistaken for the hysterical clamor of a steam siren,

swore once that no man from California who recognized me would ever live to carry the tale back there, and I'll own I intended to 'drop' you out in front a minute ago, but your nerve saved you."

We shook hands, and I assured him that his life's secret was safe with me. Then we sat down at a small deal table and talked, not of our college days, for, appreciating the painfulness of those associations for him, I prudently refrained from alluding to the subject, dwelling only upon his career on the border.

The candor of his statements left no doubt as to his antipathy for society and his contempt for organized law. He touched, without the slightest suggestion either of bravado or of restraint, upon the numerous escapades in which he had figured, and frankly admitted that he was wanted upon one charge or another in almost every township between the Gila and Rio Grande.

It was a sad contrast—the past and present of this stoic outlaw, who, but for the capriciousness of fate, might have been as powerful an agency for good as he undeniably was for evil. But, however profound the sympathy I entertained for him, I realized the utter fruitlessness of expressing the same, and confined myself to close attentiveness and an occasional comment throughout his recital.

In the course of our somewhat prolonged conversation an unusually large crowd had collected within the saloon, and furtive glances were constantly being cast in our direction. Remarking this fact to Dick, he explained in an off-handed manner, that he reckoned they were wondering when he would begin shooting the stoppers off the decanters behind the bar, in pursuance of his usual custom. "But," he added, with a tinge of acrimony in his voice, "for the sake of old times I'll surprise them and be decent for once."

It was the recollection of this slight mitigative element in his disposition which impelled me to assume a different aspect from the concurrence of judgment as to the probable outcome of Navajo's subsequent appearance



## A NOVEL WEAPON.

THE STORY OF A DILEMMA OF PERIL  
AND ITS SOLUTION.

By a Special Contributor.

**M**AJ. G. A. FORSYTH, with fifty picked men, reached the Republican River on the eighth day of his pursuit of a marauding band of Arapahoes, and prepared to go into camp on the Arickaree Fork, selecting a point where the river divided so as to inclose a sandy strip of island barely a hundred yards long. On the bank of the main stream the little band was assailed by fully a thousand Brules, Sioux, Cheyennes and "Dog Soldiers," who swarmed from the hills to the west and north, shouting and brandishing their weapons, and making a picture terrifying beyond description.

Surrender was not thought of, for it meant torture and death for every man. Maj. Forsyth ordered his command to lead their ponies across the shallow water to the sandy strip, there tie them in a circle to the stunted bushes, and then lie down and fight to the last. The Indians also dismounted, and creeping to the river bank, opened a fierce fire with their Spencer and Henry rifles. With the aid of their knives, and by working desperately, the defenders threw up little hillocks of sand in the form of a circle, but so hot was the fire of the red men that two of the soldiers were killed and several severely wounded. Among the latter was Maj. Forsyth, who a few minutes later was struck again, his left leg being shattered below the knee. Within the same minute, Dr. Movers, surgeon of the party, fell dead from a ball through his head. Before the Indian fire slackened, every horse belonging to the white men was killed.

The lull lasted but a brief while, when full 300 warriors, under the lead of the famous chief, Roman Nose, led a furious charge, but they were repulsed by the unerring aim of the soldiers, Roman Nose being one of the first to tumble from his horse. The charge was repeated several times through the day, but in each instance was repulsed. When night closed in, four of the defenders were dead, four mortally, four severely, and ten slightly wounded. Among the slain, besides the surgeon, was Lieut. F. H. Beecher, nephew of the late Henry Ward Beecher. All the provisions were gone, there were no medical supplies, and the Indians had completely invested them. Moreover, the nearest post from which help could be obtained was Fort Wallace, more than a hundred miles distant.

On the other hand, the soldiers had plenty of ammunition; water could be secured by digging in the sand, and the bodies of the mules and horses insured against starvation, though in a few days their presence under the hot sun would become intolerable.

The only possible hope was in getting word to Fort Wallace. Trudeau and Jack Stillwell, both among the best scouts in the West, left the island as soon as it was dark, stealing silently down the river until lost to sight in the gloom. Their comrades listened long, but heard nothing, and, knowing their enemies would be on the alert for such an attempt, agreed that both had been captured and put to death.

The firing continued all the next day, and at night two more scouts were sent out, but they were discovered, and barely succeeded in getting back to the island. The third night two others made the attempt, and managed to get through the lines. By this time there was no food that could be eaten, and all knew that death was certain before the last couple could reach the fort and bring help to the defenders, whose situation was desperate and pitiful in the extreme.

Our interest, however, lies with Trudeau and Stillwell, the first two scouts who left the island. It was only moderately dark, and since the water did not reach their knees, swimming was impossible. So it may be said they crept along the bed of the river for fully a mile, with only their heads in sight. The clouds increased overhead, and as the men slowly passed down stream, their hope grew. Their aim was to go so far that when they left the river they would be beyond the Indian lines. They heard through the oppressive stillness the sounds of horses' hoofs, the occasional exchange of signals, and the various noises which showed that the dusky foes were on the alert for all attempts of that nature.

Since every rod passed added vastly to their advantage, the scouts kept up their stealthy, silent advance until fully three miles below the island. With such extreme care did they move that half the night was gone when they turned to shore and stepped out. They were now in the rear of the Indian lines and headed for Fort Wallace; but the roving hostiles were on every hand and likely to be met at any hour of the long journey. The prairie grass was too short to hide their bodies when walking, and great as was the need of haste, both knew it was impossible to travel by daylight; they must lie by until darkness.

When it began growing light in the east, they were some ten miles from the river. They had to seek cover without delay and turned their steps toward a spot where the grass was slightly taller and thicker than that over which they were treading. As they reached it the came became plain. The white bones of a buffalo showed that his body had so fertilized the ground that for a space of a few square yards the grass was ranker. By lying down they could hide themselves from the sight of anyone passing not too near.

The sun had just appeared on the rim of the horizon when they sat down and ate the lunch brought with them. They had not reached their shelter a minute too soon, for when they peered out between the blades of grass they saw horsemen moving here and there, while from the direction of the Republican the vicious re-

ports of rifles showed that the besiegers and besieged were at it again.

Since the scouts must stay where they were until nightfall, it was agreed to take turns in sleeping and keeping watch, the term being three hours each. Trudeau had the first watch, but Stillwell, using some of the buffalo bones for a pillow, was no more than fairly asleep when the sentinel touched him.

"Wake up, Jack, but don't rise."

"What is it?" asked the other, opening his eyes without stirring.

"There's a band of twenty Indians riding this way, and if they don't make a turn mighty soon their ponies will step on us."

Stillwell noiselessly turned on his side, and parting the blades of grass with his hand, peered cautiously out. His companion was right; fully a score of Indians were coming slowly toward them, as if with no particular object in view. They were headed for the very spot.

"All we can do is to lie low," whispered Stillwell, "and if it's to be a fight—well, you know we come high."

"You bet," grimly responded the other, slightly shifting the grasp upon his Winchester.

The growth of rank grass was less than twenty feet across at the longest part. A horseman fifty yards off could see both of the men, if he looked closely, or if they made the slightest movement or disturbance of the grass. It was almost at the point named that the Indian horsemen made a slight change of direction, but as it was it must bring them within less than a hundred yards. The men hugged the ground closely, pressing against it with their ears, so that they plainly detected the faint, dull thumping of the ponies' hoofs, even while they were beyond sight.

It was at this trying moment that both heard a sudden, spiteful buzzing, like the rattle of a locust. They knew its meaning, and, turning their heads like a flash, saw an immense rattlesnake slowly approaching, head and tail slightly raised above the ground, with the tip of the former oscillating so rapidly that it looked like a mist.

The plainsman gives little heed to the crotalus, for no reptile is killed so easily. Then, too, it is cowardly, and rarely or never attacks a man, unless first attacked, but some strange instinct may have told this particular reptile that these two scouts were helpless, or he may have been angered because his home was invaded. Be that as it may, there could be no doubt he meant to attack the intruders.

When Stillwell raised his head and looked at the rattler, he plainly saw through the grass the Indian party, less than a hundred yards beyond. If their attention should be directed toward this patch of verdure they must see both the men. The cubbing of his gun to crush the reptile, or, indeed, the slightest movement to repel the hideous thing, would bring the warriors to the spot.

The rattler, having reached the right striking distance, threw itself into coil, the tail still buzzing, while the neck curved upward, and the flat, triangular head made ready to dart forward with the quickness of lightning and drive its fangs into the bronzed cheek of Stillwell, who was nearer to it than his companion.

That veteran of the plains, to his horrified amazement, felt something of that strange, subtle spell which the crotalus is believed capable of exerting over its prey, but at no time did he become helpless or lose command of himself. He looked intently at the beady eyes, gleaming and glistening like points of black fire; he saw the jaws gape, showing the crimson interior and the tongue darting here and there like a splinter of flame, the tiny teeth, and the fangs, curved over and sharp as a needle point, hollowed and acting as the duct for the sacks at their roots that were bursting with venom.

The horrible head swayed from side to side, with a slow, wavy, graceful motion, as if the reptile were fixing upon the precise point in which to bury its fangs. The target it had chosen was beyond question the cheek of Stillwell, who, shaking off the frightful incubus, whispered:

"I'll take the Injins, Tru—"

Before, however, he could swing his clubbed Winchester, his companion gripped his arm as a signal for him not to stir. Then there was a faint whizz in the silent air, as if made by the flitting of a bird's wing, a thin, yellow spear darted in front of his eyes, and the rattler, frantically unclogging, disappeared in a twinkling on the prairie beyond. Trudeau's jaws had been working vigorously for a few moments over his tobacco, and the stream which he shot from between his lips struck the open mouth and eyes of the rattler as unerringly as a rifle shot. Pained and scared, he unclogged and fled.

The Indian horsemen, following their new course, galloped away, and soon disappeared. Trudeau and Stillwell remained hidden until night, when they hurried toward Fort Wallace, which was reached without further adventure; and a force was sent in time to rescue the little band at bay on the island in the river.

E. S. ELLIS.

[Margaret E. Sangster in the April Ladies' Home Journal:] A girl cannot too sedulously guard her mother, nor too gently bear with her, if the mother have reached a period where she is more easily wearied than formerly, and where little things vex her. To some of us there come days when our hearts are heavy because we were not so sweet and loving as we might have been, and God alone can help us when this realization comes too late.

[Milwaukee Journal:] One of the tentacles of the present system of electing officeholders is that the politicians save the dear people all trouble of selecting candidates. What do the voters know about who needs an office anyway?

March 21, 1901.]

turned me that if I had no objections, he would remain at the camp until nightfall before continuing on his way. I will confess I was not overpleased with this arrangement, for I had hoped he would take his departure that morning, but, not caring to antagonize him, I consented to his staying. The circumstance, however, gave rise to a great variety of speculations on the part of the boys while riding away, as to how Dick would occupy his time during our absence. Some predicted that he would most probably levitate with a bunch of his best saddle horses, while others were of the opinion that his presence argued poorly for the colored cook, the only other occupant of the camp.

The afternoon was well advanced before we started on our return, urging before us a mixed drove of range cattle and yearlings. At various intervals within the past hour we had heard vague sounds in the distance, seemingly coming from the direction of Juniper Lodge, and which, as we advanced, gradually resolved themselves into the unmistakable discharge of firearms. This conviction once established in our minds, we hesitated for nothing, but, leaving our herd in the midst of the plain, galloped up to our horses and dashed forward toward the camp. As we sped madly along a score of apprehensions whirled through my brain, the most plausible of which was that a posse of officers had come upon Navajo Dick with the inevitable result of a fight. Before we had covered half the intervening distance, however, there was a cessation in the firing, and for the remainder of the way an ominous silence prevailed.

Arriving at the pole fence which inclosed the gulch we passed just long enough to throw aside the bars, and then dashed onward through the terrified drove of yearlings up to the lodge. Bursting through the juniper thicket, the first sight that met our eyes was the figure of Navajo Dick, stretched out in a half-reclining position behind a fallen tree, which lay facing the narrow pass leading up among the rocks. A second glance about us revealed the half-naked, inert bodies of five Apache Indians sprawled out at the foot of the trail, while the empty cartridge shells which littered the ground about the prostrate form of the frontiersman told more eloquently than words the details of the unequal struggle.

Poor, gallant Dick! All his shortcomings were forgotten as I sprang to the ground and knelt beside him. A dark-red stain on his shirt just over his heart showed that he was desperately hit, but his breathing was still faintly perceptible, and at the touch of my hand upon his brow he regained consciousness. As his eyes wearily opened, I noticed that the wild, hunted expression had left them, and in its place was a look of quiet tranquillity—the gaze that met mine was no longer that of Navajo Dick, but of my youthful associate, Richard Winston. For an instant his glance wandered abstractedly from one to another of us, and then, seeming to recall the situation, he summoned his energies, and, raising himself on one arm, faintly gasped:

"It's all right, old pard—the stock's safe—and the cook—he's—hiding—back yonder—in—the junipers—where—I—sent—"

The effort was seemingly exhausted, and the outlaw's head sank heavily against my shoulder, but suddenly he started up again, and, raising his arm, exclaimed: "A thousand dollars on his head—and—Apache Kid—turn—the—card!"

A second time my arm supported his drooping frame—the tired eyes for an instant looked yearningly into the deepening twilight, and Navajo Dick had passed beyond the jurisdiction of Arizona justice.

JOSE DE OLIVARES.

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## NEW MILLINERY FOR SUMMER WEAR.

[Millinery Trade Review:] With the drapery effects continued in full force, abundant use will again be made of diaphanous tissues. Of these, Malines tulle will have first consideration, as it has in its texture a degree of elasticity that does not belong to chiffon or any of the silk gauzes, and thus is better adapted to required purposes. It will be employed both for veiling and lining, rarely ever singly, but in two, three, four, and a greater number of plies, and sometimes in as many different colors, revealed through straw laces in charming nacré and glacé effects. As are in the new mousselines de soie, there are tulle striped with narrow tinsel and straw braids, and otherwise brodered with gold, silver and straw cord, and also enriched with spangles—small square spangles, varying the round spangles of the last several years, and the ring spangles of the last season or two. Novelties in silk gauzes, almost as delicate in texture as if woven of air, are in exquisite-printed floriated designs, extremely interesting manufactures being of silk gossamer, of white grounding in printed figures of black lace, relieved with dainty floriations, and outlined in tambour work of fine gold thread. There have been large importations of plissé silk mullin.

## A NEW METHOD OF USING OSTRICH FEATHERS.

[Millinery Trade Review:] Ostrich is more worn than usual at this season. The broader-brimmed hats are often trimmed with them. As yet, this kind of hat is somewhat exceptional, and is more often to be seen in black than in color.

A new method of adjusting ostrich tips is to attach them to the semi-coronet, which tilts the hat or toque to one side, so that they stand almost erect, the points curving back over the brims. In this case the coronet may consist of a semi-circular ornament in pierced gilt metal or cut jet. The gilt ornament is chosen for a toque, made of pink lisse, arranged in a quantity of flat plaits, like the leaves of a book encircling the edge of the brim; and to this are attached, in the manner just described, two black ostrich tips. The same arrangement is carried out with white tips and a jet ornament for a white tulle toque, the turban border of which is veiled with black tulle, very closely sewn over with square, black spangles.



## THE HOUSE BEAUTIFUL.

By Kate Greenleaf Locke.

### Two Rooms in Pomona.

MRS. R. C. P. says: "I wish to furnish the two front rooms of my cottage, and wish you would advise me about curtains, carpets and color of walls. The woodwork is yellow-oiled pine, furniture in parlor antique oak and wicker, piano dark. In dining-room I have oak sideboard chairs and table, the rooms are connected by sliding doors. If I put a rug in the parlor, what would you advise for dining-room that would harmonize and yet be cheaper? As each room has a window toward the street, how shall I arrange the curtains? I would like lace in the parlor. Would you tint the hall the same color as the rooms?"

Your rooms would be pretty in cold green, with cream ceilings. When this is done you will find that they have a fresh and charming look which will make it easy to complete your furnishing. Use creamy yellow in dining-room for sash curtains, table cover, cushions, and light shades. Use pale, or old blue, and old rose in parlor with the green walls. I would curtain the windows toward street alike, as to the creamy-yellow sash curtains, and put lace in parlor and dotted muslin in dining-room. There are very few rooms in which these yellow silk sash curtains do not look well. They impart not only a delicate glow of color to the room within, but a certain desirable finish to the windows as seen from the outside. A matting on both rooms, with rug or rugs in parlor of green Brussels, and an ingrain or terry rug under dining table, also of green, would be my choice for floor covering. I do not care for an all-over carpet in cottages. I think such carpets tend to lessen the effect of artistic simplicity which should be aimed at in small houses.

### A Poppy Ceiling.

"Alice" of Riverside says: "I have so much enjoyed your help in making the houses beautiful that I thought perhaps you could help me out. My bedroom is a tiny affair, only 9½x11½, and I am in a quandary about it. I have green matting on the floor, green Holland shades, with white Swiss curtains over them, ruffled. At present the walls are white, or supposed to be. They are somewhat soiled. I want them papered, but cannot find just what I want that comes within the reach of my pocket-book. An ingrain I find is almost too expensive, yet it is the only thing that really suits me. I can find nothing that is just what I want, either. I am particularly desirous of having pink roses in the border and ceiling, but everything I find here is either too large a pattern or else not a pretty pink. I found a pretty pattern in pink poppies, but the border is not so pretty. I had an idea, but don't know if it is feasible. That is, to paper the wall with a pretty green ingrain, and the ceiling and border with a pale shade of green. Then getting a roll of this poppy paper and cutting them out and putting them on the ceiling and border carelessly. I suppose it would be almost an endless piece of work, though. Can you suggest anything more reasonable in price?"

"Then I have another problem. It is the sitting-room. It is about 12 feet square, and at present has white walls, which are to be papered a creamy tan very soon. But, somehow, I cannot arrange the furniture to suit me. There is a writing desk, a large table, a smaller one, with ferns on it; a couch, and several chairs. What shall I do with them? Also, what kind of a cover would you suggest for the fern table?"

My advice would be to paper your ceiling and frieze with the poppy paper, using the green cartridge paper (which is quite inexpensive) on the side walls. This cartridge paper can be bought for 15 and 20 cents a roll. If green does not go with groundwork of poppy paper, you can perhaps find some delicate tint that corresponds. In arranging your furniture I can only suggest that you put your fern near a window, using a white-embroidered linen cover on the table. In so small a room it is better to set most of the furniture against the walls. Under my fern pots I often use a mat or ray of Chinese make. They are woven, I think, of split bamboo.

### Double Parlor in Terra Cotta.

S. J. E., Los Angeles, says: "I have double parlors, papered like inclosed sample, with figured ceiling, the effect is light terra cotta, the woodwork is stained redwood (cherry.) The furniture in front parlor is a four-piece set, three chairs covered with shades of terra cotta and one with olive green. Also, olive-green portieres, which could be discarded. What would you advise for floor covering in front parlor? We had in mind a Brussels rug, Bohara pattern, in red or green. The rooms are now carpeted with Brussels carpet, with mode ground with pink and green figures. This will be retained in back parlor. What would you suggest for lounge cover in this room? The furniture is wicker and oak."

Why not use your olive-green portieres and carry out their suggestion by getting a Brussels rug in moss green, and laying a plain green border of terry? The terry, or filling, is said to wear well, but I cannot vouch for it from experience. It is certainly very artistic in effect. Cover your lounge in back parlor with plain, moss-green velour, using cushions of old rose (which tones with paper) and plain green silk. The rug in Bohara pattern would be pretty with this border of plain green.

### A Bungalow Plan.

Mrs. J., Los Angeles, says: "In one of your articles describing the plan of a cottage under a square roof, I failed to make it square, as you will see by the sketch

below. This is drawn according to your description. There is also no mention made of the location of the kitchen or porch. I am much interested in the plan of having the rooms under a square roof, providing they can be arranged artistically and conveniently."

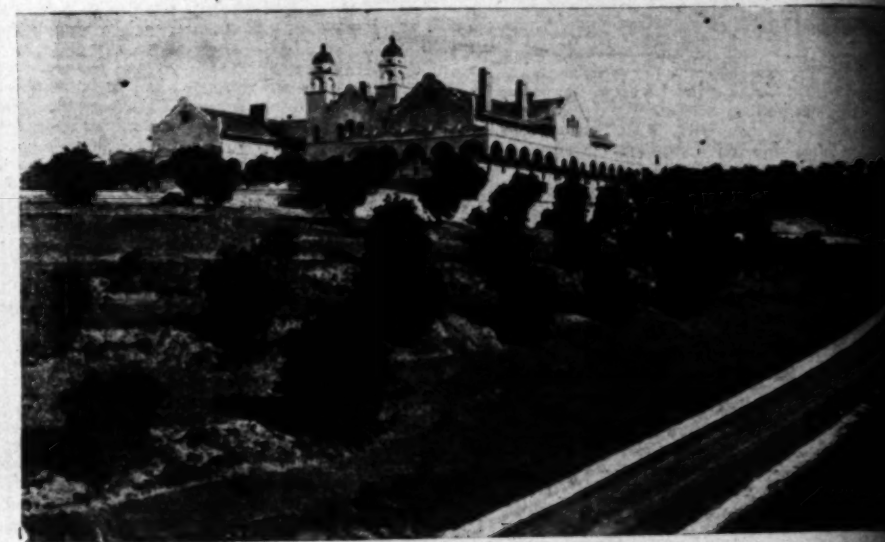
I fear that unintentionally I have misled you somewhat. By a "square roof" I meant one square in outline without hips or gables or breaks of any kind. You perceive that you have drawn a long square. I am glad that I was able to give you so correct a description of this pretty house. You have caught the idea of the bathroom except that you have allotted it an equal space with the bedrooms. The bathroom I mentioned was about eight feet wide, while the bedrooms were each 12x14. The kitchen ran out in an ell back of dining-room, and connected with it by a small butler's pantry. Thus you see the house itself formed two sides of a small court and the back porch ran along in front of kitchen. A beautiful effect was obtained at the back of this little house by latticing in the other two sides of square formed by the house. This court was covered with a close-cut velvet turf, orange trees, bananas, and the immense leafed Japanese paper tree, grew within the small inclosure, while vines climbed up the lattice and formed a partial roof by interlacing overhead. Here were garden seats and a rustic tea table, and here the family spent many a pleasant hour of the afternoon or early morning.

### Concerning Rag Carpets.

Mrs. L. A. H., Redlands: I am very sorry that I cannot be of service to you in regard to your rag carpet. I have not now the address of any weaver. I received a letter of complaint from some one to whom I sent an address. I had sent this weaver's address to dozens of people, who applied to me, and hearing that this woman needed work, I gladly turned all of these applications in her direction. Since the receipt of the letter of bitter complaint, I am naturally afraid to send any more work there. I have recently learned that there is a fine weaver in South Pasadena. Judging from the great number of applications that I receive weekly I should judge that it would pay these weavers to advertise their work in the daily papers.

### In Oak Dining-room in Green.

L. C. M., Pasadena, wishes a suggestion made for a



NEW BURRAGE RESIDENCE, REDLANDS, CAL.

scheme in greens. This is for a dining-room which is to be finished and furnished in antique oak. Strangely enough, a dining-room with which I am very familiar is just this scheme. I will describe it exactly as it stands, and you can adapt the scheme to suit your own taste. The walls and ceiling are calcimined over quite rough plaster, with a rather light shade of cold green. This color looks well with the oak finish of the woodwork. The floor is stained oak, very dark. The large rug which covers the center of the floor, is a Lowell velvet in dark, rich oriental coloring, with a good deal of white in the border. The tiling of fireplace is green, several shades darker than wall's, all of the hardware is wrought-iron. A row of thin casement windows looking toward the west, is curtained with straight, full curtains, to sill, of white muslin, having square embroidered dots. Over these hang scarf curtains of heavy raw silk in a rather dark shade of green. These are made of an old Japanese spread which had faded through more than fifty years' use in that country, to a most delicious, soft tone. The spread was ripped up and the straight breadths slightly fringed at the ends, were thrown over the brass curtain rod. A large bay window at the south end of the dining-room has sash curtains of white muslin and long curtains hung in front of bay of the green raw silk. Chinese pots of flowering plants and ferns fill the window seat and show to special advantage between the drapery of cold green silk. Suspended from the center of this alcove is one of those strong, pliable Japanese jar-holders, woven of bamboo and grass. A clear glass fish bowl placed in it holds great branches of the climbing scarlet geranium. The buffet of antique oak, with French mirror, is curtained with green silk several shades darker than window curtains. The silver candleabra on this buffet, with scarlet candles and shades and two dark green cut-glass decanters, reproduce exactly the effect of the red geranium with its green leaves in window. Another note of scarlet is a brilliant Navajo blanket which curtains the doorway. The needful touch of dull blue in this room is supplied by a

large tapestry painting, which hangs over a mirror. It has a background of blue sky and green trees, and is framed simply in a broad band of oak. Indian baskets take delightfully to the green walls and many richly-toned old pieces of work are hung around the room. You may find it necessary to note the touches of scarlet and blue on the sideboard, but it is the completeness of the details which renders the room attractive.

### Cretonne Curtains.

V. S.: Line your cretonne curtains with a fine olive in a delicate shade and this, as they pass through them, will lend them a faint glow. That they have a white ground with pink roses, that they are somewhat cold looking for the rest of the year. These linings are inexpensive and will not fade unless exposed to strong sunlight. As you hang them over your windows, you will be safe in using any material.

### An Old-fashioned Mahogany Sofa.

If you wish to use your handsome old mahogany hall, you cannot do better than to have it covered with a fine close-weave white matting. You may use cushions of any color on it. Leather cushions with gold and silver foil in designs, would be handsome and would correspond with the coloring of your hall. On your mahogany hall stand, advise a large lamp mat also of leather. The pattern in purple on green leather, and touched with old silver, is a most beautiful design. Another table cover for a hall or living-room is a red and Kiskillim rug. You can often find these in faded colors and of a thin, pliable texture. They are especially useful when one wishes, in a handsome way, to make use of a plain table. My favorite flowers, I will admit, is a tall one of cut-glass, in these expensive affairs, I like the simplest ones, which have a twist in the stem and open in the morning glory. They will hold half a dozen stemmed roses beautifully. These pretty little things be bought for 10 cents. I have never been able to range flowers effectively in the so-called rose in you ever tried wiring the heavy-headed roses in decoration? This is the only way in which I can see La Marque rose. A piece of wire netting dam-

the top of a glass bowl will support the flowers stuck through its meshes. A grass basket with maidenhair ferns, both inside and out, looks suspended by very thin ropes of smilax from the center of the table. This sort of decoration is very airy and dainty and permits a flat ceiling which does not obstruct the view.

### For portieres.

E. F., Los Angeles, writes: "My parlor is lined with a cold pastel green. I have portieres of some silk plush in this color to hang in the doorway to library (which is in darker green.) These are lined with silk the shade of library walls. I tell me of an artistic way to ornament them? The decorator suggests embroidery, but I do not like the idea." I would suggest that you use applique leather work on the plush. If you will have it in a thoroughly artistic manner, your curtains be quite magnificent. You could, for instance, border near the bottom, of conventionalized pattern touched with silver and gold. These growing up, with a few sharp-pointed leaves, would be just what you need. If you prefer another design, use disks and circles of leather. You will tire of embroidery much more than of the leather work.

### A Couch Cover.

"Mary," Pomona, wishes to know what to do with the covering of a couch which she has in a yellow. She has, by my advice, hung yellow silk curtains at her windows, her carpet is brown, with small figures, and her walls plain yellow. I would suggest a couch with velours or corduroy, in golden brown use cushions on it of yellow silk.

The housekeeper of "The House Beautiful" will accept, all proper and clearly stated queries addressed to the care of The Times, from whatever source or locality, and will be a resident of California or not; and where possible, have been clearly understood on any particular point, or privately, making no necessary explanation. Answers to queries frequently, to be deferred for a week or more.



## Graphic Pen Pictures Sketched Far a-Field.

## Based on an Increase in Salary.

THE death in Camden of John Cunningham, who for a full half-century worked about the Camden station of the Pennsylvania Railroad, and for the past twenty-five years drove a mule, attached to a baggage cart, up and down the station platforms, will recall to memory the fact that this same John Cunningham had the unique reputation of being the only employé of the great corporation known to have refused to accept an increase of salary. Few of those who laughed at the old Irishman for his eccentricity, however, knew that his refusal to receive more money for his faithful service had its foundation in a pathetic sense of delicacy and affectionate self-sacrifice, generally looked upon as unusual in men of his class.

John had a brother—some said he was a twin; at any rate, a man near his own age—and the quiet and unobtrusive affection of each for the other was extremely touching. They lived and worked together during the whole of their long lives, never being separated even for a day. When one of them secured employment many years ago with the old Camden and Amboy Railroad he managed in some way to get his brother work also, and side by side they toiled during the long years, at the same work and for the same pay.

One day Gen. Sewall, now United States Senator, who was then, as now, in charge of the Pennsylvania's New Jersey lines, found a chance to advance John a little, and directed that his monthly rate of pay be increased \$1. When John received his money on pay day and found the extra amount he thought there must be some mistake, and he went to the superintendent to set things right.

When told that there was no mistake, but that his pay had been increased, the old man turned the money over in his hands and asked whether "Pete" would receive more money also.

The superintendent replied in the negative, whereupon John quietly laid \$5 on the astonished official's desk, with the firm but respectful remark that "He'd not take more money until 'Pete' got it too." "Pete" never did get it, and never knew that John might have had it.—[Philadelphia Bulletin.]

## A Hurdy Gurdy Miser Worth \$25,000.

TIMOTHY M'GRATH, a quaint West Side character, was found dead in his room on West Thirty-eighth street on Friday afternoon. In a tin box in his room the police found bankbooks representing accounts amounting to nearly \$25,000. They also found deeds for a house and lot in Fortieth street, near Fifth avenue; two lots near Greenwood Cemetery, and a deed of a plot in Calvary.

For twenty years Timothy McGrath, who was almost totally blind, has lived in squalid apartments, which he occupied at his death. There was at first a great deal of mystery about the old man. Every morning he would go out carrying in his arms a hurdy gurdy, and every night he would return and go to his room. Brown was the only man in the house he would permit to enter his room, and Brown it was who, during the last few months of his life, purchased at a neighboring grocery the absolute necessities of the old man's life.

McGrath was 58 years old. He was a well-known figure on the West Side, and he would station himself on some Eighth-avenue corner every day and grind out tunes on his hurdy gurdy and gather in the pennies which were freely given to the old blind man.—[New York Herald.]

## The Biggest Man in the World.

A YOUNG French-Canadian giant at present in Ottawa is believed by his admirers to be the biggest man in the world. His name is Edward Beupré.

He is 7 feet 8 inches tall. His weight is 362 pounds, and his feet are 17½ inches long. Around the arm close to the armpit, his measurement is 54 inches.

Beupré is only 20. He is a native of the Northwest Territory of Canada. His father was a French-Canadian and his mother a halfbreed.

Up to the age of 3 the young giant was no bigger than an ordinary baby of that age. From that time he grew enormously, until at the age of 10 he was 6 feet tall.

He is in excellent health. All his brothers and sisters are of normal size.—[Quebec Correspondence Cincinnati Enquirer.]

## The Biggest Watermelon.

HERE is the record-breaking watermelon of the United States. It was raised last season in Colorado, in the Rocky Ford region, on the farm of former State Senator Swenk. It is nearly five feet in length, three feet in circumference, and it weighs 356 pounds. The melon was the giant of a large patch grown for the market. The soil in the Rocky Ford Valley is naturally adapted to the prolific growth of the melon, and when aided by some special fertilizing agent its productive power is considerably increased, thereby yielding astonishing results.

One of the great occasions of the year in Rocky Ford is the annual watermelon day. This occurs in the height of the melon season, and is attended by hundreds of cultivators. After the prizes have been awarded the fruit is cut open and a general feast follows.—[Kansas City Star.]

## His Heart Beats Move a Bullet.

A BULLET in a living, pulsating human heart, rising and throbbing with each throb of that engine of life a leaden defiance of the laws and traditions of surgery,

was seen when W. C. Fuchs, in his laboratory in the S. Hiller Building, turned the Röntgen rays upon the chest of C. B. Nelson of Cadillac, Mich.

Mr. Nelson has carried this unique souvenir of a murderous attack for more than four years. He expects to carry it many more years, for at the age of 35 he is strong as an ox and full of health and vigor. He endures life without the slightest inconvenience from the bullet in his heart, and visited the specialist in X-rays merely to learn whether the bullet had shifted its position. Nelson's case is remarkable in the annals of surgery. The shooting was as mysterious as the result is wonderful.

One evening in the summer of 1896 Nelson and Miss Marguerite Staples were sitting on the banks of a lagoon in Washington Park. Suddenly a negro thrust his head from a clump of bushes and fired a revolver at Mr. Nelson. Nelson fell to the ground, and the police came in answer to Miss Staples's screams. The negro, who was presumably insane, was never captured.

The surgeons at the Chicago Hospital found the bullet in the pericardium, where it had become imbedded in the muscles. They told Nelson he had one chance in a thousand to live and that an operation would mean a quicker death. Nelson took the chance. He said he would live and carry the bullet with him. To the wonder of the medical world his prophecy proved true. He clung to the thread of life a week. Then his grasp grew stronger, and after a month he was able to leave the hospital in excellent physical condition. He has been in good health ever since.

The examination showed that the position of the bullet has not changed in the slightest degree.—[Denver Republican.]

## Thanks from the Government.

FEMININE desire "to see what would happen" caused Miss Cenzle May Scherer of Louisville to put her name and address into a bottle and toss it into mid-ocean last June. She lives at No. 131 Baxter avenue.

Now the young woman is the possessor of a letter from the hydrographic department of the United States navy, thanking her for assistance in the investigation of ocean currents.

The bottle was thrown from the steamship Hanover, bound for Bremen and seven days out from New York, June 22, 1900. Miss Scherer was with a party of friends and on the seventh day out several bottles of wine were opened. Miss Scherer helped empty one of the bottles, and then put her name and address and the date into the bottle, throwing it into the Atlantic. The assistance of scientific research was farthest from her mind. Bottle and ship quickly parted company, each making more or less rapid progress toward its fixed destination.

The ship arrived at Bremen June 29; the bottle was picked up near the coast of Southern France, December 31, 1900.

Miss Scherer completed her visit and returned to her home in Louisville. The bottle incident was recalled to mind recently by the receipt of the following letter: "Madame: First—The Hydrographic Office acknowledges, with thanks, the receipt of the bottle paper thrown overboard by you June 22, 1900 (?) from the s.s. Hanover, position not stated. Was found December 31, 1900, in the vicinity of Plovan, department of Finistère, France.

"Second—Your assistance in the work of investigating ocean currents is appreciated. Respectfully, C. C. Todd, Commander, U.S.N., Hydrographer."—[Louisville Times.]

## Little of the Original Man Left.

GEORGE BURNS, a seventy-year-old Civil-War veteran, who wears a silver skull and is known as a marvel of surgery, is lying on a cot in ward 30 in Bellevue Hospital. The old man is just recovering from the latest of a series of accidents, which have left him with only a fraction of the anatomical outfit with which nature endowed him.

Hale and hearty and still able to follow his profession of marine engineering, surgeons say that Burns has been the victim of a remarkable list of injuries, and wonder that he has managed to survive them. According to records in different hospitals in this country, Burns has thus been dismembered:

Loss of the entire bony vault of skull, the top of the head being covered with a silver plate.

Five ribs gone from his left side, removed by surgeons.

Portion of right hip gone.

Both legs fractured in two places and both elbow joints missing.

Heart moved from its original position, owing to absence of ribs on left side.

Imbedded in breast bone a bullet, which cannot be removed owing to its presence near a main artery.

When the old man arose from his cot yesterday nobody would have suspected the defects in his anatomy. He is tall and ruddy, and wears a long white beard. He is blind in his left eye, although this latter fact cannot be detected by the casual observer.

Burns says he entered the navy in 1854.

"I went on the schooner Hartford," added the old man. "Then I served on the Kearsarge and other vessels. I was chief engineer on one of the ships of Rear-Admiral Porter's Mississippi squadron, in 1864, during the Red River expedition.

"It was during that expedition that a piece of shell glanced off the guards and struck me, causing a compound fracture of the skull. I was sent to Washington

and from there to Philadelphia, where my skull was trephined in the University of Pennsylvania.

"I was seventeen months in hospital, and spent seven months on a rubber mattress before I recovered. I had previously been in several engagements, and at Shiloh I got a bullet in my chest."

Burns says he left the United States navy after serving about thirty years, and afterward became a member of two Arctic expeditions, one of which started out to search for the Jeannette.

"I was in a steamboat wreck off the Canadian shore on January 18, four years ago, when I was crushed in the machinery. Thirty-seven pieces of bone were taken from my body. I have been in good health, in spite of all, until about two years ago, when a slight parting occurred in two of the plates in my skull. I had several epileptic attacks.

"I went to the postoffice one day to get my mail, when I had another epileptic attack, and fell to the sidewalk. I didn't know anything more until I woke up in Bellevue and found that I'd fractured one of my knee caps."

Burns says that he expects to be out of the hospital and at work again in a couple of weeks.—[New York Correspondence Boston Globe.]

## Breaks Bones When He Moves.

MANY as are the ills that man is heir to, new and rare afflictions are daily discovered. Of such probably none is so peculiar as that with which Adam Schratzki, a West Liberty-street baker, is afflicted, and from which he is now suffering a renewed attack.

In the last eight years Schratzki has had his legs and arms broken thirty-two times. This is not because Schratzki is by any means reckless or constantly confronted with dangers to life or limb, but because for a number of years he has been the victim of a strange visitation called in technical parlance, mollities ossium. If he is ever so careful and makes a slight misstep there is a sudden crack and his limb is broken. Should he suddenly jerk his arm, the same snap indicates that the member is broken, and for days and weeks he is obliged to keep his bed swathed in cotton and tied in splints until union of the fracture is attained. Perhaps he may step out of bed convalescent only to break the other limb. A young son seems to have inherited the affliction, as he has broken his arms and legs eight times in the same manner.—[Cincinnati Enquirer.]

## Seltzer Put Out Her Hair.

A CIGAR lighter, a seltzer bottle, a girl with a head of blond hair, and a drug clerk, made matters lively in an Evanston drug store yesterday afternoon. Miss June Whitfield, a "co-ed" in the Northwestern University, went into Wicke's drug store on Davis street and leaned against the cigar case. Behind her was a gas-flame cigar lighter. Miss Whitfield wears a long coiffure, and this came in contact with the flame. William Hamilton, the drug clerk, says that he doesn't remember just what happened during the next sixty seconds, but a young man who was in the store at the time says that Hamilton is a hero.

When Miss Whitfield discovered that her hair was on fire she gave a scream, tore her hat from her head and started to run for the door. Hamilton ran from behind the counter, seized her, and tried to put out the blaze with his hands, but that was more painful than effective. Soon most of the luxuriant locks were ruined, and the clerk saw that something must be done to save the girl from being severely burned. He jumped upon the counter in front of the soda fountain and reached for a seltzer bottle. Running to the girl, he pressed the lever and turned the stream into the flames. The young woman screamed and ran, but Hamilton followed her and played the stream into the locks. The blaze was soon extinguished, but the clerk kept the nozzle of the bottle directed at the young woman's head. She continued screaming and dodging. First the stream would strike her in the eyes and then in the ear. When the bottle was drained Hamilton caught his breath and asked Miss Whitfield if she was badly burned.

The blond locks, which have excited the envy of all the young women in the Northwestern, were ruined, but beyond this the young woman was not hurt. She lamented the loss of her hair, however, and left the store crying.—[Chicago Inter Ocean.]

## Married By Megaphone.

DR. JOSEPH LUTZ and Belle Reed, society leaders of this place, were married here today by a preacher who used a megaphone at a safe distance to perform the ceremony, because the couple were just recovering from smallpox in quarantine.

The bridal pair appeared at the window, and the clergyman stood on the opposite side of the street, and shouted the ceremony through a megaphone.

Dr. Lutz is a dentist. His bride is the daughter of Judge H. H. Reed of this place. The wedding was to have taken place two weeks ago. Preparations had been made for the event, but the day before the wedding was to occur the bride developed smallpox, and it was postponed.

Two days later Dr. Lutz developed the disease. They were both afflicted with a mild form, and today were well enough to appear together before the window long enough to be married.

The whole transaction was arranged by telephone, the license being placed in the hands of the Rev. Dr. Meredith. Dr. Lutz offered the minister a \$20 bill, but he declined it until it should be fumigated.

The couple will go South after they get out of quarantine.—[Smith Center (Kan.) Dispatch Philadelphia North American.]



# Fresh Literature. Reviews by the Times Reviewer.

## FICTION.

### Virginia Colonization.

**T**HAT epoch of American history which is associated with Raleigh's ill-fated colony at Roanoke is made the setting of this novel. The attempt at the solution of the mystery has engaged many pens. Whether the colony was adopted into the tribe of the Hatteras Indians and became amalgamated with the sons of the forest, as conjectured by Lawson and others, or whether the colonists perished in a massacre by hostile savages is still a disputed question. The author of this novel attempts another explanation.

The writer says in the opening chapter, "It is not to yesterday, that we would take you now, but to a day before innumerable yesterdays, across the dead sea of Time, to a haven mutable, yet immortal. For the Elizabethan era is essentially of the quick, although its dead have lain entombed for centuries."

The characters of the tale are Marlowe, the poet, Capt. Vytal, the hero, Gov. White and his daughter, Mistress Eleanor Dare, wife of the dissolute husband, Ananias Dare.

Lord Essex had admired Eleanor, and Queen Elizabeth had therefore somewhat coerced the marriage, by the promise of favors to Eleanor's father. He had been pardoned for a political offence and was sent from the town to a foreign appointment, as Governor of Virginia.

Among the other persons of the story are Frazer, the villain, who claimed to be Arthur Dudley, and a number of Indians and minor characters.

A line of Marlowe's poetry heads the chapters of the novel. This poet was frequently engaged in luring rhymes to Eleanor. John Vytal also admired Eleanor in secret, and protected her in trying positions.

The heroine, throughout the book has an inconvenient amount of over-admiration, which she seems to have been unable to repel. Frazer caused her to be kidnapped. Eleanor's escape is one of the graphic pages of the story. The various characters pass through stirring adventures and exciting episodes which show the author's inventive skill. The book is not wanting in rhetorical effects, and it will be welcomed among the large proportion of those who read historical fiction.

[John Vytal. A Tale of the Lost Colony. By William Farquhar Payson. Harper & Bros., New York. Price, \$1.20.]

### The Loom of the Dreamer.

The hero of this novel, Max Erling, lived in a New England factory town, and was known as a dreamer. His daughter Elsa was said to look like him, as she had the "same kind of see-nothing eyes." The persons of the story include a Mr. Blatchford, who owned the mill, where Max Erling was employed. He had been one of the lovers of Mary Erling in her young days, and when Max Erling became too engrossed with his dreams, covered his philanthropy to the family by saying that Max deserved overpay "on account of faithful service."

When Blatchford went to church, he bowed his head after Mary's singing, for, into the Puritan hymn, she sang the pride and glory of her past.

The New England villages are presented in a prosaic and sordid light, which hardly represents the general average. However, Dr. Burke, who used to preach the long sermons, is described as never having outgrown the days of youthful interest in his people.

"Days of scarlet fever listened to him from one pew, and days of wrestling and temptation from another, and days of mourning were there, for he knew the people better than they knew each other, and far better than they knew themselves." Only the old minister guessed the struggle in the soul of James Blatchford.

The character of Mary, the wife of Max, on account of her suspicious and puritanic cautions, is decidedly unattractive. Therefore it is pleasant to read of the times when the inventor takes his sympathetic Elsa away to the woods, apart from the world, for a holiday. The page in which Max Erling's wife had a visit from "our folks" is an entertaining picture. In view of this arrival all the children went through the process of having their locks shorn, and the haircutting process, and the importance of the necessity on account of the visit, is a clever description, for, says the author, "To be visited by your folks, for the time being you ceased to associate with other children. You wore stockings and shoes and hurried home from school to listen open-mouthed to stories about Nathan's hardships, and those of Eli, and discussions of John and Tobias's success out West, and David's tobacco crop. It was all mysterious and different and exalting. To drink from gilt-banded china every day, might well turn the steadiest head."

The tale has the not unusual theme of a man of dreams living in a narrow element of uncongeniality.

One of the epochs of the story is reached when on a winter night Max Erling went to buy the patent of an imperfect machine from a fellow-inventor, which his own conception had made more perfect.

Mary, his wife, with detestable suspicion, fearing he would cheat the other man, caused a telegram of warning to be sent in advance of her husband's arrival.

The death of James Blatchford left Mary an inheritance, and the inventor's wife could not understand why, after this good fortune, her husband should still keep on trying to perfect the machine, whose looms sung through his dreams, and told of the coming relief to labor.

The artist promised his wife that he would rest with the completion of his work. It was at this time that "a strange look came into his face," and the fingers relaxed their hold, and the dreamer ceased to dream.

The story is evidently written by one familiar with New England life, but the picture is on the whole un-

sympathetic. The courage of Max Erling, when he discovered the acute injustice inflicted on him by his wife's suspicion, and his philosophy in the face of adverse fortune, dignifies the narrative. There is predominance of child dialogue, but some of the chapters are not wanting in pathos and amusing fancy.

[A Pillar of Salt. By Jennette Lee. Houghton, Mifflin & Co., Boston and New York. For sale by Stoll & Thayer Company.]

### Along the Arno River.

This idyl of Pisa introduces Matteo Rodori at his work bench; he is pictured with "long face and dreamy eyes, broad brow and shapely head, which evinced the artistic temperament, checked, and perhaps dominated, by the austerity of the thin-lipped, firmly-closed mouth." Matteo in his green apron worked in the white marbles of Carara. The sculptor's little daughter "Corrona," adored him, but hardly entered into his artistic life. The little maid dreamed on alone, with only her own innocent soul for comradeship. Among her troubles were the imperfect shapes around her in the marbles. Among her toys was the incomplete statue of a lion, where the head was defined, but the body and limbs but suggested. In the night the little maid went to the father's bed and told him how the little stone lion's eyes "ached to get out."

Matteo never spoke of "Corrona's" mother. The "little ribboned and belled tambourine," hanging on the wall in her room was a source of mystery to "Corrona," for, although she knew it must have been her mother's, she never saw her father look toward the mute reminder of some day of his long-ago.

There came a time when the little maid asked her



EDWARD EVERETT HALE.

father questions and learned a sad secret, which changed her whole narrow world.

One of the touching pictures of the story is where the little maid of 9 takes the tambourine and goes to learn to sing and dance in secret, hoping to make her father happy with the song which only reminded him of lost joy.

The influence of the Sisters of Mercy on the unloved life of the little "Corrona," and the ways by which she came to her own, are all poetically portrayed. The book is a series of exquisite pictures and they are evolved from the soul of an artist. The frontispiece is a view of the world of little "Corrona." The book has a flexible cover of Pisan green and gold, and the publisher is to be congratulated on its perfect type and workmanship.

[Radari Sculptor. By Virginia E. Pennoyer. D. P. Elder and Morgan Shepard, San Francisco. Price, 60 cents.]

### A RENOWNED AMERICAN AUTHOR.

Dr. Edward Everett Hale's first contribution to fiction was "The Man Without a Country," which was published in the Atlantic Monthly. This story, since published in numerous editions, and translated into several languages, at once made him famous. An editorial writer in the New York Sun said "The story of 'The Man Without a Country' will be remembered as long as the American flag flies, and it will continue to do good to successive generations of young Americans. Its theme is vital, and consequently its influence is perennial."

Since writing "A Man Without a Country," Dr. Hale has published numerous works, essays, biographies, and stories. "Ten Times One is Ten," was a cause of the formation of Lend-a-Hand clubs, and Wadsworth clubs all over the country. "In His Name," "Phillip Nolan's Friends," and "My Double, and How He Undid Me," are on the list of the works of Edward Everett Hale.

The new library edition of Little, Brown & Co. has been warmly welcomed, for the collection of Dr. Hale's

works have illustrated the breadth and scope of the author's literary attainment.

The portrait given in this issue has a special interest for the distinguished American author who was born in Boston, April 5, 1822. In the coming birthday of Dr. Hale, he will receive the congratulations of his friends of literature.

## DRAMA.

### Theatrical Production.

In his lengthy preface to this book, the author, that since he wrote his last, "Plays, Pleasant and Pleasant," he has been a critic of London theatres, he survived seven years of criticism of London theatres, as many of current literature, but the fatigue of play-going brought on physical weakness, and a critic was ordered to the mountains. There are three plays, the one a melodrama, the second a page of history, the third a play of adventure. The first play, "The Devil's Disciple," is introduced in preface on "Diabolical Ethics," which is a kind of prefatory bibliography of books in which the devil has received pity from poets and painters. The play was produced in New York in 1897, by Mansfield, where the melodrama won a decided success. The theme of the play presents Richard Dugan, a man of the title role, in a home where, weary of austere and unlovely types of the religion, which he saw, he decided that he preferred to be a disciple of a power which he considered was to be blamed. This reprobate and outcast, who fell for the devil, came to be a guest in the home of a clergyman. There a warrant came for the arrest of this Rev. Mr. Anderson, who was called a reprobate, managed to put on the clergyman's coat, and escape the chains and shackles. In his whispered words, well to Mrs. Anderson, he gave her the direction of saving her husband's life. At the hour of Richard's expected execution, a surprise was given the people, the appearance of Mr. Anderson, who came opposite to the rescue of the man who would have died, and made no sign. Mr. Anderson told Gen. Dugan that only in hours of trial does a man find his mission. Richard had boasted himself the devil's disciple, but when the crucial test came, he proved his own to suffer and be faithful to the death, and he was thought himself a minister of the gospel of peace, and the need came, found that he was destined to be a man of action.

The second play, "Caesar and Cleopatra," is an interesting presentation of historical and semi-poetic burlesque. Caesar is introduced as walking in the army. Cleopatra is a maid of 16, afraid of the coming army, and, to complete her distress, lost her white cat in the shadow of the Sphinx, confides her sorrows to Caesar, who is portrayed in a sense of humor.

The finest description in the book is that of the The wind-swept harps of Memnon plays. Caesar claims:

"Hail, Sphinx. Salutation from Julius Caesar! I wandered in many lands, seeking the lost region in which my birth into this world exiled me, and the company of creatures such as I myself. I have found in and pastures, men and cities, but no other Caesar native to me, no man kindred to me, none who of my day's deed, and think my night's thought, in little world garden, Sphinx, my place is as yours in this great desert; only I wander, and you still; I conquer, and you endure; I work and you watch and wait; I look up and am dazzled, look down and are darkened, look round and am asked, while your eyes never turn from looking out of the world—to the lost region—the home from which we have strayed. Sphinx, you and I, strangers to race of men, are no strangers to one another; we have not been conscious of you, and of this place, since born? Rome is a madman's dream; this is my home. These starry lamps of yours I have seen from Gaul, in Britain, in Spain, in Thessaly, signaling secrets to some eternal sentinel below, whom never could find. And here at last is this authentic image of the constant and immortal part of me, silent, full of thoughts, alone in this silver world, Sphinx, Sphinx, I have climbed mountains at night, hear in the distance the stealthy footfall of the wind that chase your sands in forbidden play—over the children, O Sphinx, laughing in whispers. My way was the way of destiny, for I am he of whose part are the mabel; part brute, part woman, and part nothing of man in me at all. Have I read your Sphinx?"

The third play of the series, "Capt. Bramboise's version," introduces the west coast of Mexico, Free Church and the North African Mission, and peculiarities of English and American dialect.

The fact that Bernard Shaw is a man of letters and a versatile writer, has been proved in other books. Of the present drama, and the manner pressed, he seems to have little approval. Caesar, his own ability, he frankly states that he is not so good of his own work or the way that it is done, he says that "new ideas make their own technique, as water finds its channel, and the technician without ideas is as useless as the canal without water."

The author has a habit of compulsory confessions, whimsical character, in which he should be reluctant to indulge, in deference to the conventional good taste.

"Caesar and Cleopatra" is the best of the three. The colloquial glimpses of Caesar reveal the humor of the conqueror, instead of the Caesar of the solemnity.

[Three Plays for Puritans. By Bernard Shaw.]



the Third Volume of His Collected Plays. Herbert S. Stone & Co., Chicago and New York. Price, \$1.50.]

### CRIMINAL LAW.

#### Science and Illustration.

One of the most entertaining of books calls attention to the fact that "coincident personality to such a degree as to lead to a mistaken identity of persons is very much more probable than that the handwriting of two individuals should so closely approximate each other as to be mistaken one for the other, especially when subjected to a careful analytical study and comparison by a capable expert."

The writer describes how a page of handwriting is a test of character to the specialist, and is as much his clue to personality as the highly specialized sense track by which the hound follows the unseen quarry to its lair. As the scientist rebuilds forms of extinct animals from the dry bones, as the botanist from leaf and flower tells the story of bloom, as the archeologist reads the page of cosmic life from the rocks, as the philologist tells the etymology and development of language in a word, this author, in a profoundly interesting work, has written that which cannot fail to be of important use in the detection of crime. Over fifty noted cases are explained and illustrated, making over seventy pages of engravings. Many of the cases are among the most celebrated in the world.

The writer states that it is a fact universally recognized by experts and those well informed respecting handwriting, that "a man never writes his signature twice exactly alike. Approximations may be very close, but never microscopically the same. While this is true of measurements and minutiae of detail, there are yet ever-present, coincident characteristics that positively identify one genuine signature with another. Letters and writing no more change characteristics with their measurements, than does a square, a circle, or a triangle. Signatures may differ widely in their general appearance, according to their size, purpose, the ink or pen with which they are written, physical or mental condition of the writer, whether written with haste or deliberation, but none of these circumstances can create a new handwriting any more than a change of garb or circumstances can make a new man. It is the same character of writing or man masquerading in a new role. And what is true of a signature is also largely true of any extended writing. One's signature usually differs from his general writing, from the fact that there is more thought and care exercised in the choice of types of letters and so combining them as to give the greatest facility in writing it; and frequently artistic effect is considered, and from the more frequent repetition of an autograph it is written more automatically than is body writing. It is usually more or less monogrammatic in its character, and comes ultimately to be more personified and to stand in a peculiar manner as the representation of its author. It palpitates, as it were, with his very life and character—it is his Alter Ego."

From the above selection the reader may perceive the fascination with which the author has imbued a theme which at first thought would be relegated exclusively to the annals of criminal evidence.

The student of humanity could find no more tragic pages than the narrative of expert witnesses, in these chapters, which tell the temptations of men, the frequency of forgery, the litigations which arise from disputed handwriting, and the judicial knowledge which is the result of expert investigation.

The writer calls attention to differences in autographs, and the work is illustrated with many examples.

Some chapters on inks and their compositions, are of chemical, as well as expert interest.

The book will be valued by students of graphology from the fact that it adds evidence which corroborates the claim that handwriting, instead of being merely an art, is an exponent of individuality and an outburst of character.

The theme has been treated by a masterly mind, with a comprehensive grasp of the requirements of legal analysis. The work will prove invaluable in the detection of methods of forgery.

[Ames on Forgery. Its Detection and Illustration. By Daniel T. Ames. Ames-Rollinson Company, San Francisco and New York. Bound in low sheep, \$3; in cloth, \$2.50.]

### EDUCATION.

#### Commercial Fitness.

The importance of preparation for fields of human activity is becoming more and more recognized, and one of the most notable phenomena is the awakening interest in the establishment of departments of commerce in American institutions of liberal culture. Courses of study similar to the Wharton School of Finance are now being offered by the Universities of California, Michigan and Wisconsin, the University of Chicago, New York University and Dartmouth College.

The quarterly of Columbia University states that that great institution has almost completed preparations for a school of commerce, and it is probable that institutions of liberal culture will more and more see the way to preparation for practical usefulness in various forms of business enterprise.

The business man holds a position of greater importance than fifty years ago, as international competition has assumed so vast a significance, and new industrial resources are to be opened up in the development of hitherto unaccounted regions. The oriental development, the responsibility of men in charge of industrial centers, and the increasing functions of business men in government positions, call for wide practical knowledge, which the old college failed to supply. Schools of commerce would help to the quickening and alertness of intelligence, and with a modification of the present classic outline would insure wider success for the scholar. The curriculum of the University of California is said to be undergoing revision, with the object of making it more

practical, and fitting the sons of California to secure good business positions when they leave college.

The subject has received a studious sketch, promulgating commercial and scholarly ideals from the pen of Alvin S. Johnson, in the current Columbia University Quarterly. The writer calls attention to "the steady expansion of the growth of university study and the important fields which have been annexed to the domain of scientific investigation."

The growth of the technical school, the author states, has been slow in America, as compared with European nations, as the Yankee has trusted to his own wit, but international needs will call for wider preparation on the part of the present generation.

[Columbia University Quarterly. Vol. III, No. 2. Columbia University Press. Annual subscription, \$1.]

### PHYSIOLOGY.

#### A Physician's Advice.

The author of this book is the associate editor of the Lutheran Observer. The writer has given directions to young men, and men of middle age, for the preservation of health. Dr. Stall calls attention to men who have gone into old age with physical power. The record of Gladstone is quoted. "All this comes," says the physician, "from an inspiring purpose in life, a resolute will and persistent determination which kept him devoted to his daily recreations and regular means of physical culture, to his trust in God, and his ability to sleep well. Over his mantelpiece in his bedroom there was emblazoned the text, which doubtless entered into his inner life and banished nervous exhaustion, made him calm and peaceful, and gave to restful sleep the hours which so many devote to anxiety and worry. The text runs, 'Thou shalt keep him in perfect peace whose mind is stayed on Thee.' The work is filled with physiological information for the preservation of health, and especially at the time of middle life, when weakness and decrepitude follow careless living. The book is throughout devoted to the building up of healthful home life from the physiological standpoint.

[What a Man of 45 Ought to Know. By Sylvanus Stall, D.D. The Vir Publishing Company, Philadelphia. Price, \$1.]

### JUVENILE BIOGRAPHY.

#### Lives of Great Men.

The author of this book has written of Ben Franklin, Lincoln, Washington, Grant, Edison, Astor, Girard, Peabody, Hamilton, Peter Cooper, Jay Gould and Horace Mann, Garfield and Whitney, Commodore Vanderbilt and Stonewall Jackson. All these and others were poor and unfriended at the start, but they made themselves masters of their fate, and teach that a man's chances depend largely on will and perseverance. While many old-time chances are gone, with those that have disappeared have come the new ones a hundred strong. The heroes of this biography found their chances when least expected and each life speaks a word of courage, that boys of this time may learn to be far-sighted and alert.

The author has a spirited, enlivening style, which would win boyish interest. The ideas of life are fine and courageous, and the book, with its numerous portraits and illustrations, is a notable and inspiring gift to boyhood.

[Poor Boy's Chances. By John Habberton. Henry Altemus Company, Philadelphia. Price, 50 cents.]

### STATISTICS.

#### General Information.

The "New Handy Manual and Atlas of the World" is a revised edition of a work of phenomenal success. The book contains general information from the election of 1900 to rules of admission to West Point, Annapolis and the vast civil service of the United States, conditions for enlistment, information concerning the new possessions, and notices of the forty-five States of the Union, and many other topics are enumerated.

[The New Conkling Handy Manual of Useful Information and World's Atlas. Laird & Lee, Chicago. Price, 50 cents.]

### NEW MAGAZINES.

Scribner's Magazine for April contains John Fox's "The Southern Mountaineer," with a series of illustrations of primitive life. "Two Centers of Moorish Art," by Edwin Lord Weeks, is accompanied with the author's own illustrations. The interest is one of vivid prose. Fiction is represented by Robert Alston Stevenson, Sewell Ford, Walter A. Wyckoff, Arthur Colton, George Hibbard, E. W. Horning and James B. Connolly. Ernest C. Peixotto, in a sketch illustrated with his own drawings, takes the reader from Paris to Toulouse, to the old city of "Cordes." "The Point of View" calls attention to the opinion of the eminent French critic, Ferdinand Brunetiere, on the contributions of women to literature. He declares that the influence of women is so great in his own country that without them the literature of France would never have been what it is. The current number contains most attractive contributions to numerous subjects of popular interest. The sketches are accompanied with colored illustrations. The magazine, as to cover design and general appearance, is artistic, and brings the unfailing supply of delightful entertainment.

The Columbia University Quarterly (Vol. III, No. 2.) contains an important contribution on "Preparation for the Study of Medicine," which cannot fail to interest students of the profession on account of the present heterogeneity as to the prerequisites for admission to medical colleges, which is in an obvious state of undesirability. The student finds that he cannot be confined to test-books, as the living daily life of his specialty is not so limited, and in order to be a leader he should especially have a reading knowledge of the German. A working knowledge of English, French and German are particularly desirable. The medical litera-

ture of the day is saturated with Greek and Latin terms, so that a classical education is important for the proper preparation. The essentials of physics, chemistry and biology should be considered an important part of the preliminary course. The instructive article is written by Frederic S. Lee, one of the university faculty of medicine. One of the important contributions of the number is a biographical sketch by David B. Ogden on the "Late Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, Henry R. Beekman, A.B., LL.B., '65." The sketch is illustrated with a fine portrait of this great light of the legal profession, of whom it is said that "he was deeply imbued with sense of responsibility to God and man, and Duty was his guide—honor his reward."

The Smart Set for April contains a lengthy and inviting table of contents. This issue includes fiction by popular authors and the verse of familiar singers. Elizabeth Duer writes of "The Taming of Sylvia" for the initial novelette. Julian Gordon invites the reader "In Palace Gardens." The number pays tribute to the drama with two short plays, one of which is "Avant et Apres," par Michel Provins, the other "The Dark Man at the Feast," by Francis M. Livingston.

The Easter number of the Book World announces a contribution on "The Life and Times of Richard Wagner," "The Literary Side of Our Presidents" and "Four Short Stories." Walden Fawcett writes of "American Tea Growers," and H. Allen Tupper of "The Passion Play at Oberammergau."

"A Sailor's Log," by Robley D. Evans, is the initial contribution of the Saturday Evening Post (March 16.) In "The Flight of the Fast Mail," by Forrest Crissie, he relates instances of heroic devotion on the part of railway-mail clerks.

The "Proposed Naval Memorial Arch" is one of the interesting contributions of that important publication, the Scientific American (March 16.) which contains Charles F. Holder's sketch of "Solar Motors" and their value in such regions as the California desert.

The Dial (March 16.) a semi-monthly journal of literary criticism, discussion and information among its notable contributions has Mary E. Swinney's "Intermittent Idealism," and "One Idea of Tragedy," by Edward E. Hale. Wallace Rice writes of "The Church in the Philippines."

Cassell & Co., in the National Library Series, publish "Peter Schlemihl," by Adelbert Chamisso; "The Story Without an End," by Carrod, and "Hymns to Night," by Novalis.

Newspaperdom announces the death of Isaac M. Gregory, editor of Judge since its establishment in 1885. "Mr. Gregory was one of the school of humorists in which Baily, of the Danbury News, Lewis, of the Detroit Free Press, and Burdette, of the Burlington Hawk-eye, were the earliest types. This number contains Melville E. Stone's address, recently delivered, before the American Newspapers' Association.

The Literary Digest (March 16) calls attention to W. B. Zeats, who represents the Celtic cult of Irish poetry which has its headquarters in Dublin. Mr. Zeats has published a drama, "The Shadowy Waters," the motive being the earthly and mystical as contrasted in human life. The work is spoken of as "such stuffs as dreams are made of," and to have an impalpable charm.

Among the sketches of decided interest in Harper's Bazar (March 16) is an entertaining contribution by William Dean Howells' "Some More of George Eliot's Heroines." "The Health of a Singer" is an illustrated sketch by Ernestine Schumann-Heink.

### PEOPLE AND THINGS LITERARY.

Among the announcements of G. P. Putnam's Sons are new volumes of the "Heroes of the Nations"—"St. Louis," by Frederick Perry, and "William Pitt," by Wal-ford D. Green.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce among recent publications, "Under the Redwoods," by Bret Harte.

"The Silver Skull," by S. R. Crockett, is one of the new books from F. A. Stokes Company.

The fourth edition of "A Dictionary of American Authors," by Oscar Fay Adams, has just been published by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Miss Myrtle Reed's "Love Letters of a Musician" are announced. The "Love Letters of Canova," Napoleon, Hugo, Bismarck, and also Le Gallienne's "Love Letters of a King," are on the popular list.

The Riverside biographies of "Thomas Jefferson," "William Penn" and "Peter Cooper" are said to be works of merit and interest.

Rider Haggard has written an account of travel in the Holy Land, which is soon to be published.

The Macmillan Company announces among its latest new books on history, "American History Told by Contemporaries," by Prof. Albert B. Hart. The volume on "National Expansion" (1783-1845) is now ready. Alice Morse Earle has a new edition of "Stage Coach and Tavern Days."

Margaret Allston, the pen name of the author of "Her Boston Experiences," is dropped with the announcement of the publication of another novel by this clever young woman. She turns out to be Miss Anna Farquhar, whose first book, "The Professor's Daughter," was published by the McClures two years ago. Miss Farquhar's new story, published by L. C. Page & Co., is entitled "The Devil's Plow."

Alice Brown, the author of "Meadow Grass" and "Tiverton Tales," has written a romance of a New England girl which is one of the March publications of the Riverside Press. Houghton, Mifflin & Co. also announce a novel by a Canadian writer, "The Curious Career of Roderick Campbell," by Jean N. McIlwraith.

Dr. Nansen is about to publish another volume of the scientific record of his Arctic expedition. This volume contains the results of the astronomical observations.

Houghton, Mifflin & Co. announce that the April number of the Atlantic Monthly is increased to 160 pages. Henry Van Dyke contributes a poem, "Two Schools," and John Burroughs writes of "The Trailing Arbutus." The opening chapters of Miss Mary Johnston's "Audrey," are features of the May number.



# The Development of the Great Southwest.

## IN THE FIELDS OF CAPITAL, INDUSTRY AND PRODUCTION.

Compiled for The Times.

[The Times will be pleased to receive and publish in this department brief, plainly-written articles, giving trustworthy information regarding important developments in Southern California, and adjoining territory, such articles to be confined to actual work in operation, or about to begin, excluding rumors and contemplated enterprises.]

### Artesian Wells Flow.

REPORTS from the San Jacinto region state that a large number of artesian wells which have not been near the level of the ground for some years are now flowing several inches above the top of the pipes.

### Tombstone Silver Mines.

TWENTY years ago Tombstone was the liveliest mining camp in the United States. For years after that date the big mills of the silver mines turned out bricks of white metal to the value of millions upon millions of dollars. Then, when the excavations had reached a depth of 600 feet or thereabouts, water was struck. A few years later the big hoisting works of the Grand Central were burned to the ground. Since then work in these mines has been practically abandoned. It is believed by many that there is a great storehouse of mineral wealth below the water level, but it has hitherto been impossible to get the various companies to agree in regard to a method of draining the mines.

A recent dispatch from Phoenix to The Times stated that E. B. Gage, president of the corporation controlling the Congress mine, and W. F. Staunton, superintendent of the same property, have been studying the conditions that would have to be met if the abandoned silver mines of the camp are ever worked again. Both were of the management of the Grand Central mines of Tombstone in their days of affluence. Gage is conducting the present work on his own responsibility, and has secured control of fully seventy-five claims, embracing practically all the mines that once made Tombstone famous. If the cost of repairing the mines is found to be within a practical limit, Gage will form a company of Ohio capitalists and proceed to open the old mines on the largest scale.

The reopening of these great mines would be a red letter day for Tombstone, which has been a sort of deserted village during the past ten years.

### Silica Aluminum Paint.

PAINT known as silica aluminum is now made in Los Angeles. This paint is made from a volcanic rock, composed (approximately) of the following ingredients:

Silica .....	52 per cent.
Aluminum .....	36 per cent.
Oxide of iron .....	5 per cent.
Water, etc. ....	7 per cent.

The advantages claimed for this substance, are among others the following, as set forth in a folder issued by the company. The rock will stand a crushing of 5000 pounds to the square inch. A piece of this rock, brought to a white heat and then plunged into cold water, is unaffected, no cracks or abrasions appearing when subjected to the microscope. The rock is not affected by acids or alkalis. An absolutely pure paint, manufactured with the best quality of linseed oil, which perfectly holds all minerals in solution. There is no settling or sediment in the can. This quality alone places the paint in a class by itself.

### Assaying.

THE development of the mining industry in the Southwest has made the business of assaying ores in Los Angeles one of considerable importance. Wade & Wade, the well-known assayers of this city, have issued a second revised edition of their compendium of gold metallurgy, which also contains a digest of the United States mining laws, the laws relating to water rights and other information. The book is a neat volume of 140 pages.

### A Valuable Metal.

A RICH strike of the valuable metal molybdenum is reported to have been made in the San Jacinto Mountains in Riverside county. The Riverside Independent says:

"The San Jacinto Mountains, which for years have been wooing the eager prospector for gold, have come to the fore with a metal far more precious than has yet been mined in any of its granite cañons. The new metal is known to the geologist as molybdenum, and a huge ledge of molybdenite-bearing quartz has just been struck by the owners of a mine who were developing their property for gold.

"As the shaft was put down the gold streak grew less and less apparent, and at a depth of thirteen feet, assayed at but \$9.51 per ton. When this depth was reached the miners noticed that the ore was flecked with a substance somewhat resembling silver, but which refused to act to the process used to assay that metal. This peculiarity lead County Treasurer Mitchell, who is one of the owners, to send several samples to Stanford University for analysis, with the result that the report was returned to the effect that the samples were molybdenum quartz, containing 41 per cent. sulphur and 59 per cent. molybdenum.

"The news of the find quickly spread among persons interested in the new mineral, and directly the miners

received an offer of \$6 per pound from San Francisco; and a London firm quickly sent a proposition to pay \$135 per ton for 55-per-cent. ore, delivered at London. The ore can be shipped to London from San Pedro at the rate of \$10 per ton, so that the miners have no excessive transportation rates to worry them.

"Molybdenum is used for various purposes. In the manufacture of heavy siege guns, its presence has the effect of allowing the gun metal to expand without breaking when being fired. It is also used as a coating for wood, and boards having been treated with such a coating can be thrown into a fierce furnace without being burned. Of late molybdenum has been employed as a coating upon vessels, it having been found that such a coating keeps the vessel from becoming foul, and vessels have made long trips after receiving a dressing of this metal without showing the first signs of requiring docking. This fact alone means an enormous saving to ship owners."

### Tulare County Orange Land.

THE section around Porterville, in Tulare county, is known to some Los Angeles people as one of the few sections north of the Tehachepi that can make legitimate claims to be orange-growing sections, on a commercial scale. Several years ago, at one of the citrus fairs held in Los Angeles, Porterville "astonished the natives" by carrying off the first prize for seedling oranges in competition with all the leading orange-growing sections of Southern California. The shipments of orange from the Porterville section during the past season amounted to 315 carloads. In an article contributed to the March Land of Sunshine, by C. A. Moody, a description of the Porterville region is given, from which the following statements relating to the orange-growing industry of that section are taken:

"Porterville is situated on the eastern edge of the San Joaquin Valley, just where it begins to rise into the foothills of the Sierra Nevada. To the north, south and west lies the nearly level floor of the great valley; a few minutes' drive to the east takes one among the outposts of the snowy range. Right here the Tule River emerges from its long but lively course among the mountains to a more deliberate progress through the plain.

"Quite apart from its picturesque position, this position on the dividing line between sections of so widely different character has a special advantage, not only in the inevitable modification of climatic and atmospheric conditions, but in the increased variety of the industries which center there. This will be manifest as we proceed.

"Porterville is about two hundred and seventy-five miles from San Francisco by rail; some two hundred and fifteen miles from Los Angeles. Fresno is seventy miles away to the north, while Bakersfield, with her rich tributary oil fields, lies fifty-five miles to the south. A division of the Southern Pacific Railroad passes through the town, and the service, so far as local requirements go, is reasonably satisfactory.

"The citrus lands of the Porterville district lie for the most part either on the gentle slopes leading up to the foothills or in the protected valleys opening widely for miles back among the hills. The soil is generally of great depth, and of such fertility that even in the older orchards the use of fertilizers has been very slight. Nor has this been at the expense of the trees, as their strong growth and continuously profuse yield fully proves. The Tule River furnishes irrigating water to the land 'under the ditch,' which includes most of the orchards. But 'dry years' have been as profitable to Porterville as to other communities which were put to the inquiry as to whether water could not be obtained from beneath the surface of the ground to offset the scarcity on the surface. The result here has been not only the development of water to supply every present requirement, but the proof that over many square miles an inexhaustible body of water will be struck almost anywhere at a depth of from sixty to one hundred feet. This not only removes any possible danger of failure of the water supply, but widely extends the area adapted to citrus fruits and other crops requiring irrigation.

"One of the great advantages enjoyed by Porterville orange-growers is the early date at which the fruit matures, enabling the bulk of the crop to reach the market long before shipments begin to arrive in quantity from elsewhere. This season, for example, the first carload of oranges—sweet, well-colored and highly flavored—left Porterville October 30, while practically the entire crop had been shipped December 15. This early maturity is easily enough accounted for by the higher average summer temperature, the nights in particular being warmer than in other orange-growing sections.

"As to the quality of Porterville oranges and lemons, the long array of prizes taken at fairs and exhibitions for many successive years and in competition with fruit from every citrus-growing district in the State, form a sufficiently conclusive array of evidence.

"With all these points to encourage the raising of citrus fruits, it would be natural to expect that most of the suitable land would be already utilized for that purpose, and that what was left would be held for at least as high prices as elsewhere. The facts are quite otherwise. The total area of the citrus orchards in the territory strictly tributary to Porterville is not far from 1200 acres—certainly does not exceed 1400. How many thousands of acres every whit as well adapted for the purpose are now turned to vastly less profitable uses cannot, of course, be stated precisely, but the figure is certainly a large one.

"And these lands can be bought for only a fractional part of the price freely paid for similar property elsewhere. As good orange land as any in the State, under the ditch, and with full water right, can be had for

from \$75 to \$100 per acre. Land as good in every respect, but 'above the ditch,' may be had at still lower prices, even when near-by tests have demonstrated reasonable certainty of developing plenty of water at small cost."

### Water Development.

FROM many sections of Southern California, news of important water developments, that result in bringing many thousands of acres of new land under cultivation for horticultural purposes. Pomona a new water corporation has been organized, which the Pomona Progress says:

"A number of owners of property in the Pomona and Martin tracts, together, with some owners of adjacent property, held a meeting in the Pomona Fruit Exchange offices yesterday afternoon and decided to form a corporation for the purpose of developing water, business which has heretofore been operated privately. Articles of incorporation will be filed today. The enterprise represents 63.33 inches of water, includes the large Richards ranch.

"The name of the corporation is the North Pomona Water Company and its place of business is Pomona. It will develop and control water flowing from the Pomona and Every cañons. The directors are: P. J. Richards, S. N. Androus of Pomona, Edwin Squire and Chariton of Claremont, and Mrs. A. L. McAdams of Angeles."

The Covina Argus has the following in regard to work by a water company in that section:

"By the purchase Saturday of the Hoffman and Holt interests in the Covina Water Company, J. R. Holt has practically secured control of the entire company, owning nine-tenths of the stock.

"This change will undoubtedly be advantageous to users, as it takes the affairs out of the hands of resident stockholders, and places them in the hands of a man who is not only a resident, but also has property interests in the community.

"Mr. Coolman is a practical man and knows that a water company to be a success it must treat its customers fairly, and he proposes that there shall be no cause of complaint in this direction.

"This gentleman also intends to greatly improve service, as he will run a large portion of the water through the reservoirs of the Covina Land and Water Company, which are fitted with a filter which will give a pure supply under a much improved pressure. He owns personally a large interest in the well of the Belt Company, which pumped eighty fathoms of water, with which he proposes to largely augment the supply of the domestic company.

"The board of the corporation, as newly organized, consists of J. H. Coolman, C. E. Pemis, T. A. McAdams, J. R. Hodges, George Coolman, J. R. Elliott and E. Brooks. J. R. Hodges will act as secretary and treasurer, with a desk in the real estate office of Holt & Parker.

Out on the Colorado Desert, around Indio, the development of water from wells continues. The San Union says:

"A letter from O. C. Eberhart, called at Indio, on the Colorado Desert, incloses a picture of a well that is making his section of land valuable. He has out there some months ago and secured a section of land about the time that the first artesian water was struck. He writes that his well is down 340 feet, with sand and that it flows a young river. The water is as soft as that from a mountain spring, and is as clear as crystal.

"Fig trees," he writes, "that I set out only two years ago, have come out in leaf and with from two to five figs on each little tree. Ranchers who put in the last fall, are cutting hay, averaging three tons to the acre. Five well-boring machines are in the well and all are busy. It took only seven hours to get the well down."

### Beans.

THE stock of beans in Ventura county, for the time in years, will be entirely exhausted by the crop of the coming season is up. The Oxnard News says:

"During the past ten days 7000 bags of beans have been shipped from the Southern Pacific Milling company's warehouse by A. Levy, M. L. Wolf, F. Ward and W. G. Wilde. This leaves but 3500 bags in the Oxnard warehouse and 10,000 in the entire county. This is the smallest amount of beans for this time of year left in the county for many years, and augurs well for this season's crop.

"The beans lately sold brought a exceedingly high price. M. McLaughlin last week sold 1000 bags for \$1.00 hundred."

### THE SLOW ELEVATORS IN EUROPE.

[Philadelphia Record:] "While I was away this summer," said a soap manufacturer, "I made a study of the elevators, or lifts, they have over their machines amused me a good deal. They don't move with our machines. They are very slow, and movement isn't smooth, but very jerky and slow. The elevator men are kindly treated, though, and singers invariably thanking them on getting off, sometimes giving them a generous tip. How the elevator man is neither thanked nor tipped, sorry to say. In Florence, when I reached there, I had just put in a fine elevator at their hotel. The indicator, instead of being placed in the hall at the entrance on the first floor, beside the door, was at the entrance on the second floor. When anyone rang the elevator man would come all right, but he would have to go down to the first floor and look at the indicator before he would go where the ring came from. He lost a good deal of time through that."



## CARE OF THE BODY.

VALUABLE SUGGESTIONS FOR ACQUIRING AND PRESERVING HEALTH.

Compiled for The Times.

## Polluting Water.

IN THE London Lancet, Drs. L. C. Parkes and S. Hildes, suggest a method of preventing water-borne enteric fever in armies in the field. They report that their experiments show that in the case of naturally-infected waters, sodium bisulphate in the proportion of one gramme to the pint is an effective antiseptic after fifteen minutes' contact, even for waters containing 50,000 bacilli to the cubic centimeter. They recommend its employment in the form of five-grain tablets, three of these being used to sterilize one pint of water. A box containing three or four hundred of these tablets can easily be carried by each soldier, and would suffice for a campaign of three weeks, as all contaminated water should remain in contact with the dissolved tablets for at least fifteen minutes before being consumed. The tablets may also be used as thirst lozenges when water is scarce.

## Vaccination of School Children.

A RECENT dispatch from Chicago is of interest to those in this section who are opposed to vaccination. According to a decision rendered by Judge Dunn of the Circuit Court, the school authorities have no right to exclude from the public schools children who have not been vaccinated, unless it is shown that the disease is so prevalent that rigid precautions must be taken.

The decision was in mandamus proceedings brought by Joseph P. Tracy of Ravenwood, whose three children were barred from school because they had not been vaccinated. Arguments will now be heard on the question of whether or not emergency exists which renders absolutely necessary the exclusion of non-vaccinated children.

This decision apparently leaves the door open for interminable litigation.

## A Fruitarian Colony.

THE fruitarian theory of diet has gained many adherents in this country during the past year or two. One of the pioneers of this hygienic movement in the United States, Dr. Emmett Densmore, spends his summers in Long Beach, near which place he has extensive orchards.

As is generally known, the fruitarian theory of diet differs essentially from that of the vegetarians. The vegetarians make much of wholemeal bread, whereas the fruitarians avoid bread altogether, claiming that it stiffens the joints, hardens the arteries and brings on premature old age. They say that bread, instead of being the staff of life, is rather the "staff of death." The late Joseph Medill, editor of the Chicago Tribune, held to this idea. They eat no vegetables, except salads and tomatoes, and make their meals entirely of fruit and nuts, to which some of those who are not so strict occasionally add a little cream cheese, or something of that kind.

The San Francisco Chronicle recently published an article descriptive of a fruitarian colony of eleven people living on an eight-acre orchard near Fruitvale, in Alameda county. Following is a portion of this article:

"I've run the whole gamut of food fads," said Mr. Smith. "Then about five years ago I hit on this, and it didn't take long for me to realize that at last I was on the road to health. My sister and my sister-in-law, Mrs. Ross, gradually became converted to our ideas, and they and the children joined our table for good. Mrs. Gale adopted the fruitarian diet for her son's sake; he had always been in delicate health. Now we're able to measure muscle with a beef-eater, aren't we, Jim?"

"In answer Jim Gale swung a heavy sack of apples over his shoulder and started for the cellar door.

"Three years ago he could hardly lift his own feet," put in Mrs. Gale, a sweet, motherly woman, with rosy cheeks that defy her gray locks.

"Of a truth, though, neither of the men look like 'beef-eaters.' Their skin has that peculiar transparency common among babies, and their eyes are milder and clearer than the average woman's. Both men are above medium height, yet they would undoubtedly tip the scales under weight.

"However, there is not a little work to be done on a carefully-cultured eight-acre orchard, and these two men, except during the cherry-picking season, practically do all the labor. So what better proof that their diet furnishes them sufficient nourishment?"

"According to Prof. Jaffa, the dietary expert of the University of California, all diet laws must be adjusted to suit the needs of the individual. So the mere fact that two men do their work on a fruitarian diet might not prove much when the multitude is considered. But certainly Jim Gale and Mr. Smith are living rebuttals of the statement that it is absolutely impossible for any man to labor on a fruit and nut diet. Not only do they work on such nourishment, but evidently they thrive on it.

"We were all living in Chicago when we became fruitarians," explained Mr. Smith. "My wife and I had long cherished the hope of making our home in California. After we had adopted this manner of living, our desire grew stronger. California is the ideal place for the fruitarian to live—fruit is always in season, and there are so many varieties. My sister, Miss Smith, who lives with us, held out for some time against fruitarianism, but she was finally reconciled to it, and when she saw how it agreed with her, she became an enthusiast.

"At first we hesitated about making our two children confine themselves strictly to fruit and nuts. But grad-

ually we eliminated other articles from their diet, and found that they were much healthier on a pure fruitarian system. My boy is 10 years old, and the little girl 7, and for the last three years they have lived strictly according to fruitarian principles. During this time they have never had any of the fevers, colds and other childish ailments that afflict most youngsters.

"Mrs. Ross has only been a fruitarian since the death of her husband, a little over a year ago. She had long believed in it theoretically, but owing to her husband's strong objections had never been able to put it into practice. She and her children had the same experience with the fruit and nuts that we had. At first it was rather hard, but as soon as they grew accustomed to the change their health improved and they looked better than under the old diet.

"It was a year ago last New Year's eve that we all decided to cast our lots together in Fruitvale. An old friend of the family, who had owned this place, was visiting Chicago and as he was anxious to get rid of it we bought it for a very fair price. We are fruitarians, and communists as well."

"The spirit of communism not only rules the grown-ups in this queer little colony, but it is instilled in the children. They are taught the nice distinctions between 'mine' and 'thine,' but are encouraged to share their playthings with each other. All the children have their little 'chores' to do, each according to his age, and the punishment for neglect fits the crime.

"Miss Smith, who is a Vassar graduate, teaches them three hours a day, and although they are of all ages and sizes, ranging from thirteen-year-old Edith Ross to little Claire Smith, just 'half-past seven,' she manages to put them through their mental paces very successfully. On pleasant days the schoolroom is under a spreading oak, where there are none of the discomforts of the usual bare, badly ventilated schoolroom.

"Mrs. Ross and Mrs. Gale share the housework. Under ordinary conditions two women would have their hands full keeping house and cooking for a family of eleven. But under a fruitarian régime the work is reduced to a minimum. They have none of the woes and worries of the conventional housekeeper.

"In fact, save for heating purposes, a stove plays practically no part in the culinary make-up of this household. Now and then it is used for roasting nuts or baking bananas and apples, but not even on Sundays or holidays is a hot bird or juicy roast tolerated in this fruitarian kitchen. Here is the menu of their Christmas dinner:

Apples and California walnuts.  
Banana bread and pignollas.  
Tomato salad.  
Oranges and pecans.  
Almonds and raisins.  
Fruit ambrosia.

"Imagine sitting down to a Christmas dinner without any turkey, or plum pudding, or mince pie or the dozen other goodies that go to make the Christmas feast a red-letter one!"

"But this fruitarian banquet has its advantages, aside from its gastronomic virtues. The housekeepers in the fruitarian colony didn't have to spend weeks before the holidays chopping, seeding and what-not—the thousand and one tasks that tire the conventional housekeeper to the verge of nervous prostration.

"These 'fruitarian' ladies escaped all this. Their Christmas dinner did not require more than an hour's preparation. And after the meal there was not the usual 'muss' to clean up. Moreover, no spoiled 'tummies' followed in the wake of this fruitarian feast. The children did not require the usual antidotes after the Christmas feast to brace them up for the New Year's dinner.

"These strict fruitarians eschew all vegetables, save lettuce and tomatoes, which they consume in large quantities when in season. Despite the fact that they have a fair-sized vegetable garden, no other vegetable ever finds its way to their own table—they are raised for the market.

"There is a chicken yard, with scores of well-tended chickens. But no fluffy little spring chicken is ever sacrificed for the broiler in this fruitarian farm. Not even the eggs are tolerated as food. Mrs. Smith, who looks after the chickens, raises them solely for their market value. The two sleek Jersey cows are kept for the same purpose—to furnish butter for the market, not their own menus.

"Naturally these people use large quantities of nuts, some of which they import. Walnuts, pecans, almonds, peanuts and chestnuts are the principal ones used. Besides the oil furnished the system by these nuts, sweet oil is used in abundance on salad. The adults consume about three large teacups of nuts a day and the children in proportion.

"Here are the menus for one day in this fruitarian colony—they serve as a fair sample of the daily meals:

BREAKFAST.  
Nut coffee.  
Peanut paste.  
Baked appls.  
Oranges.  
LUNCHEON.  
Lettuce salad.  
Bananas.  
Walnuts.  
Raisins.  
Apples.  
DINNER.  
Lettuce and tomatoes.  
Apple sauce.  
Banana bread.  
Pecans.  
Almonds.  
Baked chestnuts.

"As just stated, the quantity of nuts consumed at a meal amounts to a cupful for each person. No stated amount of fruit is consumed, though at this season of the year, for instance, the grown-ups eat about twelve apples, five bananas and five oranges. When the small berries are in season they make a grateful change.

"Naturally the cost of living is greatly reduced, owing

to the fact that the fruitarians raise most of their food themselves. Buying in bulk and importing the nuts as they do, the cost of the nuts amounts to about \$20 a month for the eleven people.

"Altogether this fruitarian colony is as happy and healthy a band of people as one could find. Their bright eyes and rosy complexions bespeak robust health. Their hair is particularly beautiful. And despite the vagaries in their diet, they are as perfectly poised mentally as physically."

## Sick Headache.

SICK headache is a trouble from which many women suffer. In relation to this sickness it is interesting to note a theory advanced by a prominent physician that the distressing sensation of nausea has its seat in the brain, and not in the stomach. He claims that relief may be obtained by cooling the base of the brain, as he has proved by successful tests in the case of sick headache, bilious colic and cholera morbus, in which nausea is a distressing symptom. In cases of seasickness, relief has been frequently obtained by the application of a compress of cracked ice folded in a towel, or placed in an icebag at the base of the brain and across the occipital bone. Sick headache may be relieved in the same manner.

## A Morbid State of Mind.

A MORBID state of mind, if long continued, produces a like condition of body. One should shun a morbid state of mind as much as one does smallpox or any other contagious disease. The People's Health Journal says:

"Figuratively speaking, morbidly is a highly contagious disease, and a whole household may become infected by one morbid-minded individual. Such conditions of mind, which are often cultivated, do far more harm than epidemics of smallpox or yellow fever. While these diseases destroy the lives and homes of many people, the other, destroying mind and heart, affects the multitude."

## Chloroform in Confinement.

IN ITS memoir of Queen Victoria, the British Medical Journal recalls an incident in her life that is full of interest for medical readers. In 1853, at the birth of her son, the late Duke of Albany, she submitted to be placed under the influence of chloroform. The Medical Journal says:

"This anesthetic was administered by Dr. John Snow, and was given in doses of fifteen minims, the Queen being kept under its influence during her accouchement for nearly an hour. This was at a time when chloroform, especially in obstetrical practice, was still regarded with the greatest suspicion, and even abhorrence. Eminent members of the profession denounced its use as not only dangerous, but unjustifiable, and some of them even went to the fanatical extreme of proclaiming that the use of an anesthetic in labor was defiance of the Almighty, who had pronounced upon all women the primal curse that they should bring forth their children in sorrow and pain. This battle raged here in Philadelphia as fiercely as in England, and reputations were, for the time being, nearly marred by it. Sir James Y. Simpson, who championed the advent of chloroform, used and advocated it especially in obstetrics, but it was made to suffer approbrium for nearly all the accidents, from whatever cause, that can happen in child-bed. It was accused, for instance, of causing puerperal insanity, and several papers of references on the subject were contributed to medical literature. In a case happening near Philadelphia, in or about 1853, legal complications were barely averted, the doctor in the case having administered the new anesthetic, and the patient a few weeks later having gone insane and been taken to Kirkbride's. It is difficult for us to realize in the present day the unreason and prejudice displayed against this beneficent practice, and to fully appreciate the courage of Queen Victoria and her confidence in her physicians, as well as the confidence of her physicians in themselves, in thus resorting to the use of an almost unknown and apparently deadly vapor. It is needless to say that the example of the Queen was of the greatest influence in England, and presumably in the world at large. Chloroform had undoubtedly begun to be used before this date, but its use under such august and auspicious circumstances was the one thing needful to bring it into vogue."

## Influence of the Imagination.

A NEW ORLEANS physician relates the following, which furnishes a further evidence which the mind has over the body:

"A nervous man recently called on me and asked: 'In what part of the abdomen are the premonitory pains of appendicitis felt?' 'On the left side, exactly here,' I replied, indicating a spot a little above the hipbone. He went out, and the next afternoon I was summoned in hot haste to the St. Charles Hotel. I found the patient writhing in his bed, his forehead beaded with sweat and his whole appearance indicating intense suffering. 'I have an attack of appendicitis,' he groaned, 'and I am a dead man! I'll never survive an operation.' 'Where do you feel pain?' I asked. 'Oh, right here,' he replied, putting his finger on the spot I had located at the office. 'I feel as if somebody had a knife in me there and was turning it around.' 'Well, then, it isn't appendicitis, at any rate,' I said, cheerfully, 'because that is the wrong side.' 'The wrong side?' he exclaimed, glaring at me indignantly. 'Why, you told me yourself it was on the left side.' 'Then I must have been abstracted,' I replied calmly. 'I should have said the right side.' I prescribed something that would not hurt him, and learned afterward that he ate his dinner in the dining-room the same evening."

[Philadelphia Press:] (He:) Hear the echo! Doesn't it remind you of some ancient mythical nymph such as Virgil wrote of?

(She:) No; it reminds me of the modern society girl.

(He:) Indeed?

(She:) Yes; it returns one's call in such a perfunctory way.



# The Youths' Own Page—Our Boys and Girls.

## THE SPARROW HAWK.

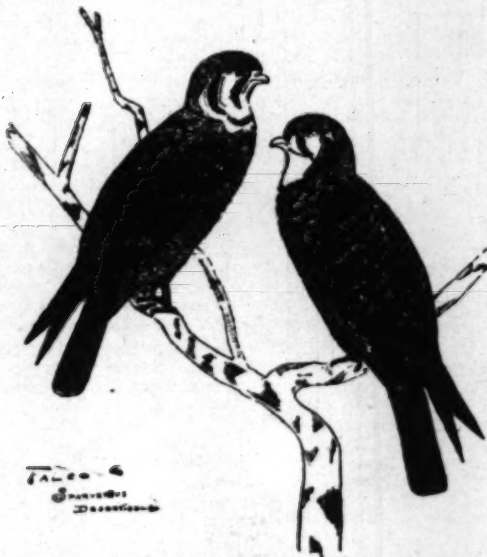
### THE APPEARANCE AND HABITS OF THE BEST KNOWN OF OUR FALCON FAMILY.

By a Special Contributor.

PROBABLY most of us are not familiar with any of our rarer birds of prey, except through stories told of their daring and prowess in the chase of their food, but today I am going to write of a species which is probably the best known of all the hawks that frequent our coast at this season of the year.

One of the most interesting of the great bird groups is that which has been named the Raptores. This word comes to us, as do nearly all of our scientific terms, from the Latin, and means, literally, "those who snatch away," that is, pirates. And so they are. Graceful, muscular, powerful of wing and talon, they are the personification of death to the lesser wanderers of the air. They are found in all climes and at all altitudes, but are the most plentiful in tropical lands, where an abundance of small life offers an easily won living. Most of the hawks and eagles of the tropics, however, are of the buzzard type, rather than the falconine; that is, they feed upon game which they find already killed instead of pursuing and capturing living prey as do the true falcons. Of such as these "buzzard hawks" are our own red-tailed or hen hawk and the red-bellied, a western counterpart of the common eastern red-shouldered hawks.

The sparrow hawk is a true falcon in every sense of the word—in structure, color, markings, and habits—and to say that a bird is a falcon is to place him among



THE DESERT SPARROW HAWK.

the aristocracy of the avian kingdom. There we find the famed merlin, the kestrel, the peregrine, and the beautiful red-footed falcons from the snow-covered steppes of Russia. In America this family is well represented from the duck hawk and prairie falcons down to the sparrow hawks, of which, in the United States, we have two species and, in Cuba, one. The avifauna of our Philippine possessions is not as yet well known, so that a thorough classification of the birds of those islands will probably result in the adding to our falcons of at least one or two new species, and to the buzzard hawks and eagles, of from four to a dozen varieties.

East of the Rocky Mountains is found the original sparrow hawk, but here on the west coast he is called the desert sparrow hawk, while lower down, in "Baja California," he is known to ornithologists as the St. Lucas sparrow hawk. He it is whom at this season of the year we see perched upon the topmost limb of some leafless tree, watching the air and the earth for passing insects and crawling mice, lizards or any other small vermin. He never does any harm, but is constantly on the lookout for man's insect enemies, so do not shoot him. If he comes to know you and you do not disturb him he will allow you to approach quite close enough to fix his markings and colors in your mind. He is one of the most beautiful of our small hawks and, in fact, very few of the large ones surpass him in dress.

You will notice the long wings and tail as well as the notched beak, all marks of the falconine birds. His whole appearance suggests the warrior—one who is accustomed to depend for sustenance upon his own skill. Watch him as he rises—though he is not so expert at this as his near relative, the pigeon hawk—up, up in the clear sky, until at last he hangs, fluttering but stationary, directly over his prey. Then he falls. Not "like a thunderbolt," as fell Tennyson's eagle, but like some vivid, living meteor. It seems as if he must surely dash himself to death, but, no. A few feet from the earth, he turns gracefully upward, snatching his quarry as he turns, and rises once more to his perch in the leafless walnut, there to devour his victim piecemeal. But our feelings of sympathy are quickly dispelled when we note that it is a field mouse or perhaps a huge grasshopper that he holds in his strong little claws.

About the first of April we miss these familiar fellows from their winter hunting grounds, but if we follow

back into the hills we shall find them, just beginning housekeeping in some hollow limb or the deserted hole of one of the larger woodpeckers. Almost all the birds of prey remain paired year in and year out through life, unless death removes one of the pair, and these small falcons are no exception to this rule. Year after year, if undisturbed, they will be found in the same old tree, the female laying her five or six eggs some time before the middle of April. No attempt at nest building is made, the eggs resting upon the rotten wood in the bottom of the cavity. They are, like all falcon's eggs, so covered with rusty, reddish brown spots as to entirely cover up the ground color.

If captured when small the young can be tamed and will in time become quite tractable, but unless one is so situated as to have room for a flying cage for them, all tame hawks will sooner or later pine away and die.

HARRY H. DUNN.

## APRIL FOOL PARTY.

### A NOVEL ENTERTAINMENT FOR THE DAY OF JESTS.

By a Special Contributor.

A unique and very enjoyable entertainment now in vogue is an April-fool party. While this should properly take place on April 1, it is not inappropriate at any time during the month. The hostess is assisted by a young lady attired as Folly and a gentleman in the costume of a court jester. They are each provided with a silken bag that hangs by ribbon bands from the shoulder and is filled with tiny bells attached to pieces of bright-colored baby-ribbon.

As the guests arrive, each one receives a stick, wound with ribbon, which terminates at the top in a short loop, and when all are assembled, bags containing nuts and candy are distributed. Part of the contents of each bag are real and eatable, and part are counterfeit.

Throughout the evening the guests offer to each other the contents of their bags, and whoever accepts a counterfeit or refuses a real dainty is taken prisoner, conducted to Folly or the court jester, and receives a bell, which is fastened to the ribbon loop at the end of his or her stick. The person offering the nut or candy selects it from the bag, and the one to whom it is offered must make a decision with only such examination as is possible without touching it.

It is allowable also to lay conversational pitfalls for the unwary, and if these are successful, the victim receives an additional bell as a penalty. But in all such traps verbal accuracy must be preserved, for, in its essence, an April-fool frolic is a contest of wits, one striving to give a false impression, the other on the alert to detect and avoid such snares. Therefore, if it can be proved that the joker has stated what is false, the joke is outlawed. For example, the time-worn "How did you tear your coat?" might pass, but "You have torn your coat; how did you do it?" would be ruled out. Folly, the court jester, and the hostess form a court of appeal in all disputed questions.

When refreshments are served, oranges and bananas, stuffed with cotton, are found among the fruit, and sawdust cakes hiding in the cake basket, so that Folly and the jester must be constantly on the watch for those who make mistakes in choosing.

At the close of the evening, the lady and gentleman who have the fewest bells each receives a prize, and those who have the most sing a song, dance, or tell a story for the amusement of the company.

Score cards may be substituted for the ribbon-trimmed sticks, in which case caps and bells, cut from gilt or colored paper, serve as markers. A bell being given when a counterfeit is accepted, and a cap when a really-good thing is refused.

For entertaining the guests at an April-fool party sleight-of-hand tricks are appropriate, or any game that permits of conversation and is absorbing enough to throw the company off their guard.

GEORGINE T. BATES.

## BOB, THE BABOON.

### MORE OF HIS ADVENTURES, AS RELATED BY HIMSELF.

By a Special Contributor.

Being in a hurry to hide myself, I jumped into the open window without pausing to see what sort of a room I was getting into. I discovered at once that it was the parlor of the house, and a woman was sweeping and dusting. She did not run away when she caught sight of me, but raised the broom over her head and brought it down across my back with a whack. This frightened me for a moment, and instead of biting her, I ran out into the front hall. A boy about 12 years old stood in the open door, having a shiny stick in his hand. I started to dodge past him, but he up with the stick and shinned on my nose and cried out:

"Police! Police! Here is the escaped baboon!"

The whack across my back and the knock on my nose had confused me, and hardly knowing what I did I ran upstairs. That was a brave boy, for he followed me up and tried to hit me again. My idea was to get out by the roof, but when I got to the top floor I found the scuttle shut. Hearing people on the stairs, I dodged into a bathroom and shut the door. The door had a spring lock on it, and so I had made a prisoner of myself. When I came to look out of the window I found it so high up that I dared not jump out, and there was no pipe by which I could descend. I soon saw that my ad-

ventures were ended, but I was not going to let Zoo without another fight. Listening at the door, I heard a policeman say:

"Now, then, we have got Bob locked up. How are we to get him out? I don't care to bite the end of my nose off and pull my whiskers, he did to poor White."

It was not until they had twenty policemen in the house, and all the doors and windows closed, that I opened my door with a key. I was standing on the floor as the door flew open I flew out among the men. I had bitten three of them when a fourth was thrown over me, and I was tangled up in a helpless. When they took me downstairs I was tied, a strap around my jaws, and about all I was to wink my eyes. Four policemen got into a wagon with me, and there was such a crowd that I could hardly get through. It was said that I followed up over to Central Park and the keepers were delighted to think I had been seen and the superintendent shook his finger at me and said:

"Ah, Bob, you rascal, but I am glad to see you and I shall take care that you don't get out again."

They turned all the people out of the monkey house, and carried me in and thrust me into my cage. A little chum was so tickled to see me that he cried and almost choked on a peanut. The hoots and whoops and yells from all the other monkeys were not until night came and all the monkeys locked that we had our little party. As the keeper had gone every monkey cried out:

"Story! Story! Everybody keep quiet and let Bob tell us his wonderful adventures!"

I went to the front of my cage and, holding a bar with either hand, I told them all about my adventures and gone through, and every minute or so gave me applause. When I told them about my baby up the tree there was so much laughing and crying that the keeper came back and put his head in the door and called out:

"Now, then, if you monkeys don't stop this business, I'll be after some of you with a sharp stick!"

While all of them were sorry that I didn't have liberty and have further adventures, all were glad to welcome me back to my cage. I am sure I am glad to get back. I had seen a good deal of the City and had had lots of fun, but I had discovered the streets were no place for a baboon, and that I have had hard work to get my three meals per day. I got out into the country, the farmers would have chased me with dogs and tried to kill me with shotguns. When I had told my story and answered a hundred questions, the ape rapped on the bars of my cage and said:

"Ladies and Gentlemen: I move that Bob be declared president of this monkey house for over all of us."

And every monkey swung to and fro by his tail and shouted:

"Hip! Hip! Hurrah, for Bob, and may he live a hundred years old!" BOB, THE BABOON.

## EXPLORING A CAVE.

### NOW TWO NEW MEXICO BOYS HUNTED FOR TREASURE.

By a Special Contributor.

Hal Stevens and his cousin, Harvey, were ambitious. They were strong, healthy boys, in the tenth year, and had grown up among the mountains of New Mexico.

Two young prospectors had discovered an old mine about seven miles from the Stevens ranch, had sold their discovery to an eastern syndicate, and what seemed to the boys a fabulous amount.

"I tell you, Harve, if we try, we can surely find good ore in these hills, too," said Hal.

"I wish we could find a fortune," returned Harvey. "My! I'd have the finest ranch in New Mexico could only find a mine like the Davidson mine."

"I'd go to a military academy and become a States officer," announced Hal, giving voice to the ambition of his soul. "But, say, Harve, let's go to Divide, this morning, and explore that cave that the Indians pointed out to me one day last month."

"But I thought you said that Navajo Indians were not to go there without a guide," cautioned Harvey. "So he did," said Hal. "But I'm not afraid of any old cave in these mountains."

"Neither am I," quickly returned Harvey, but to let his cousin carry off alone the palm he said:

"Let's go, then," said Hal.

"All right."

In a few minutes they were on their ponies, and rapidly away over the smooth road that led to the mountains.

After a brisk ride of two hours, Hal and Harvey ascended into a deep, irregular gorge.

"There's the opening," cried Hal excitedly, as to a narrow aperture half-hidden by some rock that jutted upward before the face of some cliff whose tops towered far above and were lost in shadowy masses of white clouds.

Dismounting and leaving their ponies to graze on short herbage in the cañon, the boys ran forward and squeezed their bodies through the narrow opening.

Once within the entrance to the cave, the light of the torches which Hal had brought with him immediately began exploring the interior.

The possibility of finding some secret



are in their excited imaginations and urged them forward.

"No telling what we'll find in this old cave," said Hal, peering about him in the gloom of the damp passage.

"Maybe some old Indian pottery and turquoise ornaments," answered Harvey, close at Hal's elbow. "We can sell them for big money if we do."

Pushing their way through the outer passage, they reached an apartment where the cave widened and increased in height. The fitful flickering of the torch's light made the crystals of the rough walls scintillate with a marvelous brilliancy that was quite sufficient to rouse their ambitions a hundred-fold. Visions of golden nuggets, rainbow-hued opals, and garnets like ruby dew-drops floated before their minds and lured them on. Ared into silence by the wonderful sights of the secret cave, Hal and Harvey proceeded, scarcely daring to breathe for fear the entire thing might vanish like a scene of enchantment.

"Hello, Hal!" cried Harvey, suddenly. "Look! Here's another passage."

"So there is!" said Hal, pausing in the entrance and surveying the narrow walls a little suspiciously. "Come on, Harvey, it's all right."

So saying, the boys crept through the inner passage, which presently widened into a triangular-shaped vault, with wonderful crystals depending from the top in the most fantastic forms imaginable.

Here the boys groped among the uneven walls, searching in every niche for hidden treasures. But their patient quest went unrewarded.

Suddenly they found themselves in a wider passage than the one by which they had entered. They traversed its irregular way for some distance, until the passage made a sudden incline downward.

After they had proceeded downward for some distance, their feet began to sink into damp sand. This, however, gave them no uneasiness, and they kept fearlessly on, the sought-for golden treasure ever just ahead.

The bottom of the passage grew damper and suggested the idea of having been recently flooded. Presently it widened into two elongated chambers, with uneven rocky shelves along the walls. These rooms were larger than the ones first entered, and were darker and at a much lower level.

Hal and Harvey managed to feel their way among the shelving rocks, which felt wet and slippery to the touch.

"The ancient Spanish explorers might have hid their treasures among the ledges," observed Hal, throwing his light aloft.

"Yes, they might," replied Harvey. "Gee! What's that?"

Both listened to a dull, roaring sound that came from another passage just before them. They tried to pierce the darkness to learn the source of the singular sound. In another moment something dark rushed toward them over the floor of the cave, and before either of the boys could realize the peril of the situation they found themselves up to their knees in water!

Their first impulse was to hurry back to the passage,

shelf, afraid to stir. In spite of an effort to keep up the appearance of a brave spirit, both boys began to lose courage, and it was hard work to refrain from giving vent to feelings of despair.

Their opinion of hidden Spanish treasures had undergone a radical change, and both heartily wished they had never heard of such stuff.

It was a night of discomfort and nameless dread that the boys spent on that ledge above the subterranean stream. Neither dared go to sleep, for fear of tumbling off into the water below.

Toward morning the water began to sink steadily, and in two hours the stream had vanished as mysteriously as it had risen.

As soon as they dared, the boys ventured down from their ledge, and, finding the passage that led from the damp room, they crept along as fast as half-cramped, benumbed legs could carry them.

Before they could reach the entrance, however, Harvey sank to the floor in a condition of utter exhaustion. Hal fell to his knees and supported his cousin's head.

At that moment a shout came from outside, and Hal recognized his father's voice.

The boys' failing to return to their home had led Mr. Stevens to organize a searching party. The ponies grazing in the cañon had guided the searchers to the cave, and they were just in time to give the benumbed, exhausted young explorers some food and simple restoratives. These, coupled with healthy constitutions, enabled the boys to pull through without serious results, but neither of them now has much interest in stories of hidden Spanish treasure.

AD. H. GIBSON.

### EASTER-EGG NOVELTIES.

#### DIRECTIONS FOR MAKING AMUSING EGG ORNAMENTS FOR EASTER MORNING.

By a Special Contributor.

"Teach not a parent's mother to extract.

The embryo juices of an egg by suction.

That good old lady can the deed enact

Quite irrespective of your kind instruction."

It almost seems as though an article, written for American boys and girls on the subject of Easter eggs, would be open to the above criticism; but I believe it still possible to get up a few new ideas on this subject, and I shall endeavor to describe a few in the following article:

The stenciled egg, shown in figure one, is an odd pattern, giving somewhat the effect of old Egyptian characters. Fold a strip of brown paper several times; cut in this some small pattern, which, when the paper is unfolded, will repeat itself with variations, and use this as a stencil. If the egg is dyed orange and stenciled with black, the effect is really very decorative.

Figure two shows the method of ornamenting an egg by pasting upon it small rabbits cut from colored paper. A circle of rabbits which grows gradually smaller will surround the entire egg. Draw them in outline with a

firmly in place. Figure twelve shows a back view of the gentleman.

Figure thirteen is a mouse, or, if made from a goose egg, you may call it a rat. The tail, a short length of twine, is fastened on with the ever-useful sealing wax. The ear, figure fourteen, is made from a small piece of writing paper.

Figure fifteen, Mother Goose, demands a goose egg for her manufacture, if she is to be really imposing. The smallest part of the egg will be uppermost. The egg may be either blown or hard-boiled. The hair, figure nineteen, is put on like a cap. Figure sixteen is cut from a piece of stiff cardboard. The cornucopia, figure seventeen, is pushed through the opening in the center of figure sixteen, and the pieces separated by the cuts at the bottom of the cornucopia are pasted to the under side of figure seventeen. This completes the hat. The skirt for Mother Goose is made from tissue paper, figure eighteen. Her broom is a lead pencil, at the end of which some short broom straws have been tied. Her apron is made from either white tissue paper or cotton cloth. Her shawl is a small square of cloth held in place with paste. With sealing wax fasten a small dice of cardboard at the bottom of the egg, so that Mother Goose may stand upright, and the novelty is finished.

### OPEN-AIR TELEPHONES NOW.

#### NO BOOTHS NOW; YOU JUST STAND ON THE SIDEWALK AND RING UP CENTRAL.

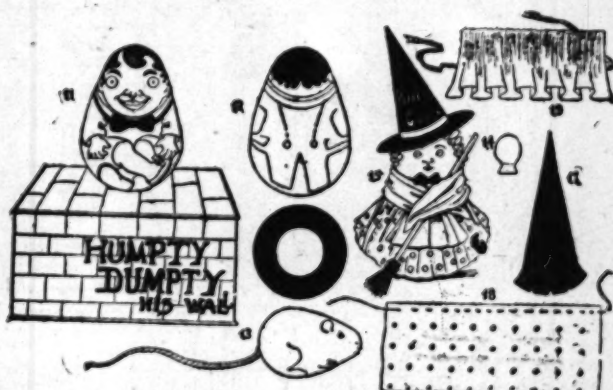
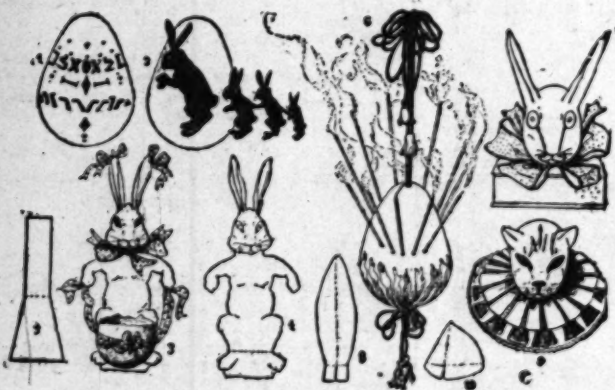
[New York Sun:] The nearest approach to wireless telegraphy in point of convenience of communication is the open-air telephone, for use in the public streets. When this has come into use you can jump off a street car at any corner, call up central, and talk with your pastor or your best girl—and have it all over in a second.

William Gray of Hartford, Ct., the inventor of the regulation booth telephone, has concocted the scheme, and fifty of the machines are now being put together by the Gray Telephone Pay Station Company. One will soon be put up for trial on one of the best street corners in New Haven. If the device proves as successful as its inventor imagines that it will, the introduction of the machines throughout the United States will depend only on the consent of the municipal authorities.

This outdoor telephone is of the height and shape of a police or fire-alarm box. The slender iron post that bears the box and the box itself have a white aluminum finish. The sides of the box bear the blue bell, the emblem of the telephone pay station.

The door can be unlocked by dropping a cent in the slot, and the coin can be recovered upon the opening of the door. Inside the box is the mechanical pay-station telephone, with the slots for dimes, nickels, etc., and on the inside of the door hangs a telephone directory.

The receiver is attached to the back by a short arm, and beside it hangs the transmitter. Connection with the central office is made in the usual way, and when



climb the incline, and escape from the subterranean stream that had risen with such mysterious suddenness.

Taking hands, the boys made a swift rush through the water toward the passage leading up the incline. But terror and haste bewildered them, and they missed the right direction. Escape now appeared to be impossible. It was a moment of singular apprehension to both boys.

Down the passage back of them came the dull roar of the rising flood, sweeping toward them with sullen fury. With a gurgle of triumph the water deepened around them. They stood for a moment at a loss what to do. As a fresh undulation almost swept Harvey off his feet, he grasped Hal frantically by the shoulder. This sudden movement threw both boys with no gentle force against a projecting rock.

Coming in contact with the rock suggested a new avenue of escape. After a good deal of slipping and sliding, the boys managed to climb up the rough wall to a ledge or shelving part of the wall.

The water continued to rise, until, by reaching down over the edge, Hal could touch the surface of the flood with the tips of his fingers.

The roaring of the angry water was terrifying. To Hal and Harvey it seemed like an army of demons below them, gloating over their misadventure.

"There must have been a big cloudburst up the cañon," said Hal, accidentally guessing the truth, "and the water has poured into an opening of the cave."

"Well, it has us in an ugly fix, whatever it is," replied Harvey. "I wish we'd minded what Navajo Ike said and not come here alone."

Hal did not answer. He did not like to confess that he had been rash in entering the cave without a guide. He did wish, however, that he had told his parents where he and Harvey were going. He would have felt better about it, even if he never escaped from the cave.

The water did not rise any higher, but it gave no signs of subsiding.

Wearily, chilled, and hungry, they lay on that rocky

lead pencil on the white side of the paper, and cut them out so that the paws of the smaller rabbits will remain attached.

Figure three is a match box. Cut from stiff paper the outline shown in figure four. The portion of this below the dotted line must be bent at right angles to the rest. Half an egg, which has been previously gilded, is fastened to the rabbit's feet with sealing wax or glue. A ribbon is scattered about the egg and then run to each paw of the rabbit. Other ribbons are added, as shown in the diagram. Figure five is a support which will help the rabbit to stand upright. The support above the dotted line is pasted to the rabbit; below the dotted line it is bent out from the back.

Figure six is a Chinese incense burner. This had better be made from a goose egg. Blow the egg and run cords and tassels through, as shown in the illustration. The holes for the incense sticks can be pricked with a darning needle or a pin.

Figure seven is a candy box. A large enough hole can be made in the bottom of the egg to empty it without making a hole in the top. If the box is made of cardboard the bow of ribbon, shown in the diagram, may be sewed in place. If the box is made of wood a little glue will fasten the ribbon to the lid. Cut the rabbit's ear, as shown in figure eight. The rabbit's head, when complete, is fastened to the ribbon with sealing wax. In the rabbit's head the small part of the egg will be uppermost; in the cat's head the large part of the egg will be uppermost.

Figure nine shows a penwiper. The under portion of this is made of felt or shammy. Figure ten shows the cat's ear; it is folded at the dotted line.

Figure eleven shows Humpty Dumpty and his wall. The wall is a cardboard candy box and Humpty Dumpty is a hard-boiled egg. His outline is traced on the egg with India ink. A drop of sealing wax will fasten him

central gets the person wanted and the money is deposited conversation may proceed.

The door of the box is on beveled hinges, and shuts itself by gravitation after the telephone has been used.

It is apparent that such street stations will make telephoning so easy that there will be a general demand for their introduction. Of course, they cannot be put in without the consent of the local authorities, and they may be regarded as an obstruction in the street, although they will take up no more room than the fire-alarm or police-telegraph boxes.

It is suggested that the telephone call box may supplant both of these and make them no longer necessary, as it is intended to permit the police the use of the boxes free for messages to station-houses and even permit the free use of them to anybody who wants to communicate with the police.

### THE ONLY WOMAN JAILER.

Mrs. Evelyn Smith of Greenwich, R. I., is probably the only woman jailer in the United States. She has held the position for a number of years, having been appointed at her husband's death to succeed him. When she is absent her daughter, Mrs. Burdick, handles the keys, and it is said that these women can control the most violent prisoner ever brought in, and yet have no violence or difficulty of any kind.

[Chicago Inter Ocean:] Miss Ruth F. Mason, daughter of Senator Mason, proposes to join her father and brother in the law business. She will be graduated by the National University law department in June, and is making preparations to begin a general practice. Senator Mason says his daughter will make a good lawyer, and he approves her ambition to begin practice in this city.



## Woman and Home—Our Wives and Daughters.

### LUXURIOUS SUMMER CLOTHES.

REPREHENSIBLE YET ALLURING EXTRAVAGAN-  
CIES IN CLOTHING CHILDREN THIS SEASON.

From a Special Correspondent.

NEW YORK, March 25, 1901.—It is a joy to shop for children in this luxurious, artistic and inventive age, when every well-to-do child is refitted with new costumes from top to toe at least three times a year.

Little girls, arriving at the mature age of 10 or thereabouts, are the possessors of really elaborate wardrobes; sometimes including for the spring and summer season as many as thirty-five or forty toilets. A change of at least three frocks a day is allowed for the season when wash dresses are in order, and there now is a reprehensible fad on foot for dressing children in white and pastel-tinted piqué and linen that is richly embroidered and put together by hand. The finish and

boy, in the upper left-hand corner, wears one of the new summer melton coats in pale gray. A wide, ruffled collar of white-linen lawn turns over his coat's revers, and on his head is one of the English inventions, a Prince Edward of York reefer cap. This is a round sailor's reefer of light weight, navy-blue silk, covered with a buttoned on top of white piqué. With these new reefer caps a half-dozen covers of wash goods can be bought, and a clean one fastened on every morning, while its mate, worn the day preceding, passes to the washtub for renovation.

The little miss in the upper right-hand corner of the picture shows how fancifully and effectively the spring's printed challies can be used in a child's wardrobe; and lower down, to the left, is a charmingly-pretty pink Henrietta cloth employed, with tucked-silk lawn and white hand-embroidered lawn frills, in the make-up of a full-dress spring costume for a 7 year old. A white liberty-silk sash and a white-taffeta poke, with pink plumes, completes a toilet suitable for a little Easter bridesmaid. The petticoated boy, near this well-gowned

dresses that will be worn at the watering places in April and August.

With the skirt of this cut the milliners are prepared to act in accordance, and the wide, broad, waved brim is coming into its own again. A skirt of prodigious fullness it is, of course, and of the question to wear a fan-like toque or a cake, the latter all made of tucked material or of black silk muslin, and then decked with trails of hedges or button roses.

The pink rose that, by the way, reigned with undisputed supremacy all winter, has suddenly become inexpressibly common. If a woman must wear colored flowers in her hat, pink lilacs are the thing. These are made up in sprays and clusters, with instead of the ash-green foliage we long have seen. The flower, however, that blooms with the most luxuriance in the spring hat is the blue rose, in sprays or tufts, it smiles with almost a universal from every freshly-natted feminine, and the violet has withered up from neglect and is out of sight.

MARY

### NINE NEW WAYS TO COOK EGGS

SOME EXCELLENT SUGGESTIONS FOR FAST ON EASTER.

By a Special Contributor.

Eggs and Potatoes.—Cover the bottom of a baking dish an inch deep with mashed potatoes, making them well with salt, pepper and butter. Lay the top, then with the back of a spoon, make a hole all over it. Set in a hot oven for ten minutes, out, and break a fresh egg in each of the holes. Sprinkle the egg surfaces lightly with salt and pepper, put a bit of butter on each, and return to the oven. Cook fifteen minutes, longer if the eggs are hard. Five minutes cooks the white and sets the yolk. Serve piping hot. A variant is to mix bits of meat, especially cold-boiled ham, through the potatoes and season the mixture with lemon juice or vinegar. Cold slaw goes well as a relish for this.

Haked Eggs.—Cut the crust from a stale loaf, slice the crumb rather less than an inch thick, lay the slices well on both sides, and line the bottom of a baking dish with them. Break three fresh eggs on them, sprinkle in salt and pepper, put in another layer of buttered bread, break more eggs, and so on, until the bread is over the top. Take care not to break the yolks, and to lay the upper slices so lightly that they will mash them. The bread ought to be an inch thick. Now pour over the bread a can of milk that have been mashed through a sieve, and season with salt, pepper, a little sugar, and a squeeze of onion juice. Cook for half an hour, in a hot oven. Serve with cream and cut lemon.

Eggs on Toast.—Cut the crust from a stale loaf, evenly, toast the slices, tutter them lightly, and lay on a baking sheet. Break a fresh egg on each, sprinkle thickly with grated cheese, add a dash of salt and red pepper, and bake in a very quick oven until the hardness is preferred. Make a sauce of Spanish onion, sliced thin, in two ounces of butter, when tender stirring into it a pint can of cream. Season to taste with salt and pepper, add a dash of lemon juice, and just before serving, the strained juice of a lemon.

Magic Eggs.—These make much fun at a party. Choose a dozen smooth, slightly pointed, and bigger than the fist. Wash them well, and make a hole on the side opposite that which lies toward the hollow out, inside, a space just big enough to hold an egg. Salt and pepper the cavities, then break an egg in each, put on the potato lid, tie it in place, and cook until done. If any egg runs out, remove it before cooking. Pass the potatoes, simply as potatoes, and comes in the little people's amazement at the egg inside. Another way to make surprise eggs is to break the shells of a half dozen very carefully, and then, together at one edge, and not spilling the yolk, then to whip three whites as light as possible, add a pinch of salt and a very little powdered sugar, egg-shells, fit them together, tie them, and bake in a very slow oven. With care they will hold entirely whole. The froth inside is always a delicious surprise.

An Egg Border.—Boil half a dozen eggs ten minutes, drop in cold water, peel, and keep warm. Cut a thick border of good, well-seasoned, mashed potatoes around the edge of a platter, press the eggs in the border, points up, and set in a hot oven for ten minutes. Fill the center with string string beans, or buttered, or young carrots stewed in milk, or Brussels sprouts, boiled very tender. Or the center may be of cold meat, cut in dice, and heated with a little butter and onion. Whatever it is, add a garnish the border outside with sprigs of parsley, and serve very hot. This is a handsome, as well as a useful, dish for luncheon or supper, and not need consideration for a Sunday tea.

Eggs with Olives.—Boil the eggs hard, peel, and flatten the big end so they will stand, and in the center cut a deep, narrow hole, just big enough to hold a baby olive. Put in the olive, stand the egg in a bed of crisp lettuce leaves, and pour over them a dressing made with three tablespoonfuls of oil, a dash of vinegar or lemon juice, a little dry mustard, salt and white pepper.

Fritters.—Beat three eggs very light with a



APRIL COSTUMES FOR CHILDREN.

durability and beauty of these suits are incontestable, but they are justly very expensive and a cruel temptation to the American mother of moderate means who wishes her little ones to ruffle it with the most fashionable small folk of the neighborhood.

The majority of these aristocratic garments for children are made very long in the body and short and full in the skirt. A miss of 7, or an embryo statesman of 5, will, for example, wear in the morning a beautiful tan-colored linen suit, delicately garlanded along the edges of the wide collar, the cuffs and about the hem of the skirts with vivid blue-larkspur blossoms and green leaves. This sumptuously-simple frock is belted well below the hips with a tan-colored ooze-leather belt, fastened with a smartly-enameled silver-gilt buckle. In the afternoon this same child will go forth to drive, or play games on the lawn, in a pastel-rose linen, traced over with many lines of coral-red blossoms, and girdled very low down with a wire coral-taffeta sash that has fringed ends.

In the group of young folks that accompanies this text the value of the short, full skirt, and belt or sash below the hips, is convincingly accentuated. The small

girl, displays the glories of a hand-embroidered linen, and the fifteen-year-old girl wears a gown of cloth, in the two tones so very fashionable just now, tan and leaf green.

There have been wonderful pranks played in Paris lately with all the tailor-made traditions, consequent upon the strike of the tailors. The whole responsibility of dress thus cast upon the dressmakers, they have insisted at all costs upon the picturesque. They are now turning out wonderful coats, named after the great Mme. Loubet; coats with long Directoire skirts, bolero tops, and undersleeves that are fountains of lace.

Just a few women have so far been seen in the Marie Louise skirts, that are gathered full at the back and flow out in broad trains behind. With these go elbow sleeves, that support frills of tulle or chiffon or starched lace, that stand out as full and as stiff as the neck ruffs of Tudor times. Though the majority of well-clothed womankind will continue on into the now fairly-launched season to display sheath skirts, the Marie Louise is inevitable, and is going to enter on its victorious campaign with the foulards and the evening



March 31 1901.]

roll, add butter the size of an egg, a pint of sifted flour, and a pint of rich milk. Mix smooth, then drop by spoonfuls into deep, boiling-hot lard, fry a light brown, skim out, lay in a hot dish and sprinkle with fine sugar. Keep the dish hot until the frying is done. Serve at once with more sugar, and good claret, the eaters making syrup thin or thick to please themselves.

**Pancakes.**—Make batter as for fritters, only using a double amount of milk. It must be thin enough to run freely. Have a hot griddle, well greased, and barely over it. Sprinkle each pancake with sugar as it is taken off, roll it up, and lay it in a hot dish. Serve with a sauce of creamed butter and sugar beaten smooth in warm wine, either sherry or claret.

## NOVELTIES FOR THE NECK.

**PINEAPPLE SILK MUSLIN, HAVING JABOT STREAMERS, IS AN ARTISTIC COLLARETTE.**

*By a Special Contributor.*

With the joyful putting off of heavy wraps and fur collars we have returned to our allegiance to all manner of pretty, fluffy collarettes. They are reëditions of the boas we exploited last autumn, hung with chenille ropes and frothed with tulle; but many of them are vastly improved and beautified over the models that reigned in the dead and gone season. For one thing the milliners have now taken up the manufacture of boas and ruffs, and sell really irresistible specimens to match the hat that one purchases. Some hats, in fact, are not sold unless the boa is purchased, too, and, if one is ambitious for a neck piece to display in company with one's Easter bonnet, the modiste will whip one up in a trice.

There are, with this open season, boas to suit the most conservative and the most eccentric women. There are collarettes with ends that drop to one's toes, and collarettes with no end. Some of them fasten in front, some behind, and some at one side. One of the newest and prettiest is of palest mauve-pineapple pleated-silk muslin, edged with quillings of white tulle, made with long jabot streamers, in a series of over deep-lapping fringes, and diversified with little flat blue-silk roses,

set on to the pineapple-pleated surface at artistic intervals.

Another enviable specimen is made in the form of two huge Tudor ruffs of tulle. The first is cream white, laid upon one of equally full Jacqueminot red tulle, and finished with double ropes of changeable red and white silk chenille. From Paris come evening boas made all of huge silk peonies. Silver cords hang nearly to the feet in front; and are weighted at the bottom with peonies, one of which has inner stiffened petals, that, at the wearer's need, can be transformed into a charming fan.

A goodly number of these neck ornaments are broadened out, in the center of the back and on the shoulders, to serve as small fancy capes when the wearer drives, or requires a bit of a wrap after dancing. Costly and beautiful ones are made in the form of separate stitched silk leaves, upon which fall frills of fine lace, and the streamers in front are long ends of accordion-pleated chiffon, covered with lace and held at intervals with ornamental circlets of brilliant paste. Intrinsically beautiful as are the ostrich-feather boas, they no longer retain their hold on feminine affections, unless the proud feathers are allied and intermingled with artificial flowers and lace. This is a degradation of their beauty, but, for the present, plumes are commonplace and hackneyed to a degree, and only the milliner who is more or less of a genius at combinations can make the woman accept the feathers under any guise.

A distinct sensation was created at one of the last balls of the winter season by the appearance of a notably well-dressed woman in a boa made whole of exquisite silver-tissue roses; from this hung a dozen or more fine silver chains, that dangled nearly to her feet and shot white lights from the many vivid little rhinestones that were fastened at intervals of an inch or two in their links. Worn with a sumptuous black gown, this silver collar not only produced a marked effect, but set a fashion then and there for balls that are to follow in the Easter holidays.

## COMIC EASTER CARDS.

It has been left to a Japanese artist to produce the comic Easter cards.

Comic valentines date back fifty years, and the sug-

gestively-amusing Christmas card is not unknown, but that the sacred festival of Easter could be successfully treated—if not in a spirit of satire, at least in lighter vein—it has remained for a foreign artist to discover.

The "cards" referred to are bits of ragged-edged leather (to which an "applied art" is now running so madly for decoration) in as many shapes and shapelessness as found in the snippings and scraps of a dressmaker's rag bag. Upon these are outlined caricatures—albeit with extreme delicacy—of popes and cardinals, surplised priests and penitents, choir boys and choir masters, with heads of rabbits, butterflies, eggs, and other emblems associated with Easter. These outlines are artistically filled in with the smooth and glowing Japanese colors, and are undoubtedly works of art, the cleverness of which is best shown in the suggestive poise of the figures and the expression given to the grotesque faces.

A chrysalis, garbed in the scarlet robes of a cardinal, bends in mock solemnity over a butterfly gowned as a society belle, giving absolution. A rabbit clergyman, in white vestments, with a worldly twinkle in his rabbit eye, a knowing cock of the long ear, which expresses so much, pronounces a benediction over a congregation of slyly demure butterflies. Monks, in gorgeous robes, carrying aloft crosses of gold, have solemn faces, not without a covert expression, formed from a calla lily; attenuated figures of anxious hens, with egg-shaped faces, flutter distractedly about the hatching chicks; all sorts of comical combinations of symbols, emblematic of Easter hope and joy—almost a travesty upon the solemn spirit of the holy feast.

To the Christian to whom this day, commemorative of the risen Christ, is a sacred festival, these Easter souvenirs savor of irreverence, and yet they are sold at fabulously-high prices by the hundreds.

They are something new! And is not all the world rushing frantically after the new? Little heed is given to significance, use, desirability, if a thing only comes hot from the roller!

That a people recognizing Easter at all should be so little filled with the spirit of it as to send a friend a reminder of the day caricaturing, however lightly, the Christian holy day, is a sad commentary on the times.

I. B. W.

## AN OLD PARIS LANDMARK.

**THE MARKET OF THE TEMPLE BECOMES A THING OF THE PAST.**

[Pall Mall Gazette:] The closing of the Market of the Temple, which will take place before this is in print, reminds one that with it another of the old landmarks of literary Paris will disappear. Ever since its foundation by Napoleon on the site of the historic fortress of the Templars, the place has been used for the sale of old clothes and second-hand fineries of which our own Petticoat lane would be ashamed. Here the rising genius who was bidden to the house of some patron or editor [N. B.—Publishers in France do not ask their victims to dine with them] used to repair for the hire of garments suitable to the occasion, generally getting into them behind a screen placed conveniently in the shop, and leaving his own workaday clothes behind him as security.

The price was not excessive, for £5 would command a complete evening rig out, but the result was not always satisfactory, and a writer, whose name I forget, used to tell with great delight how in his youth he had found to his horror the pair of black trousers he had thus obtained turning red and green in the midst of the ball whither he had conducted them. They had originally been of a brilliant plaid, but had been dyed by the hirer with some inefficient compound, on which an accidental baptism of lemonade had acted like Ishuriel's spear.

## PART OF LONDON WALL FOUND.

[London Telegraph:] In the course of operations connected with the laying of the telephone tube through the city a seam of stonework, between thirty and forty feet in length, has been discovered running to a depth of about eight feet. There is no doubt about this being a section of the old London wall, which extended in a northerly direction along a street which still bears its name. The original Ald Gate must have stood not far from the spot where the discovery was made, and an equally curious find 295 years ago of coins belonging to the reigns of Trajan, Domitian and Valentinian settles the period of its primary erection. Perhaps the most interesting record in connection with the towers and barriers is that of a lease granting the whole of the house above the gate to Geoffrey Chaucer in 1374. There is no mention in it of either rent or any other consideration; the conclusion, therefore, is that it was a free residence attached to the office of the Controller of the Customs and subsidy of woods, skins and leather for the port of London, which functions the author of "The Canterbury Tales" fulfilled for eleven years, when he obtained permission to appoint a deputy, ostensibly to devote himself to another duty, that of the Controller of the Petty Customs. Most probably it was to give more time to his writing, and the city did not like it, for a twelvemonth later Chaucer was dismissed from both offices.

## STYLES IN SPRING HATS.

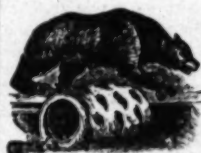


(1.) This is a pretty pale pastel-blue straw, dressed with ivory-white chiffon, black velvet and scarlet roses.

(2.) This pretty Easter hat is a suggestion of the immensely-popular Marie Antoinette shape. It is a pale-blue straw, dressed with black roses under the brim.

(3.) This pretty black mohair toque is decorated with pale-blue chiffon and rhinestone ornaments.

(4.) A creation in mignonette, green velvet and ivory-white satin, with white wings. Two brilliant buttons glitter on the front brim.



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## A GRIZZLY ON ICE.

ACCORDING TO BILL ELLIS, HE WAS NOT A COLD PROPOSITION.

By a Special Contributor.

"MAYBE you've heard of the independence of a hawk on ice, but you ought to see a grizzly perform," observed Bill Ellis one evening, as he flapped a sheepherder's flapjack so high out of the frying pan that it caught on a limb—and was tough enough to stay there. "I was bad done up, too, by some tenderfeet, and that made me feel spotty. To tell the truth, I was as green as any of 'em, but, of course, I didn't know it."

"We went out, one day, from our minin' camp in the mountains, and found where a bear had gone into a cave to lay up for the winter. We thought it would be a fine thing to smoke him out, for we s'posed he would be mighty lazy after goin' into winter quarters. We had some spunky dogs with us that had tackled all sorts of varmints and would hitch onto anythin' that offered an anchorage. The hole was right by the shore of a little lake and under a ledge of rock, where it was easy makin' a fire in it, an' we waited outside for results."

"We were standin' only a few yards outside of the cave, with our weepions all ready, an' talkin' about bear beln' afraid of the sound of men's voices and the sight of their eyes, an' aich book talk, when all of a sudden there was a growl like a thunder cloud had busted, an' out come a big, wedge-shaped heap o' black, that split that crowd like a wedge o' lightning. He didn't try to hit or bite none of us, but dove right through our center, upsettin' half of us, while the other half upset 'emselves a gittin' out of the way. Durned if he didn't git clean down to the lake without any one firin' a shot. He must have been blinded or crazy from the smoke or fire, for he sailed out onto the ice, a-towin' two dogs with his rump, while two or three more was a tryin' to get a hold on each side an' tumblin' over each other in the operation, without his stoppin' ever to make a wipe at 'em."

"Out onto the ice he floated, with the whole durned flotilla in tow. The snow was about two inches deep, an' so dry that it slid off the ice at the least tech, and over went the whole fleet, keel over stern post, the minute it struck the ice. The bear lit on his back, with a brace o' dogs hugged up in his buzzum, an' the rest a sprawlin' over the ice in a circle round him, an' the whole outfit sweepin' a place about twenty foot wide bare of snow. He was a-slashin' round with his claws, tryin' to reach the dogs that was tangled up between his legs, but, like an ambitious mother-in-law, he was carvin' air too high. Before he knewed it, they hed slipped out, the rest had caught their feet, an' one was anchored on each side, with two more well landed on a tail holt. They were goin' to hold the bear balanced on his back until we could rustle spunk enough to do somethin', for he had nothin' to lay to turn over."

"But it was somethin' like a mistake I made once about the old gent, when I was turned over his knee, while I was thinkin' about it, an' found he had lots of lay-to on hand. How the deuce the bear got over I don't know, but all to won't he was back skyward agin, with pups a-circelin' around in every direction, sweepin' the snow with their backs and kickin' at the sky with whirlin' legs, and yelpin' as if the bear had a tooth in each one of 'em."

"Then he made a break for the shore. Whether it was for solid ground or our meat we wasn't extra particular. An' we didn't laugh, neither, when the cuss went end over end about the time he got well under way. For he rolled, scrambled and slid, with the dogs a-howlin' an' yowlin' so close behind him that we couldn't shoot, an' fore we knowed it he was out of sight under the bank. Maybe you think we stepped up to the edge so as to get a good shot. Not much. He scattered the serenity of the symposium—"

"How?"

"Oh, that's some of my college education that bobs up, once in a while, an' bothers me. I was there just long enough to get fired. I would a thought, just like you do, that the thing to do was to go to the edge of the bank and meet the bear with a hunk o' lead. But you must remember we had just seen him go down that slope, an' you haven't. So it suddenly struck us all in a heap that absence in bear huntin' is sometimes very interestin', and it was too cussed plain for comfort that that grizzly could handle his hoofs better on land than we could, while we could do better on the ice than he could. In handlin' bear, we don't use such long chains of logic as they do in tanglein' up a feller's brains in college, an', without waitin' for any sillygisms, we made a break on the sides, so as to reach the ice before his claws could make a breach in our britches. I had on a pair o' new boots, and forgot that I had all the mornin' been climbin' up hill on hands an' knees and slidin' down hill on the north side of my body. So, as soon as I struck the ice, I went boots over appiecart almost as quick as the bear had, with the rifle goin' off an' then slidin' out of sight somewhere in the snow. While I was plowin' my neck full of snow, my early plosity come back, an' I was just a-beginnin' to pray that the bear might go to bed again, when there was the durned kind of yelpin' from the curs. It kind a seemed as if the prayer was answered, as mine always are, for there was the bear a-tryin' to scramble up the bank to go to bed again. But the whole litter o' curs was a hangin' to his rear, an' it ain't very easy carryin' out a prayer in that way. All of a sudden he got his claws fast in some hard ground, and out he jumped, with a whirl, leavin' a lot o' hair a-floatin' on the breeze an' I don't know how many dog's teeth tangled up in it. But he went back on the

religious part of the bisness, an' instead of goin' to bed, struck out for the hills; when somebody's rifle took a hand. He give a roar an' come a tearin' back like a big freight engine with a snow plow in front comin' out of a mountain snow drift. The dogs scattered right an' left, an' wheeled round into his rear, so as to be out of the way of his teeth an' claws, an' down the bank he come with a hop, skip an' a jump, with the bullets from two rifles tossin' up the snow just in line with the top of his back.

"But he struck out for the other fellers, and the time he made was wonderful, alidin' an' rollin' half the time, with the dogs losin' their feet an' havin' to let go of him as fast as they could get a holt. My pardners made such good time across the lake that I didn't risk the chance of hittin' none of 'em by shootin' at the bear. I rather dropped into another prayer—"God speed the partin' guest," or somethin' of the sort, I had learned at college or Sunday-school. An' I kind o' felt like shootin' all the dogs, so the bear wouldn't have nothin' to hold him back, for it was really amusin' to see them fellers rustle, an' besides it didn't look fair to see a critter held back so when he was doin' his best in a new field."

"But in the mean time, I was plyin' my boots for shore an' wonderin' whether the hole the bear had left wasn't just now the safest spot in the State, when I saw him rise up an' make a tremenjous wipe at a dog that had got too familiar with his postscript. But he slipped an' fell backward, with a big flop, an' a long skrrrrr aaack-swash, an' went out o' sight in a big hole he busted in the ice. He scrambled on the ice with his forefeet in a jiffy, but when he put up his hind feet an' tried to lift himself out, the edge of the ice gave way, an' down he went—souse into the water agin. I saw we had him now, and yelled to the rest:

"Come back, fellers, we've got him!"

"But there was no 'come' to 'em, and they never turned to look back, but dove into the timber on the other side of the lake as if they didn't care whether the bear got me or not. Really I couldn't blame 'em, for we all had muzzle-loadin' rifles in them days an' had no busness monkeyin' with grizzly nohow; an' all the old bear hunters had always said never to pull trigger on one unless you had a sure shot at the butt of his ear or small of his back."

"I happened to think of this, myself, as I was a-walkin' up to the bear to finish him, but thought of it a heap more when I found I had forgotten to load the cussed rifle after it went off in the snow. I meditated on it some more when I found my hands a-shiverin' so with the cold an' excitement that I could hardly get a load of powder into the end of it, an' my nerves wasn't strengthened much by seein' the bear's hind foot stick, as if the ice was goin' to hold. An' the fact that it gave way an' let him down again, just as he made a big spring to get out, wasn't altogether as consolatin' as it might a been."

"Down he went, with the ice a-crackin' all round an' the dogs a-barkin' almost in his nose. But up he come, as smilin' as a politician, an' with one claw raked in one of the best dogs, that got his bill too near, and slipped on the ice when he went to dodge back. He went under, blowin' bubbles an' yelps that scared the wits out of the other dogs, so that they began to scatter, like friends often do when you need 'em, an' I couldn't blame 'em, either. Talk about fixes! Any minute the ice might hold well enough for him to get out, an' them there'd be another race on the ice, with the chances all in favor of the bear, for he was just learnin' how to use his claws on it. An' if the cussed ice should happen to break too much when it was lettin' him down, an' let me into the same hole with him—eh?"

"You may imagine how much this kind of thinkin' helped me load that rifle; but I finally got a bullet down and then began to smile to think how I was a-goin' to bag that bear alone an' have the laugh on the rest of the gang for skinnin' out at the important pint. So I got out a cap."

"Well, what are you waitin' so long about?" I said, as a long silence followed the word "cap."

"Why I wanted to give you time to take in the size of the fix. Didn't you ever shoot a muzzle-loader? Then you've missed the most excitin' part of life. The man that never stood with bare fingers, on a freemin' day, tryin' to get one of them footy little caps on the tube of a rifle, with a bear blowin' froth almost in his face an' smashin' a lot of ice right round his feet, with hands a-tremblin' so, he can hardly get hold of the cap, let alone get it on, don't know nothin' about fun."

"Well, about the time I finally got that cap on an' walked up close enough to get a sure shot at the butt of the bear's ear, the dogs developed another wiggle. It was just too lovely to see how their spunk come back, when they seen I was goin' to shoot. They made a break for him, an' stood just out o' reach of his claws, with eyes a-flashin' an' teeth a-clatterin', and keepin' up the darndest yow-yow-yow you ever heard. That started up the bear's hind-leg action agin, and he went to churnin' water an' smashin' ice harder than ever, tryin' to get at the dogs. It began to look as if I would have to shoot all the dogs before I could get a shot at the bear at all."

"Maybe you think I wasn't excited, too. A minute before, I was thinkin' how I would have the laugh on my pardners an' make 'em set up the drinks for skinnin' out an' leavin' me finish the job on the bear. An' now it begun to look as if I couldn't even get the trigger pulled, for I was a-shiverin' like a ship in the teeth of a hurricane, while the bear was a-wabblin' about so that there was a mighty small chance of gettin' a sure shot. An' I knew if I didn't, I never would get that rifle loaded again that day."

"I'd ought to saved all my prayers for that time, but I couldn't gather my religion together again, an' had to rely on gettin' closer to the bear instead of heaven. So I edged up among the dogs, until I got the end of the iron within ten foot of the bear's ear, an' just discovered the cussed ear was around on the side, instead of in front, where I wanted it for a safe shot. That gave me a congestive chill in half a second, an' that was made cooler by the bear making an extra lunge that lifted him half out on the ice. With the weight of the dogs an' my own heft, an' the bear on top of the heap, the ice begun to crack, an' I was so durned muddled the

rifle went off without hittin' anythin' but the water. The whole business round me begun to swim, an' I was back just in time to see dogs an' bear an' water together into the water, mixed up with the snow."

"What did I do? Well, what the deuce do you s'pose you'd a stayed an' fished 'em all out of the bear home on your back. So would I, an' when I had somethin' to say about it, an' when I was reasonin' right strong they never wait to hear of your college sillygisms. As fast as the alippery boots would let 'em, them legs started an' they never turned around till we reached a ridge that gave a chance to look back. The dogs a-tryin' to climb out in different places, with a bad muss of it, while the bear was a-bouncin' on the edge of the ice, quietly, with his forefeet, an' seem to care a cuss what become of the dogs."

"You don't know how bad I felt to think I wouldn't let me go back an' finish that bear, I wasn't the worst of it. It was the worst I ever had, an' the worst of it was just a-come I saw them fellers, that such a little while I struck out for camp by way of China an' a good show of gettin' there before dark, come back. They had known from the shot of my somethin' was up, an' was a-comin' back to game. My legs said right off that would be it. I said 'You bet it won't!' an' away we went, as I got to the edge of the lake, where I saw the whole bisness, they begun to shoot, and I didn't have the bear finished without me, I was get there. I set up the drinks all right, but I leave that camp, for I hadn't confidence in my shootin' to kill any of 'em for laughin' at me."

T. S. VAN

## CRITICISM OF OUR ALPHABET.

[Chicago Tribune:] The high-class Chinese, coming through his interpreter, was giving the American visitor his impressions of the English language.

"I cannot understand," he said, "how you find time to learn it. Take that singularly awkward and ill-shaped character it is! What a nuisance of that little curling projection at the end of it? I have never seen anybody who can write it. Then again, when the learner has learned himself with that letter and can recognize it, he learns that it is only part of a word and that it is the composition of thousands of words, different pronunciations and sometimes is pronounced at all, being entirely silent. Now, to see one of our Chinese characters you know it is a wonder to me that your people should card the cumbersome forms of your written language and learn our simpler and more-easily-memorized form."

The eminent American could only bow in humiliation and promise to bring the matter to the educational authorities of his native land.

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## AN APRIL FOOL

By a Special Contributor.

"GOOD morning, Miss Adams," said William Seamans, of the firm of "Gilbert, Seamans & Co., lumber dealers," as he entered the office one bright morning.

Dolly Adams, the book-keeper, looked up from her ledger, eyeing him curiously, as she said: "Good morning, Mr. Seamans, and congratulations, also."

"Returned around nervously. "So, you've caught onto that," he said. "I'd like to know what it means. All the way to the office people were congratulating me right and left, and begging to know the name of the 'lucky one,' as they phrased it."

"What did you tell them?" asked Dolly, reddening a little beneath his steady gaze. "Oh," with a laugh, "of course I said I didn't know, but I am sorry to say that, in the majority of cases, they doubted my word and accused me of being 'sly' and 'queer,' and now you open upon me. Have you any idea what it all means?"

"Why, Mr. Seamans," cried the astonished Dolly, "is it possible you don't know that all your friends have received an invitation to your wedding, which takes place tomorrow evening, though, strangely enough, the name of the prospective bride is not given?"

"The 4-4-dickens!" gasped Mr. Seamans, as he sank into a chair and mopped his forehead with his handkerchief, while he added: "Have you—er one of those—er documents, Miss Adams?"

Silently Dolly put one of the invitations into his hand, watching him as he read it and noting the gradual brightening of his face, until, as he finished, he exclaimed: "Humph! I fancy I have the key to this precious document. I wagered a diamond ring apiece with my nieces, Jennie and Sue, that they couldn't 'fool me' upon April 1, and they boasted they would not only 'fool me,' but the whole town also."

"It was only yesterday that Sue asked me if she might have an April fool party, and I consented, not dreaming I was the victim she proposed to sacrifice."

"But she may find an April fool she hasn't expected. Dolly, will you help me teach these silly girls a lesson?" Before Dolly could reply, there came an imperative call for Mr. Seamans from the mill, and he hastened away, leaving Dolly to wonder how she was expected to help checkmate his fun-loving nieces.

All that day packages, great and small, were arriving at the office, evidently sent by friends, who considered the invitation a bona-fide one, and Dolly was kept busy at the telephone answering inquiries.

It was late in the afternoon when Mr. Seamans again appeared, looking tired and vexed.

"By George!" he exclaimed, dropping into the chair beside Dolly, "I can't stand this much longer."

"Somebody's getting fooled if I am not. Things began to look serious, and the whole town will be down on Sue and Jennie."

"Why, there are no less than six Morris chairs and two sideboards in the back office, to say nothing of china and bric-a-brac, sufficient to stock an ordinary store. What shall I do?" and he looked appealingly at Dolly.

"Do?" repeated she, laughingly. "I'm sure I don't know, unless you take the hint and make it a real marriage."

"A capital idea," he replied, "but who would marry an old man of 40?"

"How can you say that?" cried Dolly, impulsively. "Forty isn't old. I'm sure no one would object to your age," and then she blushed furiously at her boldness.

He looked at her keenly, and what he read in her face must have satisfied him, for, taking her unresisting hand in his, he whispered: "Dolly, will you help me punish Sue and Jennie as they deserve?"

"I—I don't understand you," faltered Dolly. "I am sure you do," he said, earnestly. "You must know I have loved you all these weeks you have worked so patiently to care for your mother."

"But she shall be my care in the future if you will only say 'Yes.'"

Dolly gave a little gasp of astonishment. "Will you, Dolly?" he whispered.

"Yes," she said, softly, turning toward him a face like a rose.

The morning of April 1 dawned warm and pleasant. The Seamans were astir early, and under the girls' skillful fingers, the house soon put on its gala dress, and was made sweet with flowers and ferns.

Six o'clock, the invitations said, was the hour appointed for the ceremony, and long before that time every guest had arrived, and there was many a whispered surmise as to who the bride might be, but all

agreed that it was a good thing for William, to put some steady hand over those "flighty nieces."

Meanwhile the nieces themselves were beginning to fear they had gone too far, and almost dreaded the moment when they must confess the hoax and trust to the good time they meant to give their guests to earn their forgiveness.

They were still wondering just how it was best to be done, when, as the clock chimed 6, the door opened, and the Rev. Mr. Fish entered, followed by Mr. Seamans, looking proud and happy, with pretty, blushing Dolly leaning upon his arm.

Very quietly they took their places in the center of the room, where a few solemn words soon made them man and wife.

Throughout the ceremony Sue and Jennie stood staring at the couple in bewildered astonishment, and only came to themselves when they saw the guests crowding around to congratulate the newly-wedded pair, when they rallied enough to make an awkward attempt to follow their example.

"Never mind, girls," said Mr. Seamans, with a twinkle in his eye, as he took a hand of each. "You've done me a good turn, if you didn't mean it, and have well earned your rings, even if you are—a pair of 'April fools.'"

ETHEL S. SLEEPER.

## WHERE IT TAKES A MAN.

Any one can be a soldier, when there's nothing else to do

But wear a brilliant uniform and line up for review. Any one can grasp a musket and march proudly down the street,

When admiring crowds are present, and the music's loud and sweet; But when the trumpet sounds for war, and drum and screaming rifle

Betoken grim forebodings of the coming deadly strife, When, amid 'the cannon's roaring, you can see the foe in sight, It takes a man to stand in line and face the coming fight.

When the sun is shining brightly on a cloudless summer day, And the waves are idly lapping in a calm and peaceful way,

When the breezes softly ripple and the sails are held in check,

Any one can be a sailor and parade the quarterdeck; But when the storm-king mutters and the angry billows roll,

And the sails are madly flapping, striking terror to the soul, And when the vessel tosses and the seas run mountain high,

It takes a man to guide the ship and wind and waves defy.

You can live a life of pleasure if the birds sing all the day,

And the skies are blue above you, melting all the clouds away.

When all is bright and cheerful, and you have no doubts or fears,

You can sing a song of gladness; smiles will take the place of tears; But when sorrows overtake you, and you bear a heavy load,

And obstructions rise before you as you tread the rocky road;

When dearest friends desert you in your keenest hour of pain,

It takes a man to overcome and struggle on again.

Any one can follow blindly in the sweeping, surging throng,

Pressing on without a leader, rushing aimlessly along. It is easy to go forward if the rest are going, too;

You can do with zealous ardor what you see the others do.

But to leave the crowds behind you, and to dare to stand alone,

And to face the taunts of others, and the truth and right to own,

Standing firmly, though unaided, save by God's almighty hand,

Takes a man of righteous honor 'gainst the foe to make a stand.

E. A. BRININSTOOL.

[Kansas City Star:] One must not expect too much of Europe for a time. Her markets are overstocked with prunes.

## THEN HE HURRIED UP.

He was too modest to be a successful lover, and he had let forty years of his life go by without ever coming to an emotional point.

He was in love with a fair being of suitable age, but he would not tell her so, and, though she knew it, she could not very well give him a hint on the situation.

She was willing, because she had arrived at that time of life when a woman is not nearly so hard to please as she might have been at some other time, but he was stupid, and went away without a word.

He was gone a long, long time, and when he came back he found her still ready.

"I have come back after many years," he said to her, as he took her hand in greeting.

She had learned something in the years since she had seen him last.

"Well, for goodness sake, Henry," she exclaimed fervently, "why don't you take them? I'm 35 now. How many more years do you want?"

Then a great light shone upon him, and he did not wait for any more.—[London Tit-Bits.]



GEO. C. PITZER, M.D.

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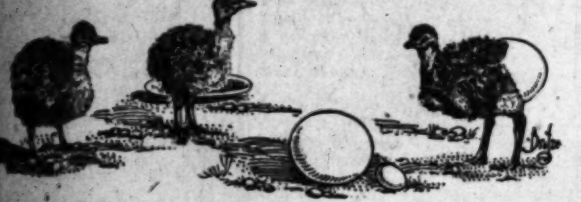




YEAR.  
PER WEEK... 30 CENTS  
PER MONTH... \$1.00  
PER YEAR... \$10.00

AMUSEMENTS AND ENTERTAINMENTS—  
For Theatrical Announcements, Etc., See Page 1, Part III.

STRICT FARM—South Pasadena—  
One Hundred and Twenty-five Gigantic Birds.



Brood of Ten Baby Ostriches Just Hatched.

WONDERFUL SOLAR MOTOR IN DAILY OPERATION.

What the Eastern Press Says of this Unique Sight:

NEW YORK HERALD (March 10, 1901)—"The original home of a new

STRICT FARM—The best known and most visited attraction in Southern

AMERICAN (March 16, 1901)—"The ostrich feathers raised by

STRICT FARM—The Solar Motor—an automatic 10 H.P. steam

powered by the heat of the sun—has attracted thousands to the Cavato

Don't Leave California without Visiting this Farm

and Purchasing Some Ostrich Feathers as

Presents for Your Eastern Friends.

The Most Acceptable and Appropriate Souvenirs of California.

WASHINGTON GARDENS—J. C. Talmage, Pres.

Shooting the Chutes—Now Open.

New Feature—WEEK OF SUNDAY, MARCH 31—New Features.

Debut The Wonder

Hagerman's Rag Time

Electric

Opera Co.

TONIGHT New Music

Electric

Fairy Land

5000 ELECTRIC LIGHTS 100 NOVELTIES A Barrel of Fun

Admission to Grounds 10 cents. Children 5 cents.

ANCHART ART GALLERY—Open from 10 a.m. to 5 p.m.

Exhibition of paintings by Paul de

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# HAS TIME TO THINK.

Aguinaldo Pacing  
a Prison Cell.

Praises Funston's Skill  
in Capturing Him.

Captive Jeered by a Crowd of  
His Countrymen.

Gen. Funston Rewarded for His  
Daring Exploit—Instruc-  
tions Sent MacArthur.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M.)

MANILA, March 30.—[By Associated

Press.]—In company with

Col. Vella, his chief of staff,

and Dr. Barcelona, ex-treasurer

of the Philippine government, Aguinaldo

now occupies one of the

apartments of the Malacan

Palace. He is closely guarded and

courteously treated. Capt. Francis J.

Kernan of the Second Infantry, Capt.

William L. Kenley of the First Artil-

lery, members of Gen. MacArthur's

staff, Capt. Benjamin H. Randolph

and Lieut. Gilbert A. Youngberg of

the Third Artillery, with seven guards,

are watching him.

Aguinaldo, nervously pacing the floor

and deeply thinking, thrusts his hands

through his hair. He smokes many

cigars and cigarettes, and he also has

a hearty appetite. He speaks only a

few words of English. He is conscious

of his dignity, but tries to talk pleas-

antly with his guards. He often

praises the skill and audacity of Gen.

Funston in effecting his capture, say-

ing that only by strategy could he have

been captured.

It is said that Aguinaldo is extremely

averse to retreating from his former

attitude, that he must, in the end,

be satisfied with the Philippine people.

The stories of Dr. Barcelona have

been called upon him, bringing a plentiful

supply of food. Aguinaldo is well

supplied with money and has ordered

the closure of the Philippine people.

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The stories of Dr. Barcelona have

been called upon him, bringing a plentiful

supply of food. Aguinaldo is well

# THE NEXT PROBLEM.



(Gen. Funston to Uncle Sam): "Here he is, Uncle."  
(Uncle Sam): "Bully for you! It was a brave deed. But what shall we do with the daddled nuisance now that we've got him?"

# News Index to The Times This Morning

## Part I.

1. Aguinaldo Has Time to Think.

2. President Gets More Invitations.

3. Dr. Jordan to Investigate Fish.

4. Outlaws Defy Arizona Officers.

5. Police Provoked Russian Riots.

6. Favorites All Win at Tanforan.

7. Oxford Wins the Boat Race.

8. Withshire and His Alleged Trust.

9. New Health Resort Near Redlands.

10. Quarantined Men Break Away.

11. Ball Season Opens Today.

12. Cream of Current Literature.

13. Southern California by Towns.

14. City in Brief: Brevities.

Record of Marriages and Deaths.

## Part II.

1. Oil Excitement at Acton.

The Weather Report.

2. California Oranges in the East.

## Part III.

1. Russia and Japan's Quarrel.

2. The Drama: Most President's Successors.

3. Social Events of the Week.

4. Out-of-Town Society Happenings.

5. The Public Service: Official Doings.

6. Editorial Page: Paragraphs.

7. Prospect for a New Theater.

## Part IV.

1. The World's Very First Artist.

2. Military Topics Carefully Compiled.

3. Autobiography of Clara Morris.

4. Comments on Prominent Men.

5. Sketches from the Courthouse.

6. The Humble of Our City.

7. Royal Moving and House-cleaning.

8. Man Who Jumped from a Balloon.

## CLASSIFIED NEWS SYNOPSIS.

THE CITY. Desperate attempt to

break quarantine attracts gun fire of

guards. Abbott Kinney offers to

build a new theater. Sergeant's re-

union. Anti-trust Withshire as head

of a trust. School children's exhibit

arranged for Pan-American Exposi-

tion. Capt. F. L. Reynolds elected

## SOUTHERN CALIFORNIA.

Campaign mass meeting in Pasadena.

Pythians say at Ontario. Co-

quina ranch foreman seriously in-

jured. Suspicions of S. P. at

Long Beach. Vessel at San Pe-

dro with a leak. Entertaining

week at Soldiers' Home. Hall storm

in Orange county. Woman of re-

markable age dead at Placentia.

Fight with whale killer at Catalina.

Bad halfbreed in Riverside jail. Great

water line for Corona. San Ber-

nardino county's new health resort

opened. Thunder storm in San Diego

county.

## PACIFIC COAST.

Portland of Stanford to take charge of

Federal fish investigation in Hawaii.

Religious revival causes a mania for

giving in Washington. Drunken log-

ger "shoots up" town of Sedro-Wol-

ley. Youth sets church afire near

Seattle. Raisin Growers' Association

fight with whale killer at Catalina.

Bad halfbreed in Riverside jail. Great

water line for Corona. San Ber-

nardino county's new health resort

opened. Thunder storm in San Diego

county.

## FOREIGN.

Balance of power in Europe likely to be

disturbed by Italy's withdrawal from

the triple alliance. British anxious of

American success in the Philippines.

Police said to have provoked student

strikes at St. Petersburg. Social whir-

l no charms for Carnegie. Kaiser's

speeches the sensations of the hour

in Germany.

## GENERAL EASTERN.

California asphalt to be used to fight the

trust. Los Angeles Gibson girl to marry a

London theatrical manager. Fruition

of Kohlenstein sells the Chicago

Evening Post. Fatal tenement fire

at New York. Actor Roland Reed

dead. Kansas City packing plant

burned. Rumored combine of Santa

Fe and Rock Island roads. Mad Ac-

tor Berrymore roams other actors.

THE PHILIPPINES. Aguinaldo

pacing a prison cell. More insurgents

surrender. Instructions sent to Mac-

Arthur regarding the disposition of

Aguinaldo. Captive insurgent chief

jailed by his countrymen. Funston

made a brigadier-general in the regu-

lar army. Recent casualties in the

Philippines. Boston

"sauter" cheer Aguinaldo and de-

pute McKinley.

THE WEATHER. The weather re-

port in detail is printed daily on the

"Liner" page, including comparative

temperatures at various places.

# INSCRIBED ON GOLD.

President's Latest  
Invitation.

Union League Wants  
Him to be Its Guest.

Secretaries Still Working on  
Trip to the Coast.

Minister Loomis is Recalled  
from Venezuela—Doings  
at the Capital.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)

WASHINGTON, March 30.—[Ex-

clusive Dispatch.] President Mc-

Kinley got another gold-plate

invitation from California today, when

William M. Abbott, Deputy Attorney-

General of the State of California,

called upon him and presented an in-

invitation from the Union League Club

of San Francisco, asking the Presi-

dent to be the guest of that organiza-

tion for a few hours during his stay

in San Francisco.

This is the second gold-plate invita-

tion the President has had from Cali-

fornia, the first one being from the

Knights Templar of San Francisco,



## BUSINESS

FINANCIAL AND  
OFFICE OF  
Los Angeles

**FINANCIAL**  
SPECULATIVE  
The market for  
the demand. Business  
the spring  
the demand for  
the demand for  
the demand for

**COMMERCE**  
HOG STICKING.  
Price Current says  
decided shrinkage in  
the market for hogs  
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to reach him, and no action will  
be taken toward removing him until  
he has had an opportunity to reply  
to the charges made by Mr. Griggs.  
He will take till about June for a reply  
to reach Washington.

## PRESIDENT'S APPOINTMENTS.

**ST. LOUIS FAIR COMMISSION.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)  
WASHINGTON, March 30.—Late  
this afternoon the President made the  
following appointments:  
To be delegates to the Congress of  
American States—Cyrus Norrington of  
Minnesota, H. O. Davis of West  
Virginia, William I. Buchanan of Iowa,  
Charles M. Pepper of the District of  
Columbia, and Volney W. Foster of  
Illinois.

MINISTER LOOMIS  
CALLED HOME.

**RELATIONS WITH VENEZUELA ARE  
BADLY STRAINED.**

Asphalt Troubles and Imprisonment  
of Consular Agent Bais Have Caused  
a Wide Breach Between Washington  
and Caracas Government.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
WASHINGTON, March 30.—(Exclu-  
sive Dispatch.) Francis B. Loomis,  
United States Minister at Caracas,  
who has been bitterly attacked in the  
Venezuelan press because of his  
looking out for American interests in  
the Pich Lake controversy and other  
matters in which the United States  
is concerned, has been ordered home by  
telegram. It is expected that he will  
leave on the first steamer.

Beyond the statement that Mr.  
Loomis has been directed to proceed  
to Washington for consultation, no  
authoritative information was given out  
at the State Department today.  
There is no doubt, however, that the  
relations between Venezuela and the  
United States are becoming strained, and  
the fact that Mr. Loomis has been recalled,  
if only temporarily, taken in connection  
with the asphalt troubles and the  
imprisonment of the consular agent, Mr.  
Bais, at Washington to leave here soon  
for Caracas, indicates a serious condition.

It is said upon reliable authority that  
this government is very much dis-  
satisfied with the attitude of the Vene-  
zuelan federal authorities generally, and  
with the conduct of the consular agent,  
Mr. Bais, in the recent troubles in the  
asphalt fields, and in cases of alleged  
persecution of Americans residing  
in Venezuela. It is regarded as un-  
friendly. They have, it is explained,  
shown no disposition to meet the  
United States halfway in the settle-  
ment of the pending disputes, but have  
assumed an attitude of defiance.

One recent case that caused this gov-  
ernment to chafe, is that of Ignacio H.  
Bais, a Danish subject, who repre-  
sents the United States as consular  
agent, at Barcelona, Venezuela. He  
was arrested, according to reports, for  
refusing to make a forced loan to the  
Venezuelan authorities, and put in jail  
until he paid. Instructions regarding  
rather a stiff demand for an explanation  
were sent Mr. Loomis, but up to this  
time he has apparently received no  
response from the government at  
Caracas, as he has not informed the  
State Department on the subject.  
Since the instructions were given, re-  
ports have said Mr. Bais was ar-  
rested the second time, but no con-  
firmation of this has come officially.

From what has been said in official  
quarters, it is apparent that the gov-  
ernment has concluded that the Castro  
administration must be dealt with  
severely to respect the rights of Amer-  
ican interests. It is not possible, how-  
ever, that any decision as to the course  
of action will be reached until after  
Loomis' recall.

**LOOMIS' RECALL.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)  
WASHINGTON, March 30.—The  
State Department has recalled Min-  
ister Frank Loomis from Caracas to  
Washington for the purpose of con-  
sultation. The issues between the gov-  
ernments of the United States and the  
government of Venezuela have become  
more acute lately and it is desired that  
the department may be able to ac-  
quaint itself thoroughly with the situa-  
tion in Venezuela through more direct  
means than the scanty cable com-  
munications that have been exchanged.  
So far as can be learned, the last  
protest of our government to the Vene-  
zuelan government regarding the  
treatment of Consul Bais, has not met  
with a satisfactory response, and the  
asphalt controversy has become more  
acute. It is believed that a formal official  
complaint has been lodged against Mr.  
Loomis, and in view of the present infor-  
mation, and there is no reason to believe  
that he will not return to Venezuela  
from his conference with the Secretary  
of State.

**MINISTER'S BAD HEALTH.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)  
WASHINGTON, March 30.—Private  
advice which have reached Washing-  
ton today indicate that Mr. Loomis's  
health has not been robust since he  
returned to Venezuela from the United  
States last year. The intimation con-  
veyed was that a change of climate  
might benefit him. In view of the ex-  
isting political conditions in Venezuela  
his wishes and inclinations will be  
served by a transfer to some other post.  
If that transfer is arranged, it is said  
at the department, that Mr. Loomis  
will lose nothing in dignity, for he has  
the hearty support of the State Depart-  
ment, and the only difficulty he is  
likely to experience in finding some  
other United States Minister of com-  
petency willing to trade places with  
him.

**GEN. YOUNG'S COMMAND.**  
**ONE OF GREAT IMPORTANCE.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)  
WASHINGTON, March 30.—It is not  
definitely known just when Maj. Gen.  
Young, who arrived in San Francisco  
yesterday from the Philippines, will  
succeed Gen. Shafter as commander of  
the Department of California. Gen.  
Young may come to Washington be-  
fore he assumes command of the de-  
partment. Owing to the return of vol-  
unteers from the Philippines and the

sending of other troops to replace them,  
the command of the Department of  
California becomes one of the most  
important in the United States.

## ARMY REORGANIZATION.

**ENLISTMENTS TO BE LIMITED.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.)  
WASHINGTON, March 30.—As a  
result of the capture of Aguinaldo and  
a belief among officials that a speedy  
and complete collapse of the insur-  
rection in the Philippines will follow,  
the full strength of the army author-  
ized by the recent army reorganiza-  
tion act may not be enlisted. The  
question is being canvassed by the  
President and the authorities, but no  
decision will be reached until the  
views of Gen. MacArthur and others  
in the Philippines are obtained. If  
the conditions turn out as the officials  
believe they will, there will be no  
necessity of recruiting an army of  
100,000 men. To prominent Senators  
with whom the President talked to-  
day, he said the strength of the new  
army would not be required to cope with  
the situation. The new army act provides  
for an army with a minimum force  
of 50,000 men, with a maximum strength  
of 100,000 men. With those limita-  
tions, the decision as to the size of  
the force to be enlisted is lodged with  
the President.

## Pensions for Californians.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—(Exclu-  
sive Dispatch.) California pensions:  
Original, Edward S. Merritt, Soldiers'  
Home, Los Angeles; H. Thomas O. An-  
drews, Rindge, 28; Arthur A. By-  
porterville, 26; William W. Noyes, 24;  
Lad, 26; Benjamin F. Naylor, 24; G. H.  
Increase, James C. Conway, 24;  
Cohasset, 24; John J. Krouse, Veterans'  
Home, Napa, 24; Thomas A. Cord, Los  
Angeles, 26. Original widows, minors  
of David K. Perkins, Oakland, 24;  
Martin A. Horsey, Hueneme, 24. Sur-  
vivors Indian wars, Increase, John T.  
Knox, San Bernardino, 24.

## WASHINGTON NOTES.

## Senator Mitchell Has Grip.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—Senator  
Mitchell of Oregon is confined to his  
home by a severe attack of the grip,  
and has been prohibited by his phy-  
sician from giving any attention to  
correspondence or business. He is not  
considered seriously ill, but it is nec-  
essary that he should keep quiet for a  
few days.

## New Postoffice.

WASHINGTON, March 30.—(Exclu-  
sive Dispatch.) A postoffice has been  
located at the corner of Broadway and  
California, with Frank P. Francis as post-  
master.

## MAD ACTOR.

Maurice Barrymore's Ravings Take  
the Form of Egotism—He Grills All  
His Mad Stage Rivals.  
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
NEW YORK, March 30.—(Exclu-  
sive Dispatch.) Maurice Barrymore  
regain his reason by complete rest and  
care. This is all that will save him,  
say the attending physicians at Bel-  
levue, where he has been confined since  
his breakdown. Barrymore spent a restless  
night imagining himself a stage manager,  
playwright and the greatest of actors  
in the world. He is a lot of things and  
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imagining himself a stage manager,  
playwright and the greatest of actors  
in the world. He is a lot of things and  
more.

## CABLE TO AUSTRALIA.

The Canadian Government  
Takes First Prac-  
tical Steps.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
VICTORIA (B.C.), March 30.—  
[Exclusive Dispatch.] The first  
practical steps in the construction of  
the Pacific cable have been taken. The  
Canadian government steamer  
Quadrant has gone up the west  
coast of Vancouver Island to  
survey for a site for the land-  
ing of the cable which is to  
connect British Columbia  
with the Australian colonies.  
Aboard the steamer are H. S.  
Pearce, engineer of the cable  
company that has contracted to  
build the cable within a  
year for \$1,750,000. J. Wilson,  
superintendent of C.P.R. tele-  
graph; Capt. Gaudin, agent of  
marine and fisheries, and a  
local photographer who has  
gone to take views of the site  
selected for the government.  
At the site chosen on Van-  
couver Island the coast cable  
station will be made and the  
necessary buildings erected  
at once. A repair steamer is  
also to be stationed there, the  
plans involving one being  
stationed on the Vancouver  
Island coast and the other on  
the Queensland coast.

The work of laying the cable  
is to be commenced with-  
out delay from here and from  
Queensland, and is to be laid  
via Fanning, Norfolk Islands,  
and New Zealand, the longest  
stretches under the ocean  
being between here and Fan-  
ning Island, a distance of 3500  
miles, and from Fanning to  
the Norfolk Islands, a dis-  
tance of 1700 miles.

## GLADSTONE'S INDICTMENT.

**MAY UNITE THE LIBERALS.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.)  
LONDON, March 30.—[By Atlantic  
Cable.] Herbert Gladstone, member  
of Parliament for West Leeds, has is-  
sued a letter to the effect that he is  
suffering from a severe attack of the  
grip, and that he is unable to  
attend to his duties. The letter  
declares "will be welcomed by all Lib-  
erals as a badge of action and as  
worthy of his father's name. He ap-  
pears to have struck a note on which  
a majority of the Liberals can unite  
against what even the Conservative

## [ENGLAND.]

ITALY FINDS  
NEW ALLIES.May Withdraw from the  
Triple Alliance.Balance of Power in  
Europe Disturbed.Premier Soon to Resign—Maj.  
Andre's Diary Found—Con-  
gress on Tuberculosis.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
LONDON, March 30.—[Exclusive  
Dispatch.] The next disturbance in  
the balance of power in Europe may  
be the withdrawal of Italy from the  
triple alliance. Italy's disaffec-  
tion with the burden imposed  
upon her by the capture of Agui-  
naldo, and the collapse of the anti-  
American movement, has been  
prompted by the tragic ending of his  
career, but it gives interesting glimpses  
of the personality of one of the his-  
toric figures of the revolution.

## HELP WANTED ON CANAL.

**"AMERICAN AGGRESSION" TALK.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)  
LONDON, March 30.—[By Atlantic  
Cable.] The Saturday Review, discuss-  
ing the Nicaragua Canal controversy  
in a paper article, says:  
"There is little hope of the United  
States doing anything agreeable to  
England, and if the American govern-  
ment should persist in defiance of its  
pledges in attempting to obtain ex-  
clusive control of the canal, whose neu-  
trality is of the highest importance to  
the world, there would be only one  
course open. The rest of the world  
must take steps to protect itself."  
The article alludes to "American  
aggression," advocates "united European  
representation."

## CONGRESS ON TUBERCULOSIS.

**SCIENTISTS TO MEET AT LONDON.**  
(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
LONDON, March 30.—[Exclusive  
Dispatch.] London will, in a few weeks,  
be the scene of one of the most im-  
portant assemblies in modern history—the  
Congress on Tuberculosis. The sci-  
entists taking part in the congress  
will be of the highest caliber, and the  
discussion of the disease, which has  
been the cause of so much suffering  
and death, will be of the highest im-  
portance to the world.

## BRITISH MAKING A SWEEP.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.)  
LONDON, March 30.—[By Atlantic  
Cable.] A special from Sunderland  
says the Imperial Light Horse have  
captured Commandant Prinsloo and  
a convey of twenty-eight wagons.  
Commandant Prinsloo, the dispatch  
states, had been in the district of  
Sunderland, and was being taken to  
the river, after being in the moun-  
tainous sections of Cape Colony for  
three months. Hertog, Krutinger,  
Schaefer and Van Heeman are the  
principal leaders, and their com-  
mands, while in feeble force, seem to  
be hunting for fording places where they  
could cross.

## SNOW AND WIND.

**CHANNEL BOATS SUFFER.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)  
LONDON, March 30.—[By Atlantic  
Cable.] The Channel boats are suffer-  
ing from the effects of the storm, and  
the Dover transatlantic services have  
been maintained with great difficulty. A  
lifeboat landed the crew of the bark  
Antarctic, which was in distress off Pen-  
sance.

## OPPOSES LEADING SOCIETY.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
LONDON, March 30.—[Exclusive  
Dispatch.] The King and Queen  
form the burning topic of discussion  
in society, where sympathy is wholly  
with the King in his insistence that  
the Queen should remain in the  
country. The Queen was virtually  
to abdicate functions and live in al-  
most as complete retirement as when  
she was first crowned. The King is  
extremely tactful in his opinions,  
and it can easily be understood how  
the King has forfeited influence  
over her, which he might have main-  
tained had he been more firm. The  
Queen is now in Copenhagen, to per-  
suade the Queen to accept boldly the re-  
sult of the election, and she has been  
much from her sister's intervention.

Princess Victoria is proving as in-  
tractable as her mother. She has  
gone on a private visit to Devonshire  
for her governess for a month, instead  
of accompanying the King to Windsor.

## SALISBURY VERY ILL.

**EXPECTED TO RESIGN SOON.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.)  
LONDON, March 30.—[By Atlantic  
Cable.] The Weekly Dispatch reports  
the state published in the Daily Ex-  
press of Saturday that Lord Salisbury  
is suffering from a kidney ailment  
which is likely to incapacitate him  
for some time and says it is feared  
the Premier's illness has taken so un-  
favorable a turn that his proposed  
visit to the Riviera has become almost  
impossible. The King and Queen  
are expected to leave for the Riviera  
on Saturday, and his resignation of the  
Premiership is expected to be made  
before the end of April.

## Gladstone's Indictment.

(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—P.M.)  
LONDON, March 30.—[By Atlantic  
Cable.] Herbert Gladstone, member  
of Parliament for West Leeds, has is-  
sued a letter to the effect that he is  
suffering from a severe attack of the  
grip, and that he is unable to  
attend to his duties. The letter  
declares "will be welcomed by all Lib-  
erals as a badge of action and as  
worthy of his father's name. He ap-  
pears to have struck a note on which  
a majority of the Liberals can unite  
against what even the Conservative

## [SOUTH AFRICA.]

J. BULL SORRY  
HE'S SO SLOW.Britons Wish They Had  
a Rebel Catcher.Disappointing Results  
in Boer Hunt.Dewet Collecting the Scattered  
Dutch Forces Over the Vaal.  
End Out of Sight.

**DIARY OF MAJ. ANDRE.**  
**HISTORY OF THE REVOLUTION.**  
(BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS.—A.M.)  
LONDON, March 30.—[By Atlantic  
Cable.] The diary of Maj. Andre, after  
lying hidden for a hundred years has  
been discovered in Ireland. This inter-  
esting find was made by Lord Grey,  
the other day, while he was going over  
a lot of old family papers that prob-  
ably had not been disturbed since the  
conclusion of the American war of in-  
dependence.

Lord Grey's great grandfather was  
a commander of British troops in  
America at that time, and Andre  
served on his staff, and this accounts  
for the diary being in the possession  
of the present peer. The diary is ap-  
parently the original, but in order to  
make sure that it is not a copy, Lord  
Grey is sending over to the United  
States to secure samples of Andre's  
handwriting, none of which can be ob-  
tained here.

The diary is a story of the campaign,  
day by day, during the years 1777-1778.  
It is simply but interestingly told  
from the soldier's standpoint, and is ac-  
companied by maps, apparently drawn by  
Andre himself with a skill that would  
make him the equal of any military  
historian of today.

The diary comes too early to throw  
new light upon the motives which  
prompted the tragic ending of his  
career, but it gives interesting glimpses  
of the personality of one of the his-  
toric figures of the revolution.

## PRINZLOO CAPTURED.

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principal leaders, and their com-  
mands, while in feeble force, seem to  
be hunting for fording places where they  
could cross.

## Good for Rheumatism.

Last fall I was taken with a very  
severe attack of rheumatism, which  
caused me great pain and  
anxiety. After trying several  
remedies and rheumatic cures, I de-  
cided to use Chamberlain's Pain Balm,  
which I had seen advertised in the  
South. I used it twice, and two applica-  
tions of this remedy, I was much bet-  
ter, and after using one bottle, was  
completely cured. I am, I believe,  
N. J. (Adv.)

## President of the Reading.

**READING (P.M.)** March 30.—The  
report that George V. B. will become  
president of the Reading company was  
officially confirmed tonight. He will  
assume the office in a few days.

## LOS ANGELES

## GIBSON GIRL.

Miss Thom Engaged to  
the Manager of Drury  
Lane Theater.

(BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES.)  
NEW YORK, March 30.—[Exclusive  
Dispatch.] Arthur  
Collins, manager of the Drury  
Lane Theater, London, has not  
engaged an American so-  
brette to succeed Madge Les-  
lie in Christmas panto-  
mimes at his theater, but  
while hunting for an actress,  
Collins stumbled on a wife, or  
rather upon a young Amer-  
ican girl who has promised to  
become Mrs. Collins within a  
few weeks. Her name is Miss  
Thom, and she comes from  
Los Angeles. Miss Thom is  
tall, with light hair and an un-  
usually fresh complexion and  
has been likened by some of  
her friends to that type  
of American womanhood  
which has been exem-  
plified by Charles Dana Gib-  
son in his pen and ink  
sketches. She has been visit-  
ing in this city, and shortly  
after she met the man-  
ager of the Drury Lane they  
found themselves irretriev-  
ably in love with each other.  
It was the work of a day to ob-  
tain the telegraphic consent of  
her parents, who are still in  
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## DOING GOOD EVERYWHERE.

A Medical Discovery That Effectually Cures  
Piles in Every Form.For many years physicians have ex-  
perimented in vain, seeking a remedy  
which would effectually cure piles and  
other rectal troubles, without resort-  
ing to a surgical operation. Many re-  
medies were found to give temporary  
relief, but none could be depended upon  
to make a lasting, satisfactory cure.

Within a recent period, however, a  
new remedy, the Pyramid Pile Cure,  
has been repeatedly tested in hundreds  
of cases and with highly satisfactory  
results.

The first effect of the Pyramid Pile  
Cure is to instantly remove the pain  
and irritation generally present and  
from that time on the cure rapidly  
progresses, and before the patient is  
hardly aware of it he is entirely cured.  
The remedy seems to act directly on  
the nerves and blood vessels of the  
parts affected as it comes into direct  
contact with them and sets up a  
healthy action, which in a perfectly  
natural way brings the parts to their  
normal condition.

The remedy does its work without  
any pain or inconvenience to the suf-  
ferer and is justly considered one of  
the most meritorious discoveries of  
modern medicine.

Piles is one of the most annoying  
and often times dangerous diseases  
which humanity is afflicted with. It  
neglected it frequently develops into  
fatal or some equally fatal and in-  
curable trouble, whereas by the timely  
use of this simple effective remedy  
no one need suffer a single day  
from any form of piles, unless they  
want to.

The Pyramid Pile Cure is perfectly  
harmless, containing no mineral poi-  
son and is also very reasonable in  
price, costing but fifty cents a pack-  
age. It is sold in drug stores every-  
where. Write for literature and re-  
medy to the Pyramid Pile Cure Co.,  
P.O. Box 100, New York, N.Y.

## THE WESTLAKE HOTEL.

## J. B. DUKE, Prop.

## 720 Westlake Avenue.

A select hotel, modern, comfortable, and  
well equipped. Located in the heart of  
the city, near the business center, and  
within easy reach of the beach and  
the mountains. Rooms single, double,  
and suites. Rates reasonable. Write for  
brochure.

## THE COLONADE.

## 330 S. Hill Street.

New management, modern, comfortable,  
and well equipped. Located in the heart  
of the city, near the business center,  
and within easy reach of the beach and  
the mountains. Rooms single, double,  
and suites. Rates reasonable. Write for  
brochure.

## HOTEL WATAUGA.

Rooms only, location central, nearly oppo-  
site Times Building. Modern, comfort-  
able, and well equipped. Located in the  
heart of the city, near the business center,  
and within easy reach of the beach and  
the mountains. Rooms single, double,  
and suites. Rates reasonable. Write for  
brochure.

## The California.

On Second and Hill  
streets, city. Modern, comfortable,  
and well equipped. Located in the heart  
of the city, near the business center,  
and within easy reach of the beach and  
the mountains. Rooms single, double,  
and suites. Rates reasonable. Write for  
brochure.

## HOTEL CECIL.

## On Pasadena Electric Line, near New



**RES-OR**  
There is only one...  
**Redlands**  
You Can Get Excellent...  
**Hotel Casa Loma**  
J. H. BROWN, Proprietor.  
**ARLINGTON HOTEL**  
BEAUTIFUL Santa Barbara BY THE SEA  
**Hotel Arcadia**  
SANTA MONICA BY THE SEA  
Elegant Hotel, Steam Heating, Electric Light, Elevators, Overlooking the Hot and Cold Salt Water, Fine Golf Links, Bowling, Fishing, Delightful Dining Room, Table and Appointments Unexcelled.  
**Tourists, Attention!**  
These Famous Hotels of Central California...  
**Hotel Weatherford**  
FLAGSTAFF, ARIZONA.  
Accommodations for 75 guests, elegantly furnished and well equipped. Hot and cold water in every room. Lighted by electricity. Large and commodious dining hall. Special rates made to parties for the week or month.  
**Elsinore Hot Springs**  
Nestled in the Hot Water Valley, Elsinore, Cal., Picturesque Scenery.  
**The Lake View**  
Write for circulars.  
**GRAND VIEW HOTEL**  
Overlooking the Bay. Service and Cuisine of the highest quality. Mail and message for guests. A day and a night.  
**CITY HOTELS**  
**NATICK HOTEL**  
HART BROS. Cor. First and Main.  
**SUMMIT RAILROAD**  
April 1st. Hotel Hosts. All the Pacific Coast. American or European Plan.

**ORDAN LEADS FISHER FOLK.**  
President of the Hawaiian Islands.  
General Investigation in Hawaiian Islands.  
Church Set Afire—Cowboy Shoot-up.  
Mafia for Giving.  
Revival Opening Purges.  
Hotel Weatherford.  
Tourists, Attention!  
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**WOMAN GOT BULLETS MEANT FOR PARAMOUR.**  
JONES ADMITS HE USED MRS. WOODMAN FOR A SHIELD.  
Wife-slayer Woodman Tells of Suspicious of Improper Relations That Led Up to the Tragedy at Davisville. Wounded Man Cannot Recover.  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—AM. J. A. WOODMAN, March 30.—J. A. Woodman, who instantly killed his wife and fatally wounded her companion, Ira M. Jones, near Davisville last night, was brought to the County Jail at Fairfield today. Woodman was very nervous, and made a statement to officers regarding the affair. He said that for some time he had suspected improper relations between his wife and Jones. On Friday evening he went to his mother-in-law's residence, and asked for his wife. Finding she was not there, he suspected something wrong. Woodman went back to his residence and securing a shotgun, went to a point about 200 yards south of the road bridge near Davisville, and when within a certain distance saw his wife and Jones sitting on the side of the road. He went ahead and approached the couple, when Mrs. Woodman said: "Don't run away Jones. Woodman will do no harm. His threats amount to nothing." Woodman stated he opened fire with the intention of killing Jones. He did not intend to kill his wife. He had previously warned Jones to desist from paying attention to Mrs. Woodman, otherwise he would kill him. Woodman in his statement said when he saw Woodman level his shotgun he immediately placed Mrs. Woodman in front of him, thinking the infuriated husband would not shoot. Mrs. Woodman was shot through the heart, and fell back in his arms. He made a rush for Woodman, and was shot in the shoulder. He then turned to escape, and was shot in the back. Jones further added that he had conspired with Woodman during the shooting. The recent revival meetings have resulted in a mania for the shooting of religious sects. Frank Grinnell this week sold a man in the town for \$250, and left the night for Florida to join a sect which teaches that Christ has come to earth, and is now living in the person of a man. Grinnell was to get away as she could scarcely come to say good-bye to her neighbors among whom she had lived for many years.

**CHANCE FOR SEXTON.**  
WRIT OF ERROR GRANTED.  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. J. A. WOODMAN, March 30.—A writ of error to the Supreme Court of the United States has been granted by Chief Justice Taft to the State of California in the case of John E. Sexton, who is under sentence to State prison for extortion. Sexton is accused of attempting to extort money from a cigar dealer of Placerville on condition of withholding evidence which would convict the dealer of violating the revenue laws. The defendant claims that the State courts have no jurisdiction of the offense and that there is a Federal question involved.  
**PRUNES THREE CENTS.**  
DOMESTIC PRICE NOT CUT.  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. J. A. WOODMAN, March 30.—President H. G. Bond of the California Cured Fruit Association said tonight: "The association is not contemplating a cut in the price of prunes for the domestic market. Such reports are false. When the board fixed the price for export at 3-cent basis, it determined to firmly maintain the domestic price at 3 cents. This action was final, and the reports circulated to the contrary are simply a source of disturbance and without foundation."  
This statement of President Bond is confirmed by the individual members of the Board of Directors. All are agreed that the repeated circulation of a report of a prospective cut.

**RAISIN GROWERS' ELECTION.**  
KEARNEY'S PROPOSALS DOOMED.  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. J. A. WOODMAN, March 30.—Tonight the battle lines of the contesting factions in the Raisin Growers' Association were arrayed and ready for the annual election for members of the board of directors next Monday. There has been hard work for both the Kearney and the anti-Kearney tickets, with chances of success in favor of Kearney, but against the election of the rest of his ticket. His proposed amendments, giving him \$1000 a month salary, and allowing the directors to expand at their discretion \$500,000 a year to promote the sale of raisins, will probably also be defeated.  
**PHILAN WANTS REVENGE.**  
MAYOR NOT OUT OF POLITICS.  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. J. A. WOODMAN, March 30.—The Post prints an interview with Mayor Philan in which the Mayor states that he will not be a candidate for the Mayoralty again, and that he has no intention of being in politics.  
**MORTGAGES NOT EXEMPT.**  
Att'y-Gen. Ford Says They Are Subject to Taxation.  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—P.M. J. A. WOODMAN, March 30.—Att'y-Gen. Ford, in response to a communication from the District Attorney of Los Angeles County today rendered an opinion to the effect that mortgages upon church property were not exempt from taxation.

**PHILIPPINE TEACHERS.**  
BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—AM. J. A. WOODMAN, March 30.—Three graduates of the University of California have been appointed teachers in the Philippine schools by Superintendent Frederick W. Atkinson. They will sail on an early transport.  
The appointees are Ben F. Wright, Ph.B., 1897, of No. 1404 Catalina street, Los Angeles, now a teacher of history in the Los Angeles High School; Miss Margaret Caroline Dowling of No. 1828 Howard street, San Francisco, now a teacher in an evening grammar school in San Francisco; and Edward E. Christensen, B.L., 1900, now a grammar-school teacher in Modoc county.  
**BRIEF COAST DISPATCHES.**  
Councilman Contest Decided.  
OAKLAND, March 30.—Judge Greene today decided the Councilman contest. He held that E. R. Allen, the contestant, is not entitled to office, because of lack of citizenship. George Burtchell, who was elected, is declared not entitled to office because he comes from the same ward as the contestant, and is at large. The Mayor will have to appoint.  
Railroad Employes Artist Hill.  
SAN JOSE, March 30.—Andrew P. Hill, the artist, who took the leading part in the preservation of the redwoods of the Big Basin forest, has been appointed photographer of the Southern Pacific Railway. He will begin work in Oregon with one of the largest lenses in the world.  
Congressmen on Tours.  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 30.—Congressman E. J. Connelley and Horace B. Packer of Pennsylvania are in this city. The former is making a tour of the coast and will go to the Philippines on the transport boat next Monday. Mr. Packer is on a pleasure trip along the Pacific Coast.  
Can't Be a Notary Public.  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 30.—Att'y-Gen. Ford today rendered an opinion to the effect that a member of the board of supervisors cannot act as a notary public.  
Orville Hayes Bankrupt.  
SAN FRANCISCO, March 30.—Orville Hayes of Oakland today filed a petition in bankruptcy. He owes \$2000, and has assets to the value of \$250.

**Municipal Reform at San Jose.**  
SAN JOSE, March 30.—The Good Government League Club today appointed a special committee to examine the books of the city and to report to the board of supervisors to see if there is any way of curtailing expenses so that there will be more money available for public improvements.  
**CALIFORNIA ASPHALT.**  
To Be Used to Fight the Street Paving Trust—Former Trust Manager Starts New Company.  
BY DIRECT WIRE TO THE TIMES. KANSAS CITY, March 30.—[Exclusive Dispatch.] George C. Warren of Tulsa, N. Y., formerly connected with the Barber Asphalt Paving Company, in charge of construction in thirty-six cities of the country, has withdrawn from the asphalt trust and will organize a competing company. He is in Kansas City looking over the field, as this is one of the strong Barber paving centers of the country. Mr. Warren said: "About a year and a half ago a syndicate consisting of Gen. Francis V. Greene, Amos L. Barker, William L. Elkins, P. A. B. Weidner and a few other capitalists, bought all of the stock of the Warren-Schaff Asphalt, Tulsa, the Barber, Columbia Construction, Alcatraz, Bermudez, Western Paving and Supply Company and a number of other companies and their subsidiaries. With a view of property in their possession they organized the Asphalt Company of America, with a paid-in capital of \$5,000,000, which was subsequently increased to \$6,000,000. The bonded indebtedness of the new company was \$30,000,000. With the last few months the Asphalt Company of America was reorganized as the National Asphalt Company. I could not agree with the new people, and I have left them. I have made arrangements in California to secure a high grade of asphalt at first cost, and am going to organize the Warren Company to do business over all the world. I find it is the custom with paving companies here, who evidently work in the greatest harmony, to circulate petitions for pavement requiring the use of the particular asphalt which they are promoting. The petition represents, all petitions requiring the use of Trinidad Lake asphalt, Buena Vista asphalt or Trinidad Lake asphalt from the Dundee, real estate, all of which asphalt are absolutely controlled by the National Asphalt Company. With such petitions the National company controls the prices at which contracts are let within the limits of the price set in the petitions."  
**FREE QUARTERS FOR VETERANS.**  
CLEVELAND (O.), March 30.—The standing committee of the Grand Army headquarters to be held here next September is preparing to furnish free quarters for 25,000 to 30,000 veterans. School buildings and halls will be utilized for the purpose. The committee will contract for 15,000 cots and arrange to secure as many more on short notice should they be needed.  
**STEAMER PARIS FOUNDERED.**  
HULL, March 30.—The local steamer Paris foundered today off the Northumberland coast, with a loss of her crew and passengers and nine men were drowned.  
**Do Not Give Up.**  
Persons troubled with rheumatism are apt to become discouraged, and after consulting their family physicians and perhaps using some medicine, often give up all hope of relief, and accept their lot as one of life's burdens. This is a very serious mistake. Thousands of others have obtained prompt relief from pain, and a great many have been permanently cured by the use of Chamberlain's Pain Balm. Why not you, too? Read what Mr. Daniel L. Buss of Good Harbor, "After having suffered from rheumatism for over five years, and spending \$14 for medicine, without any benefit, I was induced to try Chamberlain's Pain Balm, and after using two bottles of it I was entirely cured."—Adv.

**A FREE PACKAGE**  
WILL CONVINCE YOU.  
Every lady who sends her name and address will receive by mail free a trial package of a celebrated beauty's remedies for beautifying the complexion. Each of the remedy is mailed to show clearly that it is a marvelous success and just what every lady needs to make her complexion perfect. It effectually removes all traces of skin disease and imperfections, and restores the complexion to its natural beauty.

**FOR EASTER**  
The Very Latest and Swellest  
COLLARS, NECKTIES, GLOVES, FANCY SHIRTS, UNDERWEAR, SWEATERS, FANCY HOSIERY, SUSPENDERS, HANDKERCHIEFS, WASH AND SILK WAISTS, BOYS' WASH WAISTS, Etc., Etc.  
Our Prices Are Not High for the Quality  
This Has Been a Money-Back Store for many years  
Remember, Our Guarantee Makes You Safe Here.  
**Mullen & Bluett Clothing Co.**  
N. W. Corner First and Spring Streets.

**The Owl Drug Co.**  
320 So. Spring St.  
Cut Rate Druggists  
Free Delivery  
On \$5.00 orders within 100 miles of Los Angeles to all railroad points.  
To all parts of Los Angeles or Pasadena. Orders by telephone or mail filled at once.

**Their Pipe is Out.**  
Where is the high-price combine that last fall was going to close "The Owl" in sixty days? Where are the little 2x4 jobbers who were going to close "The Owl's" doors by refusing to sell us goods? Where are these great "I am's"? "The Owl" bird does not know, but he has an idea that their pipe is out. Perhaps when the stage gets in from Sleepyville the boycotters and high-price combine will try a new bluff on The Owl!

We are still open and doing business. We are still "aggressive cutters." WE STILL REFUSE TO SIGN THE ASSOCIATION AGREEMENT to raise prices to all the people will stand.

**Special Notice.**  
No drug store in Los Angeles ever did, or ever will, cut a price except to meet "The Owl's" competition. Post yourself on "The Owl's" prices before you venture in any drug store or they will soak it to you.

**Country Druggists**  
Why do you let the little local jobbers own you body and soul, when you can buy all kinds of drugs and medicines cheaper at "The Owl's" retail price than you have to pay when wholesale? Break away—buy of us and give your customers the benefit.

**Coke's Dandruff Cure, Regular \$1.00, Owl Price 60c**

April Prices.	April Prices.	April Prices.
Cartier's Dyspepsia Tablets, help the over-burdened and over-worked stomach to digest food properly. 40c	Burton's Blood Syrup, warranted to cleanse the blood from all impurities, no matter what the cause may be. Regularly \$1. 75c	Thompson's Grippe and Cold Cure is guaranteed to cure any cold in a day if taken according to directions; regularly \$1.00; our price, 25c
Cartier's Cascar Compound is a mild, pleasant and reliable laxative; has no disagreeable after-effects; it's active, regular \$1. 25c	Burton's Scalp Tonic. Cures dandruff, itching hair, itching scalp and all scalp diseases. Regularly \$1. 40c	Guthrie's Kidney Pills. Full price, 50c
Homoeopathic Throat and Pellets; you generally pay the trust stores 10c or 15c for them; we ask 10c or 15c for them. 25c	Lesley's Talcum Powder. A non-irritating powder for the delicate and tender skin; delightful after shaving. 10c	Canadian Club Whisky. Full price, \$1.00
Cartier's Swedish Hair Restorer; restores hair to its natural color and prevents its falling out. 50c	Burton's Liver Tablets, a powerful laxative, small dose, small price. 25c	Kirk's Irish Moss Cough Balm. A safe cure, a quick cure, a sure cure. 50c
McBurney's Kidney and Bladder Cure; a kidney remedy extensively advertised to sell at \$1.00; which we sell for. 85c	White Ribbon Remedy, for dandruff, itching hair, itching scalp, coffee or malt without the patient's knowledge. Regularly \$1. 1.00	Thompson's Little Purgative Pills. They never fail to act on the liver, spleen, stomach and bowels, regulating the system. Regularly \$1.00; 15c for 25c
C. C. C. Tonic, a homoeopathic remedy for all forms of debility; the most powerful and most trustworthy aid a doctor for it; we get. 85c	Franklin's Laxative Tablets, cure biliousness, chronic constipation, sick or sour stomach, and all diseases arising from a torpid liver. Regularly \$1. 20c	Laurens's Tar Soap. A tar soap for head and scalp. One of the best shampoo soaps made; 1 for 50c



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## POOR POLICY FOR PEACE.

Police Are Said to Have Provoked Riots.

Minister Sipiguane May Resign Office.

Petition of Professors—Archbishop Explains Law—Tolstoi Makes Appeal.

ST. PETERSBURG, March 30.—(By Atlantic Cable.) Excellent observers believe that the position of the Minister of the Interior, M. Sipiguane, is untenable, and anticipate his resignation within a few months as a result of the inability of the police to control the turbulent elements. M. Sipiguane was disposed to execute Lieut. Gen. Kropotkin, professor of the Imperial Academy, until the Imperial Council, on the Tuesday after the great riot, reported adversely to the czar. Prince Yussupov, member of the Imperial Council, who was an eyewitness of the rioting, over the council in an excellent speech. It is understood now that his resignation, which was tendered after he had protested against the conduct of the police, has not been accepted.

M. Sipiguane's latest proclamation adopted the point of view of the Imperial Council. A week after it had been issued a report was sent to the czar by the Grand Duke Michael, president of the Imperial Council, wherein His Majesty pertinently demanded, according to good authority, what M. Sipiguane, who is head of the police, had done to forestall the troubles. Some people even hold that the police agents provoked the affair.

The publication of the petition of twenty-eight professors to the czar in an English paper has been the means of bringing the petition before the czar, as the czar is reported to have referred to regularly. Eight professors of the St. Petersburg University, three of the Moscow University, three of the Mining Academy and five of the Engineering Institute signed this appeal, which was for the most part political and political in nature.

The present university statutes, which will probably be revised, were adopted in 1884. The liberals then predicted their failure. Prof. Blumsohn, publishing scathing criticisms of the statutes, predicting more serious trouble than that which has occurred.

FIRST BLOW AT AUTOCRACY. ANARCHIST KROPOTKIN HOPEFUL. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.) NEW YORK, March 30.—Prince Yussupov, the famous Russian anarchist, who is in this city at the Gerard Hotel last night.

"The first effective blow has been struck at autocracy in Russia," said Prince Yussupov, who is in this city at the Gerard Hotel last night.

The ministers of state have notified the czar that a law is being promulgated which is not enforced. This is the first time it has ever been done. It marks the first step in the progress which will eventually make Russia a free country.

This law of the Emperor was the cause of the recent student rioting in St. Petersburg. The trouble all arose out of an incident at the University of Kiev. A student had been expelled from the university for a scandalous deed, and the other students held meetings to decide what should be done to protect their fellow students from such a fate.

The czar is an irresponsible, not very clever young man, and he promptly issued an order according to which all students who participate in meetings of any kind will be at once sent to the army for service of three or four years, as the case may be. At the present time the 12,000 university students in the empire are exempted from army duty.

Prince Kropotkin said he does not think the czar should be killed. He believes that Russia is a feudal autocracy in Russia today is Nicholas II, he said. "He is so stupid that he will make many mistakes. Every one of those mistakes will weaken his power, and the power of the throne," Prince Kropotkin said he did not believe the czar was responsible for the calling of the Hague peace conference. He said he thought the pope was at the back of the whole movement.

Prince Kropotkin says letters that have come to him from Russia are to the effect that the general sentiment there is against the acquisition of Manchuria.

TOLSTOI TO NICHOLAS. APPEALS FOR BETTER LAWS. (BY THE NEW ASSOCIATED PRESS—A.M.) NEW YORK, March 30.—A dispatch to the Journal and Advertiser from London says that, with a petition of Doukhor women begging to be allowed to join their husbands in Canada, Count Tolstoi has written the following letter to the czar:

"Tens of thousands of Russia's best children suffer trials as heavy and even heavier under the present religious persecutions, that inconceivable madness spreads wider and wider over Russia, but which enlightened men and the government have long come to regard as futile and stupid injustice. I have long felt it to be my sacred duty to endeavor before I die to open four eyes to the senseless and horrible cruelties perpetrated in your name. This touching appeal of the Doukhor women forces me to delay no longer. Thousands and thousands of men, deeply religious and thus representing the nation's trust, and chief strength, have been brought to ruin, imprisonment in exile or driven forth from Russia."

"Take this into your hands; heed not the counsel of the men who instigated the persecutions; heed not Ploboednestan an evil, unchristian, unenlightened man, born out of his time, nor Biplagin, a short-sighted, superficial, unenlightened man, but revise or repeal all the existing stupid, repulsive and unchristian laws enforcing religious persecutions, which have long ceased to exist in every civilized country except Russia."

U. S. LEAD, The. Walter, 611 S. Spring.

## PHILIPPINES.

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## BOSTON COPPERHEADS HOLD A POWWOW.

## AGUINALDO'S NAME APPLAUDED BY THE AUDIENCE.

## President McKinley's Administration Renowned by Ex-Gov. Boutwell and Other "Aunties" Granks-Sista Lopez Among the Speakers.

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ANTI-TRUST  
TRUST HEAD.Wilshire Accused as a  
Unique Mogul.Is He the King of All  
the Billboards?Alleged Attempt at Coercion  
by One of His Men  
Brings it Out.H. Gaylord Wilshire, head of a trust  
This is the very latest distressing  
news about the capitalist, golfer and  
general demagogue, who has  
been so many times in the  
spotlight of the public eye.Oh, Gaylord, how could you be so  
cruel?An accusing finger points out H.  
Gaylord as the chief mogul of nothing  
but a billboard trust, with side  
issues thrown in.H. Gaylord placidly denies it all—  
says he has no knowledge of it. "There  
are others," and they say that in this  
bleeding end he is joking, just as he was  
when he offered Bryan \$2000 for a  
chance to tell him how much he does  
not know about who should own  
billboards.Anyway, he is such a joker!  
One of the "others" is no less a per-  
sonage than Anthony Schwamm, a  
local Democratic leader who dabbles in  
the politics of the party when it is not  
protected by the close season.Schwamm asserts boldly that Wilshire  
is not only at the head of a local bill-  
board trust, but that his employees seek  
to coerce outside sign and advertising  
painters into giving the trust a share  
of their contract work under penalty  
of arrest for violating the city ordi-  
nance.Schwamm declares he has absolute  
proof of the intentions of the  
trust.Schwamm is the city agent of a San  
Francisco cigar firm, and does some  
advertising by painting signs on dead  
walls. He stated yesterday that he  
received several bids for painting the  
signs, including one from the  
Wilshire Trust Company.Schwamm concluded to do it himself. He ac-  
cordingly hired a painter named J. Mus-  
grove, who went to work on the job  
last Monday morning.The same day, Schwamm says, he  
was approached by a young man  
named J. F. Sheehan, an advertising  
man for the Wilshire company.Schwamm declares that Sheehan  
threatened that unless he gave part  
of the sign-painting contract to the  
trust, he would be arrested for paint-  
ing signs without a license.Schwamm at first demurred to being  
held up, but evidently thinking dis-  
cretion the better part of valor, sent  
to San Francisco for an "advertising  
contract" to be entered into by him-  
self and Wilshire's company for a division  
of the painting work. Sheehan called  
on Schwamm daily last week, and  
Schwamm asserts, but was "put off"  
day by day.The contract finally came, and the  
two men met in Schwamm's office yester-  
day morning to sign the contract.The contract was signed, and Schwamm  
was surprised to find his hired man,  
Musgrove, walk in, accompanied by a  
man in a suit and hat, who was iden-  
tified as a detective.At once believing that Wilshire  
had brought the trouble about, he  
immediately telephoned the contract, re-  
fused to sign, and told Sheehan he  
"done with him."He then secured  
Musgrove's release from custody by  
depositing a \$50 check as bail.When the case came up before Jus-  
tice Austin in the afternoon it was  
noted that Musgrove was not present.  
The young man who was with him  
signs for Schwamm, but in explaining  
the circumstances the little details of  
the Wilshire trust came out.Justice continued the case until next  
Wednesday in order to investigate it.  
Schwamm asserts that he would  
have absolute proof that Wilshire  
has at the bottom of Musgrove's ar-  
rest, and in addition he has a list of  
the names of sign painters who  
have not paid the high license im-  
posed by an amendment passed by the  
Council the 4th inst. This was done in  
order to "break out" any painter too  
poor to pay the new city license of \$100  
a year. He further declared that Wil-  
shire caused the Council to pass this  
prohibitory license, so that poor  
men from doing business in his  
line.When seen at his office, Mr. Wilshire  
laughingly denied all knowledge of  
Musgrove or any alleged coercion propo-  
sitions of his employee, Sheehan. As to  
the license, he denied being the cause  
of its elevation. He said he had even  
sent a letter to Commissioner McLaughlin  
saying that the license was unjust.It is very strange that McLaughlin did  
not read that letter in the Council, and he  
cannot understand why, he said. There  
is no sign-painting trust that he knows  
of, and he did not authorize Sheehan  
to coerce anyone for a part of any  
sign-work contract. To this effect spoke  
Gaylord.Sheehan arrived about this time, and  
after expressing grave doubts as to  
Schwamm's statements in court, tele-  
phoned to Schwamm and got a per-  
sonal verification. After calling  
Schwamm "a liar," Sheehan explained  
that Schwamm had "misunderstood"  
his (Sheehan's) statements during the  
hearings about the painting con-  
tract, and that he had not threatened  
the arrest of anyone. He emphatically  
declared that Wilshire had nothing to  
do with the advance in the price of  
sign-painting licenses, as it had been  
done without his knowledge.Thus opens a merry war among the  
sign painters. Whether the alleged  
Wilshire trust is able to run things,  
remains to be seen. It will prob-  
ably be the subject of an investiga-  
tion by Police Justice Austin, and the  
developments may be entertaining, if  
not embarrassing.The former license fee for bill post-  
ing and painting advertising signs was  
\$25 per year. On the 4th inst. the  
Council suddenly raised it to \$100 per  
year.Mrs. E. W. Kinney, 343 S. Broadway.  
Dealer in and manufacturer of ladies', chil-  
dren's and infants' outfits. Garments made to  
order.The Finest Watch Made.  
Can be accurately repaired by O. L. Wurster,  
320 S. Broadway.Singer Sewing Machine Office.  
Phone given 197. No. 47 South Broadway.  
CALLA Indian remedy for grip and  
coughs. No package. At all drug stores.LATEST style wall paper, Walter, 427 S.  
Broadway.OPAQUE shades, 55c. Walter, 427 S. Broad-  
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## A CHICAGO LADY'S RECOVERY.

How Pe-ru-na Cures Catarrh of all Internal Organs  
After Doctors Fail.

Mrs. President Byron of Chicago.

Mrs. C. L. Byron, of 546 Lincoln Avenue, Chicago, Ill., is president  
of the Chicago German Woman's Club. She has the following to say of Pe-  
ru-na, the great catarrh remedy, which relieved her of a serious case of  
catarrh of the bladder:The Peru-na Medicine Company, Columbus, Ohio:  
Gentlemen—"I was cured of a very severe case of bladder trouble  
which the doctors did not know how to reach. I had severe headaches  
and dragging pains with it, but before the second bottle was used I felt  
much better, and after having used the fifth bottle I looked different  
entirely. This was nearly a year ago, and I have had no recurrence  
of the trouble. I cannot praise Peru-na too highly."—Mrs. C. L. Byron.Catarrh of Bladder or Chronic Cystitis.  
Mr. Charles Lindsay, of South Wayne,  
Wis., who is 63 years of age, writes Dr.  
Hartman as follows:"I have been troubled for fifteen years  
with catarrh of the digestive organs and  
the bladder. Have tried all medicines  
recommended for my trouble but could  
not find anything that would relieve me  
of my terrible suffering until I was  
advised to take Peru-na. I have taken  
six bottles of Peru-na and thanks to Dr.  
Hartman, of Columbus, Ohio, I am now  
completely cured of all my suffering.""I highly recommend Peru-na to all  
and every one suffering with catarrh in  
any form."—Charles Lindsay.Cystitis is One Form of Chronic Catarrh.  
Cystitis is catarrh of the bladder. It  
would be difficult to describe the dis-  
tressing and annoying symptoms which  
this disease occasions. We shall not  
attempt to do so for many reasons.People who have had any experience  
with this disease, know without any  
words of ours, the agony which it brings.  
Catarrh of the bladder is not only a  
dreadful disease, but very difficult to  
cure. If the function of the bladder  
could be suspended for a few days, it  
would be much easier to treat, but to  
undertake to treat an inflamed organ  
and yet give it no rest, is a task which  
is quite difficult.Peru-na has proven itself, after many  
years' experience, a remarkable remedy  
for these cases.The two cases given are only two of  
hundreds we could cite. After doctors  
have failed, Peru-na cures. After  
months of suffering and illness, Peru-na  
restores. It sometimes happens that  
after years of chronic catarrh of the  
bladder has been endured a course of  
Peru-na permanent cures.Any one so afflicted should not fail to  
write Dr. Hartman. All letters an-  
swered free.A Systemic Catarrh Remedy.  
Peru-na not only cures catarrh of the  
bladder but catarrh of all the pelvic or-  
gans, which constitute the majority of  
the ailments generally known as fe-  
male diseases. Catarrh of the internal  
organs, known as systemic catarrh,  
finds a specific in Peru-na. Peru-na is  
the only internal specific for these cases.If you do not derive prompt and sat-  
isfactory results from the use of Peru-na,  
write at once to Dr. Hartman, giving a  
full statement of your case and he will  
be pleased to give you his valuable ad-  
vice gratis.Address Dr. Hartman, President of  
the Hartman Sanitarium, Columbus, O.Completely Cured of Catarrh by  
Peru-na.  
Miss Ida Murray writes from 2857  
Polk St., Minneapolis, Minn., as follows:"Every fall and winter of late years  
I had a severe cough and cold, which  
physicians have been unable to cure.  
This last winter at the advice of a  
friend I decided to try Peru-na. Both  
my friend and her family had used  
Peru-na with good results.""I was more than pleased with what  
the medicine did for me, and kept it  
always on hand. I also had chronic  
catarrh of the head, which made the  
slightest cold so much worse. I am com-  
pletely cured of my catarrh after four  
months' faithful use of Peru-na, and my  
general health is greatly improved.""I always speak a good word for Peru-na."  
—IDA MURRAY.Mrs. Annie Glen, President of the  
General H. W. Lawton Circle, No. 27,  
Ladies of the G. A. R., writes the fol-  
lowing letter from Edgewater, Ill.:831 Rosemont Avenue.  
The Peru-na Medicine Co., Columbus, O.;  
Gentlemen—"I have suffered for nearly  
eight years with more or less back-  
ache and bearing down pains which no  
doctor's medicine seemed to relieve.""Finally I became discouraged and  
decided to try patent medicine. My  
druggist recommended that I take Pe-  
ru-na, and it was simply a God-send to  
me. Inside of five weeks I was once  
more a strong and happy woman. This  
is nearly a year ago, and I have had no  
recurrence of the trouble. I am so glad  
to have found so reliable a medicine  
and shall take pleasure in recommend-  
ing it to my friends."Catarrh Generally Thought to be a Disease  
of the Head Only.  
Catarrh has been so generally thought  
to be a disease confined to the head and  
throat that it is very difficult to get  
many people to understand that catarrh  
may affect any organ of the human body.All the organs of the body are lined  
with mucous membrane; all the pas-  
sages of the body are also lined with  
mucous membrane.SATISFACTORY VEGETABLES  
Keep the household in smooth working order—please the cook, hostess and  
consumer alike. Ours invariably give satisfaction. More people are learning  
this fact every day. Are you among the number? Grow on only vegetables  
can be grown.Tel. 550. 137 South Spring Street.  
LUDWIG & MATTHEWS, Mott Market.

OPALS  
Largest Stock  
Lowest Prices  
INDIAN  
BLANKETS.  
Old Blankets  
and Shawls.  
Indian  
BASKETS.  
Campbell's Curio  
Store  
325 South Spring.  
Indian  
Relics.  
MEXICAN  
GOODS.

Easter Special.  
Berlin Dye Works  
Is the only place where you can get the 30th  
Century Automatic Dry Process. Our fac-  
ilities have been enlarged—new buildings—up-  
to-date machinery, and entirely new man-  
agement. We are now the best equipped es-  
tablishment on the coast.  
Announcement.  
Percy A. Calhoun, who is favorably known  
all over the city, is the manager of the  
above firm, and will be pleased to meet  
his friends and patrons.

Household Goods at Half Price.  
Prepare for Easter, clean up your draperies of all kinds, curtains,  
rugs and all fancy articles.  
Ladies', Gentlemen's Suits Cleaned and Pressed.  
Skirts 50c and 75c. Suits \$1.25.  
Evening Dresses, Fancy Waists and Silk Skirts in Proportion.

Berlin Dye Works,  
M. S. KORNBLUTH, Prop. PERCY A. CALHOUN, Mgr.  
Main Office, 842 S. Broadway. Tel. Main 675. Office and Works, cor.  
Washington and Griffith Avenue. Tel. White 4811.  
Mail and Express Orders Promptly Attended To. Goods Called For.

Write Or Call.  
Locomotive  
Handsomest, Swiftest,  
Strongest and Best.

The "Locomotive" is the one self-  
propelling vehicle that has mas-  
tered the most severe tests. Con-  
stant usage and hard roads in no  
way affect it.

For pleasure, it is swift and beau-  
tifully designed.

For business, it is reliable and  
economical.

Locomotive Company of the Pacific.  
103 SOUTH BROADWAY.

The Machinist  
is the man of all others to appreciate the niceties  
of real mechanical construction and to him the  
RED SEAL Overalls, Shirts, Pants appeal  
not only as the most comfortable and slightly  
garments of their kind in the World but as work in-  
telligently conceived and splendidly executed.

RED SEAL goods are made in the largest fac-  
tory in the country in England, Under Labor, and  
are unrivaled for Comfort, Service and Style.

At your dealers or if not sent direct  
Catalogue and Booklets for the asking.  
R. L. REDDONALD & CO.  
ST. JOSEPH, MO.

IT WILL PAY YOU  
to spend an hour in our store. If you  
need Shoes, Hats, Dress Goods, Gloves,  
Notions, Domestic, Household, Under-  
wear, Blankets, Household Linens,  
Hardware, etc., we have them, and we  
have a good reason for selling them  
cheaper than any house in the busi-  
ness. We must have cash, and that  
is why everything is marked way  
down.

Our Clothing Department  
will be GIVEN UP for good of room.  
Men's Suits, closing out at . . . \$4.35  
Men's Pants, closing out at . . . \$1.00  
Boys' Pants, closing out at . . . 50c

IT WILL PAY YOU  
to spend an hour in our store. If you  
need Shoes, Hats, Dress Goods, Gloves,  
Notions, Domestic, Household, Under-  
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Oakwood Ranges.  
HENRY GUYOT, . . . 414 SOUTH SPRING STREET.

An Investment  
That will pay 7% per cent  
on \$53,000. Guaranteed  
for ten years.

Address N. Box 94,  
Times Office.

50 Cents  
Per share. Apply at once.  
Red Cloud Mining Co.,  
148 S. SPRING ST., Los Angeles, Cal.

BARGAINS During the  
Month of  
March  
200 Short Ends and Single Pants  
Patterns—All Wool.  
PANTS made to order for \$4.50, \$5.00  
Former price was \$7.00, \$8.00.  
Also about 200 SUITS, LINENS, which are  
offered for \$15.00, \$17.50, \$20.00  
Former price \$25.00, \$30.00 and \$35.00.  
Perfect fit and best of workmanship guar-  
anteed. Samples sent free.

THE LAST CHANCE TO BUY RED CLOUD  
MINE STOCK  
50 Cents  
Per share. Apply at once.  
Red Cloud Mining Co.,  
148 S. SPRING ST., Los Angeles, Cal.

## MORPHINE

And Other Drug Addictions.

Probably Two Million People in  
This Country Use Drugs.Recently a leading physician of Connecticut,  
in a paper read before the Medical Society,  
made the statement that there are nearly  
two million persons in America who are  
addicted to the use of morphine, opium and  
kindred drugs. One of the leading daily  
papers in the United States printed an article  
stating that every seventh adult was per-  
sonally acquainted with some one who  
was slowly reducing the percentage.This remarkable institution began business  
a few years ago in a small office in the  
handstone building on Twenty-eighth street  
and Broadway, N. Y., and has now moved  
to the new building on Broadway, N. Y., and  
has a corps of physicians, nurses and  
attendants who are constantly on hand to  
attend to the needs of the patients.There are four thousand physicians using the  
St. James Remedy in their private practice  
and giving moral support to the patients.  
There are also four thousand physicians using  
the St. James Remedy in their private practice  
and giving moral support to the patients.The St. James Remedy is a powerful  
and reliable remedy for all cases of  
morphine, opium and kindred drug addic-  
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for all cases of morphine, opium and  
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# ABDO'S

HEALTH RESORT IN SAN BERNARDINO COUNTY.

He Continually Performs Cures that are Equally as Myself to the Medical Profession and to the Masses.

When he first came to Los Angeles he was a poor, thin, and weak man, but he has now become a powerful and healthy man.

This was a cure for a man who had been suffering from a long and painful illness.

The above shows the illness of a man who had been suffering from a long and painful illness.

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## A Strong Sermon



"Sleep dwell upon thine eyes, peace in thy heart." This quotation can be appropriately applied when speaking of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. It brings refreshing sleep to the weary and peace to the diseased, tired brain.



My Dear Bro.: Your favor with the enclosed slip is at hand. The facts are these: My wife was an invalid for several years and on our physician's recommendation used a certain preparation with very great benefit. I am a Presbyterian clergyman, a Doctor of Divinity, and a member of the Faculty of the University of Chicago.

FREE. To any reader of this paper who will write us we will send free two of our patent bottles of Duffy's Pure Malt Whiskey. They are unique and useful.

## REYNOLDS CHOSEN LIEUTENANT-COLONEL

ELECTION HELD BY THE SEVENTH REGIMENT LAST NIGHT.

Orders issued to recruit National Guard Companies to Full Strength. Activity in the Signal Corps—Santa Cruz Camp.

Capt. F. L. Reynolds of Co. F was elected lieutenant-colonel of the Seventh Regiment, N.G.C., by the commissioned officers of the regiment at a meeting in the Armory last night.

Capt. Reynolds will take the place of Lieut.-Col. Dodge, retired. He has been a guardian for a number of years, and is a competent officer. He is a crack shot, being decorated with a profusion of marksmanship medals.

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## Office Desks

"Built on honor to endure" is the motto and underlying principle of the maker of the office desks sold by us—and behind all is the Barker guarantee that no man shall pay more than is fair to purchaser and seller—this means a big money's worth for the buyer. All kinds.



The magic touch of reduced prices will attract buyers to the grandest collection of fancy Parlor Pieces to be seen in the Land of Sunshine—that's why we cut the prices—to increase trade—to do a little advertising along the line of "Good Furniture"—to emphasize the fact that when there is furniture to buy there is only one place to buy it—Barker's.

All Parlor Sets of two to five pieces, all separate Sofas, Divans and Settees are reduced—some more than others—but all reduced. One beautiful "Fairfax" set of three pieces, as authentic in style as the genuine "old relics," correctly upholstered in satin damask and made of mahogany, is reduced for this week only from \$300.00 to \$200.00.

\$150.00 Set Cut to \$75. Exactly half price for a fine piece mahogany set in Empire style, guaranteed a true copy in every particular, a rare chance this week for \$75.00.

\$63.00 Set Cut to \$45. Five-piece mahogany set, generously carved and artistically upholstered with damask; one of the richest medium priced sets in the store to be sold to some one this week for \$45.00.

\$30.00 Set Cut to \$23. Three-piece set in mahogany finish and silk damask upholstery, carved and designed after one of the most approved patterns suitable for parlor use; cut this week only from \$30.00 to \$23.00.

\$25.00 Set Cut to \$18. Very cheap in price, but good quality and style, 3-piece carved mahogany set, upholstered with excellent and beautiful tapestry, reduced to \$18.00.

## New Carpets and Rugs.

Don't debate the Carpet question longer than is necessary to decide to come here—just to look—buy, if we treat you right and can please you—we're sure that we can, because our buyer was first from Los Angeles to New York and we are proud of our immense line, proud of the new patterns and the qualities—we never were so well supplied before—two patterns to every one that can be found outside of our store.

It's a Rug, we show three to one—every grade and size, from a small, cheap door mat to the largest carpet sizes—Oriental, two, scores of them—lower than New York or San Francisco prices and just as good a selection—better, in fact, because of the choice.

By-the-way, We secured the contract for a church carpet because we cut it out of twenty-five yards less than the other bidders. Possibly we can save some money for you, because we have such an expert cutter—if it's an odd shape we're sure of it.

SLIGHT OUR GO-CARTS AND YOU DO YOUR PURSE AN INJUSTICE.

Carpets Oriental rugs BARKER BROTHERS 420 TO 424 S. SPRING ST. LOS ANGELES

Peerless Brand Gold Medal WINES

Are noted for their excellent bouquet. They are aged solely by time in our own cellars.

You know we have immense vineyards, wineries and distilleries of our own. Come in and sample our wines.

Fine Old Port, Sherry, Angelica and Muscat 75c, \$1.00 and up per gallon.

NOTE—A full quart-bottle of Old Oscar Pepper Whisky for 75c

Do. Cal. Wine Co. 220 W. FOURTH ST. TEL. M-332

Men, Women or Children, Even Bald Heads Can Have a Fine Head of Hair.

A remedy has been found that makes hair grow long and beautifully luxuriant. The proprietors will mail to anyone who sends name and address a free trial package of the remedy so a test can be made of its remarkable influence in stimulating the hair growth. As it is a pure vegetable product you need have no hesitancy in using it freely, as it cannot harm the most tender scalp.

Send your name and address to the Allen Medical Dispensary, 1111 Butterfield building, Cincinnati, O., enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage, and they will forward the free trial package at once. There is no good reason why you or your children should have poor hair. It is necessary as a protection in both summer and winter, and without a good growth of hair a child or adult is always liable to colds. Thousands of the mother or child often stunts or paralyzes the hair roots, and scars are required for nature to overcome the loss. Who can doubt the merits of this wonderful remedy when we have thousands of testimonials from such unquestionable people as the following:

Says Prof. Turner, president of Fairmount College, Sulphur, Ky.: "After having bald for thirty years, I began using the remedy in 1900, and in a few weeks thereafter my hair began to grow. It was covered with a thick downy growth of new hair. The whole of my hair was gone except a fringe around the hat line. In six weeks the bald spot was entirely covered. I had been bald for thirty years, and now my hair is coming on beautifully and that all dandruff has been removed."

Miss Nora Dool, Three Oaks, Mich., writes that her hair is coming on beautifully and that all dandruff has been removed. J. J. Auld, Cedar Falls, Iowa, writes—"Was very bald but now have fine crop of new hair which will soon be ready to trim. It also cured dandruff."

Mrs. Deborah Battista, Thorpe, Wis., says when she began the treatment she was entirely bald and her scalp showed like a mirror, and now she has the thickest hair she ever had. Recommends the treatment as a sure cure for baldness.

Theresa, Pennell, Moscow, Idaho, says—"My head was bald and slow, but since using the 'Pain Treatment' my hair is now four inches in length and quite curly."

D. B. Charlton, Farmerville, La., says the top of his head was entirely bald but the remedies have grown a fine new crop of hair and everyone in town is surprised to see it.

Miss Lucy Marshall, Waco, Texas, says her hair was thin and gray but has been restored to the natural color, is now long and thick, and glad to recommend the 'Pain Treatment' to all.

Mrs. Emma Duchann, South Hadley Falls, Mass.: "Hair has grown out nicely; is now four inches long and much thicker than it ever was before."

With this new remedy the hair roots are stimulated to a most gratifying degree. The strong hair shows forth and grows with surprising rapidity. Mothers of little girls whose hair is short and appears thin and listless will be particularly delighted with the wonderful effect of this marvelous remedy. While the preparation is mainly intended for the cure of dandruff, falling hair and baldness in older people, it is also intended to be used by mothers with a preparation that will provide her little one with beautiful tresses. Do not neglect to write to the Allen Medical Dispensary, 1111 Butterfield building, Cincinnati, O., enclosing a 2-cent stamp to cover postage, they will mail you a free trial package of their remarkable remedy.

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## ADAMS-PHILLIPS COMPANY

Offer for sale carefully selected GOLD BONDS

in denominations of \$500.00 and \$1000.00 each

A being the safest and most satisfactory class of first mortgage securities; are transferable and pay dividends quarterly; pay the interest from the 1st of January, 1901, and are not subject to any loss of principal or interest.

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## BUSINESS

FINANCIAL AND  
OFFICE OF  
Los Angeles

FINANCIAL

Speculative fact in the market today is that the demand for the new issue of the California Education Loan is not as strong as anticipated. The market is not as strong as anticipated. The market is not as strong as anticipated.

## COMMERCE

**HOOD STICKING.** Prices of hogs, which have been steadily declining since March 1, are now showing a slight upward trend. The market is not as strong as anticipated.

**DRY FRUITS.** The market for dried fruits is not as strong as anticipated. The market is not as strong as anticipated.

**GENERAL BUSINESS.** The market for general business is not as strong as anticipated. The market is not as strong as anticipated.

**WOMEN'S EMPLOYMENT.** The market for women's employment is not as strong as anticipated. The market is not as strong as anticipated.

**YOUNG LADIES.** The market for young ladies is not as strong as anticipated. The market is not as strong as anticipated.

**THE YOUNG MEN.** The market for young men is not as strong as anticipated. The market is not as strong as anticipated.

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## OUR SCHOOL CHILDREN

AT THE PAN-AMERICAN.

REMARKABLE WORK TO BE SEEN  
AT BOARD ROOMS.

Hundreds of handsome booklets and fancy work by little tots that will do credit at the Great Show—Drawing Makes Fine Display.

The most remarkable exhibit of school children's work ever seen in Los Angeles, and probably as fine as was ever seen anywhere, is now spread out over the several rooms of the Board of Education, in the La Brea building. It is composed of achievements of pupils from the kindergarten to the eighth grade, prepared for the California Education Loan exhibit at the Pan-American Exposition at Buffalo, N. Y.

There is such a wilderness of it, and all of such a high grade of excellence that it is not possible to give an adequate idea of its scope and beauty, but every parent in the city should see it.

The little tots of the kindergarten are represented by a large number of pieces, which show originality and dexterity. There are many charts covered with flowers in "rhapsody," or grass, cut from paper, mounted on the cards and colored; an alphabetical representation of "Mary and the Little Lamb," done in the same way, all the work having been done by the hands of mere babies.

Among the work of the A1 and B1 grades is a remarkable display of raphia work. Baskets, mats, frames, hats, and trinkets in endless variety, woven from dried grass. This work is done by pupils 6 and 7 years old, and it is marvelous.

Going up to the higher grades the work becomes artistic. It is, for the most part, represented in booklets, and covers a vast number of subjects. They are on paper 8 by 10 inches, and show a wide range of artistic treatment. Some are covered with yucca, some with leather, some with cardboard; tied with ribbon, silk cord and mother, and every title is handsomely decorated in pen drawing, water color, oil or burnt wood. In many instances, the work is almost perfect in the work of children. It is the more remarkable because there are hundreds of booklets, many containing hundreds of more pages, and represent the work of thousands of pupils.

There are many bearing the title "Los Angeles City." Inside, almost every leaf contains a photograph or drawing of something in the city, and is accompanied by a description, each pupil receiving credit for his part of the work. Many of these are handsome works of art.

There are other titles as follows: "Southern California," "California Cactus," "About Indians," "A California City," "California Wild Flowers," "Home of Our Neighbors," "Chinese," "Physiology," "Music," "Language," and an almost endless number of others.

The drawings made by the pupils are all assembled in a room at the Spring-street school, and will be mounted in portfolios about 14 by 21 inches. The work in this line is very fine, and every effort will be made to preserve it in prime condition, and for this reason it has been kept alone until it can be mounted in the booklets.

Prof. Frank J. Browne, ex-State Superintendent of Schools, and his corps of teachers, are to be congratulated upon the success attained in the grades having a part in this work. It is a credit to the pupils who did the good work are entitled to full recognition. There has been no attempt to enumerate all the kinds of work shown in any grade, but simply to give a general idea of the entire exhibit.

On Tuesday the exhibit will be removed to the Chamber of Commerce to be packed for shipment to Buffalo.



## MEN

Who are just realizing the responsibilities of manhood and who find themselves handicapped in life's battle by reason of the errors and indiscretions of youth, unfitting them for the station of manhood, the goal of every able-bodied man should not hesitate a day, but should call or write for the advice of our physicians. We understand your affliction and can restore you to manly strength and vigor. Our little book which we send FREE, should be read by every young man. The information it contains is worth hundreds of dollars to him.

**Young Men** Who find themselves growing old before their time, who find the fire of youth burning low, the aches and pains of the aged slowly creeping upon them, with pain across the small of the back that grows worse instead of better; that irritability, nervous, despondent feeling that cannot be shaken off—it means you need our treatment. Consult our Physicians; avail yourself of our Free Consultation, and rid yourself of your ailments before it is too late.

**Middle Aged Men** Who realize that they are not as young and strong as they used to be, and those who are suffering from Kidney and Bladder troubles, Impotency, Rheumatism, Lumbago, Impaired Digestive Organs, Constipation, Faulty Circulation and the kindred diseases that come with years, can obtain relief quickly and surely by consulting Dr. Meyers & Co. Remember, there is no charge for consultation either at our office or by mail. Our Free Book describing your ailments sent free.

**Old Men** Nervous Debility, Stricture, Rupture, Tumors, Varicocele, Private Diseases, Cancer, Sleeplessness, Rheumatism, Kidney and Bladder Diseases, Spine Diseases, Liver Diseases, Heart Diseases, Blood Diseases, Skin Diseases, Stomach Diseases, Eye and Ear Diseases, Lung Diseases, Rectal Diseases.

**We Also Cure** Dr. Meyers & Co., have perfected a system of Home Treatment where, by the truthful answering of the questions of our Diagnosis Sheet and sending us a sample of the urine for analysis, we can positively arrive at the true diagnosis of the complaint as readily as though the patient were in our office. Twenty years' experience has made our physicians experts, and our success in curing disease by Home Treatment has never been equalled.

**Free Book** Our little twenty-four page book contains a world of Private Information—knowledge that every man should be familiar with. A thorough understanding of the contents of this book will enable you to understand it. It is Free. Write for it.

**Our Guarantee** No Pay Till Cured! If you have the least doubt of our ability to restore you to health, and wish to try our methods and treatment, you may deposit the price of a cure in any Los Angeles Bank, not to be paid to Dr. Meyers & Co. until a cure is effected. Patients, if they prefer, may pay in easy monthly installments.

**FREE CONSULTATION.**

**Dr. Meyers & Co. 218 S. Broadway**

Take Elevator. Office Hours—8 to 5 daily. Evenings, 7 to 8. Sundays 10 to 12.

**BROKE QUARANTINE AND DREW GUNPLAY.**

**IT LEAKED** out last evening that a crafty and desperate attempt to effect a wholesale quarantine delivery was made Thursday night by a crowd of fellows, who, having been exposed to varioloid, were cooped up in Los Angeles for the legal period of twenty-one days.

Three men quarantined in the St. George Hotel, at the corner of Commercial and Alameda streets, did escape. Two of them were recaptured, and the third is still at large. It was necessary for one of the night guards to fire a shot from his revolver before the trouble was ended. One of the day guards recently told some of the men that as soon as the quarantine is ended all the roomers in the place will be taken to the Police Station.

This threat, together with copious quantities of cheap wine, started the men in quarantine in a few moments. They were between forty and fifty persons in quarantine in the St. George Hotel. They have been confined there eleven days, ever since a laboring man who was afflicted with varioloid was taken from that hostelry to the pesthouse. There are four guards employed by the city to maintain the quarantine. Two stay during the day and two during the night.

It is said by the police that among the men in quarantine are several men who are well known. One of the day guards recently told some of the men that as soon as the quarantine is ended all the roomers in the place will be taken to the Police Station.

Early in the evening the attention of the night guard in the front of the building was attracted by a man who was rapping on the front door of the building. The guard stepped under a wooden awning which runs along the front of the building, just below the second-story windows, to answer the summons.

The door is barred, and the man inquired of the guard to buy him more drink. While the guard and the prisoner were talking through the door, three men escaped from the second-story window. They ran along the awning to the awning on the adjoining building to the south, jumped down on it, and after crossing for about twenty feet farther south, leaped to the ground and started to run.

**GIFT WITH STRINGS.** Singular Conditions of Horace Cousen's Bequest to Deserving Poor at Newton, Mass.

**Artistic Picture Framing.** Holt's Art Store, prices reduced 25%.



## EASTER DISPLAY

And opening of our new store was quite an eventful occasion yesterday. If you were here, you undoubtedly commented upon and participated in the enthusiasm that animated the ladies who attended. If you did not come, fearing the threatening weather, you should not fail to come tomorrow. Our showing of spring and summer goods is in every respect a most magnificent one, and whenever you are in doubt about styles or prices feel free to come here to ask any questions you desire; feel free to come to look just for the sake of looking. The fact that you do not buy now is not the point, for when you want dependable goods you always come here, and the store is here to instruct and entertain, as well as to supply you. Just now the thought of silks, dress goods and wash fabrics is probably uppermost in your mind and you should by all means see our present showing before you decide. Come to look whether you buy or not, for there is plenty of pleasure to be had out of looking.

**Goodenow's**

133 1/2 & 135 So. Spring St., through to 211 W. Second St.

Afternoon Concert Tomorrow from 2:30 to 5:30.

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## EASTER DISPLAY

And opening of our new store was quite an eventful occasion yesterday. If you were here, you undoubtedly commented upon and participated in the enthusiasm that animated the ladies who attended. If you did not come, fearing the threatening weather, you should not fail to come tomorrow. Our showing of spring and summer goods is in every respect a most magnificent one, and whenever you are in doubt about styles or prices feel free to come here to ask any questions you desire; feel free to come to look just for the sake of looking. The fact that you do not buy now is not the point, for when you want dependable goods you always come here, and the store is here to instruct and entertain, as well as to supply you. Just now the thought of silks, dress goods and wash fabrics is probably uppermost in your mind and you should by all means see our present showing before you decide. Come to look whether you buy or not, for there is plenty of pleasure to be had out of looking.

**Goodenow's**

133 1/2 & 135 So. Spring St., through to 211 W. Second St.

Afternoon Concert Tomorrow from 2:30 to 5:30.

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## BUSINESS

## FINANCIAL AND

## OFFICE OF

## Los Angeles

## FINANCIAL

## SPECULATIVE

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## THE CITY IN BRIEF.

## AT THE THEATERS.

## REHEARSAL—Rip Van Winkle.

## ORPHÉUM—Vanderville.

## NEWS AND BUSINESS.

## Peanut Go Up.

## The explosion of a gasoline roaster

## in a peanut stand at Sixth and Hill

## streets last night, blew up the

## peanuts and made a fine display

## that called out the fire department.

## Trinity Recaptured.

## Thomas Dwyer, the trusty who

## escaped from the City Jail some days

## ago, was captured yesterday in Yuma

## by the officers there. He will be held

## until the arrival of an officer from

## Los Angeles, who will bring him

## back.

## Pleasant Meeting.

## The Pioneer of Los Angeles county

## will meet in Caledonia Hall, No. 1194

## South Spring street, Tuesday evening

## at 8 o'clock. A good literary and

## musical program has been ar-

## ranged. All the society's meetings are

## open to the public.

## Stepped on Glass.

## Paul Wittek, a fifteen-year-old boy

## residing at No. 1114 Jackson street,

## was treated at the Receiving Hospital

## last evening for a bloody cut on his

## right foot. While turning the corner

## at Turner and Vine streets, he

## stepped on a piece of glass, which

## made a deep gash in his great toe and

## in the ball of his foot.

## Appreciate Our Schools.

## The range of the schools of Los An-

## geles has spread far and wide, and

## people from foreign lands take ad-

## vantage of them. Señora Rafael M.

## Serrano of Sonora, one of the wealth-

## iest women in Mexico, is now here

## with her two sons, to place them in

## the schools. She is the owner of vast

## cattle ranches. While in Los Angeles

## Señora Serrano is the guest of Mrs.

## Mariana de Coronel, No. 701 Central

## avenue.

## Bike Board of Trade.

## A Cycle Board of Trade has been

## formed by the Los Angeles bicycle

## club. The board is composed of

## members of the club, and its purpose

## is to maintain a common level of prices

## on repairs and sundries. Practically all

## the dealers are in the combine. The

## board is composed of President, H. B.

## Crippen; vice-president, W. H.

## Whitall; secretary, Harry Burke;

## treasurer, Phil Loyola; W. H. How-

## ard; W. K. Cowan; W. G. Williams; A. B.

## Young; A. R. Meines.

## Vigilant Search.

## A sneak thief raided several rooms

## in the Knox lodging-house, No. 314

## West Fourth street, Friday after-

## noon, but did not get much for his

## trouble. From Ida Sterling's room he

## took a purse containing a Canadian

## dollar piece, and from Julia Ford's

## room a lady's gold watch chain and

## fifteen pieces of old foreign money.

## Anderson Macoy of Pasadena reports

## that on Thursday a thief entered his

## house and stole an overcoat and two

## pairs of trousers.

## Funeral of Lowell Rogers.

## The funeral of Lowell L. Rogers will

## be held at the residence at 2 o'clock

## afternoon, at the residence of Mrs.

## Rogers, 1114 Jackson street. The

## interment will be at Evergreen

## Cemetery. Owing to the ill-health of

## members of the family, the service

## will be held at the residence of Mrs.

## Rogers, 1114 Jackson street. The

## interment will be at Evergreen

## no fines, see A. A. Allen, special agent

## Northwestern National Ins. Co., 317-319

## Wilcox building.

## Mrs. Raynor and Miss Dinmore are

## making a special showing of Easter

## hats, turbans and novelties this week

## at "The Adele," 318 South Broadway,

## opposite Coulter's.

## Superfluous hair, moles, etc., de-

## stroyed by electrolysis. Facial elec-

## tricity scientifically given for wrinkles.

## Mrs. Schinkel, with Mrs. Nelson, 323

## W. Fourth st.

## The Natick House will serve roast

## turkey with dressing today from 4:45

## to 7:30 p.m.; meals, 25 cents, 21 for \$4.50.

## Music by Arend's Orchestra.

## Mime. Petri of New York will close

## out two hundred real hair switches

## worth up to \$4. for \$1 each, Monday at

## Broadway Department Store.

## If you want to enjoy Easter have

## your suit made by I. Fetich, the re-

## liable tailor, 322 S. Broadway. Fine

## new spring styles.

## Special sale of trimmed hats: 18 hats

## for \$5. for Easter, at the Rival Mil-

## linery, 309 S. Broadway. A. J. Riehl-

## miller, proprietor.

## Mrs. N. E. Smith, 326 S. Broadway,

## invites the ladies to inspect her new

## arrival of Easter millinery; also smart

## street hats.

## Clean up your carpets before Easter.

## City Steam Carpet Cleaning Works,

## John Bloeser, 456 S. Broadway. Tel.

## No. 47.

## Cleaning and repairing lace and

## lace curtains, 30 a pair up; also redye-

## ing faded black lace, 53 S. Broadway.

## Fashions of all kinds: pinking, tuck-

## ing, etc., reduced prices. Same old

## place, 304 S. Hill. Phone John 2671.

## For time or arrival and departure of

## Santa Fe trains, see "Time Card" in

## today's Times.

## Finest cabinet photos reduced to \$1

## and \$1.25 per dozen. Suburban, 238 S. Main

## st. Zinnman's Button and Button-hole

## Factory, 254 S. Broadway, rooms 3-4.

## Today, fine turkey, fine orchestra,

## at Jersey Creamery, under Nadeau.

## Evangelist E. A. Rose preaches at

## Peniel Hall tonight.

## Corsets made to order and repaired.

## 247 S. Broadway.

## Treasurer's new studio, opp. Central

## Park.

## Whitney Trunk Factory, 423 S. Spring

## Dr. Minnie Wells, 127 E. 54. See card.

## There are undelivered telegrams at

## the Western Union telegraph office

## for Mrs. Alice C. Scott, George W.

## Barry, Gus Leavitt, John W. Best,

## Miss Julia L. McCord and Ray L.

## Dean.

## CORONADO BEACH.

## NOTES AND PERSONALS.

## HOTEL DEL CORONADO, March

## 30.—[Regular Correspondence.] Among

## departing guests today were Mrs.

## Sarah W. Pease and Mrs. David R.

## Collins, Los Angeles; Mr. and Mrs.

## John Jacob Oster, Louisville, Ky.;

## Charles E. Miner and party will leave

## for the East April 1.

## Rev. George E. Keithley, pastor of the

## Presbyterian Church, has returned

## home from a visit to his mother.

## Recent arrivals include Mr. and Mrs.

## J. Williams, Boston; Mrs. E. F. Taylor

## and Mrs. Dorothy Taylor, Oakland;

## Mrs. H. Hobbs and Miss A. W. Hobbs,

## Concord, N. H.; W. L. Hughson, San

## Francisco; E. Burton Hart and party,

## New York.

## Mrs. Stemmmons and Miss Stemmmons

## of New York are the guests of Mrs.

## C. E. Spalding.

## MARRIAGE LICENSES.

## The following marriage licenses

## were issued yesterday from the office

## of the County Clerk:

## John Stalker, aged 38, a native of

## England and a resident of Pacoima, and

## Kate Struminger, aged 30, a native of

## Pennsylvania and a resident of Los

## Angeles.

## Thomas M. Ward, aged 32, a native

## of Ohio, and Janie R. Hillingsley,

## aged 28, a native of Alabama; both

## residents of Los Angeles.

## Elliott Raymond, aged 24, a native

## of France, and Thomas E. Linch, aged

## 27, a native of Spain; both resi-

## dents of Los Angeles.

## Joseph Glanville, aged 37, a native

## of Ohio, and Alma Gleason, aged 49,

## a native of Ohio and a resident of

## Longmont, Colo.

## MARRIAGE RECORD.

## STROMINGER-STALKER—Saturday evening,

## March 30, 1924, at the residence of Mr.

## and Mrs. J. H. Stalker, 127 E. 54th st.,

## John Stalker, aged 38, and Kate Strum-

## inger, aged 30, both natives of Penn-

## sylvania and residents of Los Angeles.

## WEDDING—At the residence of Mr. and

## Mrs. J. H. Stalker, 127 E. 54th st., Sat-

## urday evening, March 30, 1924, John

## Stalker, aged 38, and Kate Struminger,

## aged 30, both natives of Pennsylv-

## ania and residents of Los Angeles.

## BIRTH RECORD.

## SUMNER—March 30, in Los Angeles, to

## Dorothy Sumner, a boy, posthumous son

## of Cecil C. K. Sumner.

## DEATH RECORD.

## ALEXANDER—In this city, March 30, 1924,

## Robert G. Alexander, aged 72 years,

## husband of Mrs. Alexander, died at his

## residence, No. 1100 West Ninth street, at 3 p.m.

## Funeral services will be held at 2 p.m.

## Friday, April 1, at the residence of Mr.

## and Mrs. J. H. Stalker, 127 E. 54th st.

## KIRBY—In Los Angeles, March 30, 1924,

## Joseph Kirby, aged 32 years and 2 months

## 22 days, died at his residence, 127 E. 54th

## st., at 10:30 a.m. Funeral services will be